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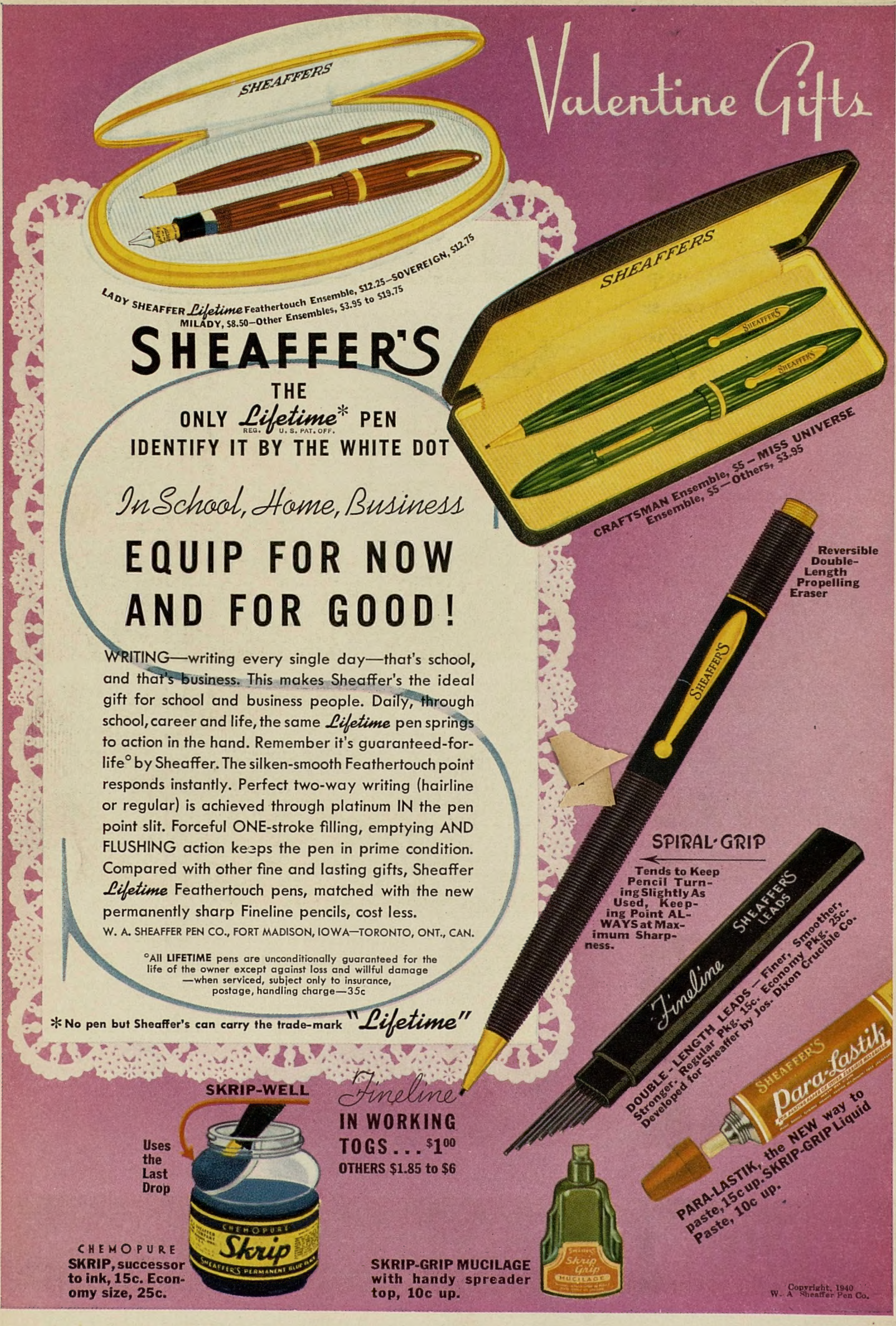
VICTOR TCHETCHET

E JEWS and the FREEMASONS – EXPLODING THE MYTH OF A WORLD CONSPIRACY

TONS OF POLISH GOLD – THE TRUTH AT LAST ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED TO IT **By Edward Doherty**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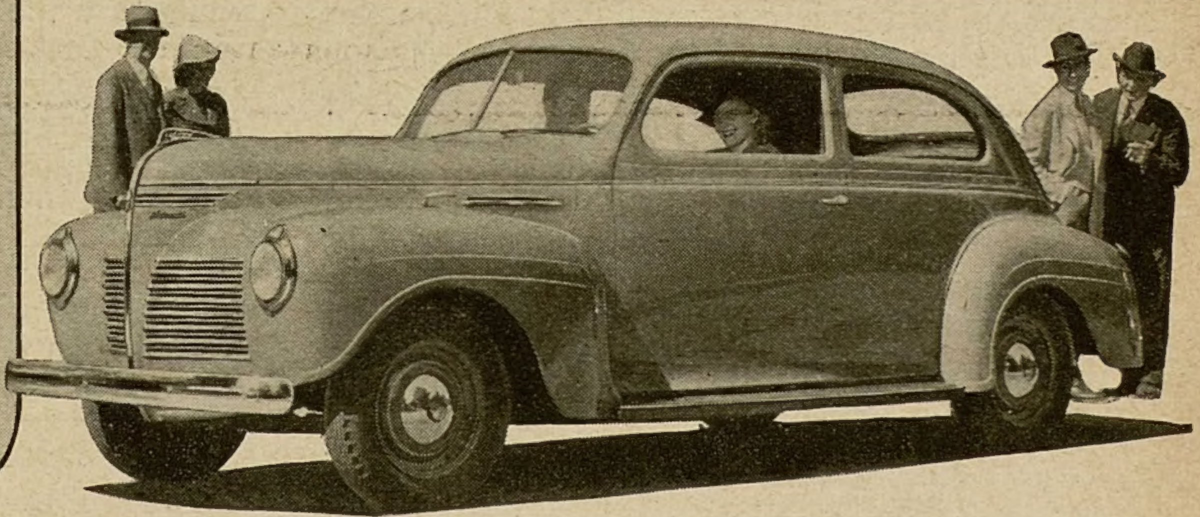

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FEBRUARY 10, 1940

Liberty

VOL. 17, NO. 6

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

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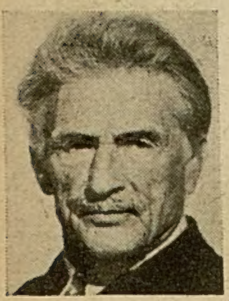
HEYWORTH CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

THIS CRAZY WAR-MAD WORLD



BERNARR MACFADDEN

Now and then we refer to this as a progressive age. We discourse at length about civilization, and most of us have the idea that we are slowly advancing toward better things. But those who have acquired such an impression have undoubtedly been shocked almost beyond recovery by recent events.

It is quite evident that we revert to savagery now and then. Mass murder is now the order of the day in many countries. Ocean travel is dangerous. When pirates roamed the seas in years gone by, we were open to attack by cutthroat ruffians, and human life had little value. But science has now given us the undersea and the aerial bombs which can blow us to atoms, and ocean travel in the war zone is a wild adventure.

Communistic Russia has come out in the open. Stalin has demonstrated very clearly the character of his peace-loving protestations. You will remember that during sessions of the League of Nations Russia's representatives on frequent occasions loudly proclaimed that they hated war, that their intentions were always peaceful.

But when they marched into Poland and helped Germany crush that little nation, that was definite evidence that they belonged to a war-mad group—wolves in sheep's attire—that they were nothing more than national highwaymen—that at heart they were thieves. They want what other people have earned. They lack the intelligence and energy to acquire it themselves, and stealing is a part of their program.

But what a surprise they must have received when they proceeded to take over Finland. The stalwart square-shouldered people of that little nation apparently love their country and are willing to defend it with all the intelligence and energy they possess. They are sacrificing their lives to maintain their independence, and Russia up to this writing has paid a heavy price for her grabbing propensities—though the millions at the command of Stalin are likely to paint a different picture with the passing of time.

Liberty was the first national publication to call attention to the similarity between Hitlerism and Communism. It was no surprise to us when Germany and Russia joined forces. Their idea doubtless was to divide up Europe between them.

The attack on Finland may not have been prearranged, but the ease with which Hitler grabbed Austria, Czechoslovakia, and Poland undoubtedly aroused the envy of Stalin.

He proceeded to dominate Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania. These ventures proved so profitable that naturally he took it for granted that Finland would also be easy prey.

Liberty is indeed a sacred possession. When the freedom which comes with independence has thrilled the souls of men, to stubbornly contest the encroachments of tyrannical dictators is a natural inclination. It apparently takes more than numbers to make up an army. The purges we have frequently heard about—resulting in the execution of hundreds, perhaps thousands, of Russian citizens—would indicate that loyalty is apparently at a premium in that country. And without that particular characteristic and the accompanying fighting spirit, an army, regardless of its size, is likely to face defeat.

A prominent member of the news-gathering forces of Europe told me nearly ten years ago that we would have another world war that would make the first one appear like a toy affair. Such a prediction appeared fantastic at the time, and it is still difficult to believe. But it certainly represents a possibility if the present war continues. One by one the various countries will have to take sides, and entrance into this bloody carnage will be difficult to avoid.

It is indeed pleasing to note our present activity in preparation for whatever emergency we may have to face, although it is still more heartening to see the growth of the determination of our people to avoid entering this European maelstrom of wholesale murder.

Bernarr Macfadden

TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 58

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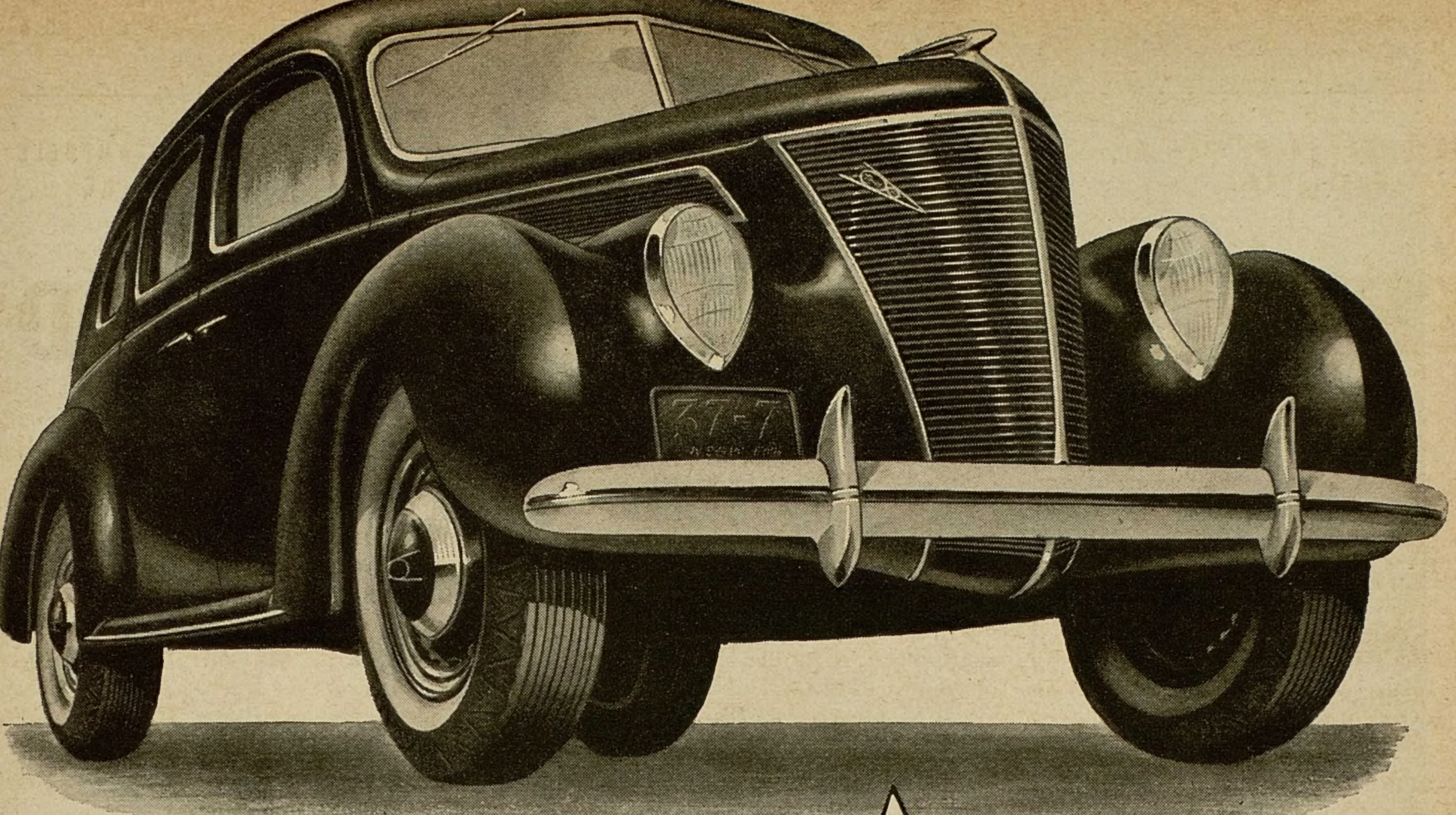

"WHEN YOU CALL ME A USED CAR—*Smile!*"

"*For the life of me,* I don't know why they call me a used car. I'm as frisky as the day I came off the assembly line. Why shouldn't I be?

"I'm a FORD! That means I was built for hard usage — and what have I had? Only one owner, and he treated me like a sissy! Never even had a fender nicked when he up and traded me in on a 1940 Ford.

"But here I am, at your Ford Dealer's, all shined up and raring to go! My engine's smooth and sweet (*eight* cylinders, you know) — my brakes are tight and true, my body's all steel and my disposition is perfect! Confidentially, the low price they're asking hurts my pride — but you should be worrying about that!

"There are a lot of my buddies at your Ford Dealer's too. Not all of them are Fords, but they're all late models and right in the prime of life!

"Your Ford Dealer looks us all over very carefully. That's why he sends the famous R & G or 50-50 guarantee along with the best of us. Ask him about these money-saving plans.

"While you're there, let me show you what I mean. You'll find me the peppiest performer you ever took down the pike. And what a price!

"I hate to brag — but a bargain's a bargain!"

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"YOU'RE TELLING ME!"

"That's a funny one. You're telling me what a great thing the telephone is. As if I didn't know!

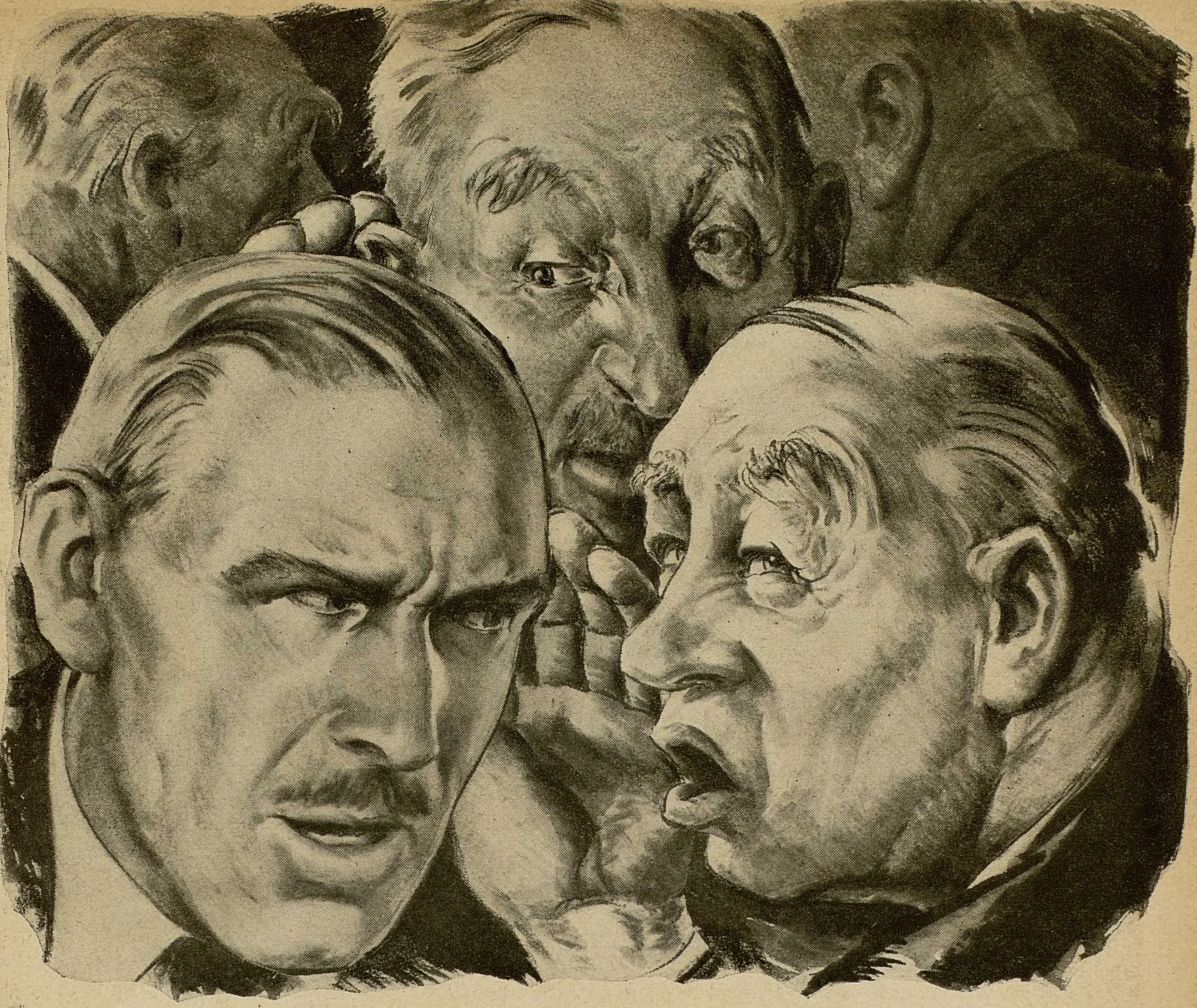
"Why, I'm one of the main reasons there's a telephone in our house. For you can bet your life I keep the folks pretty busy around here.

"Just think! If we didn't have a telephone, we couldn't order things in a hurry from the stores. And Grandma couldn't call up to ask if I had a tooth. And Daddy couldn't talk to us when he's out of town. And Mother would be tied down just something awful.

"And suppose one of us suddenly took sick? Or there was a fire? Or a robber, maybe? Well, I don't worry about those things when I see the telephone.

"Doesn't cost much either, my Daddy says. And Mother says, 'I don't know what I'd do without it.' "

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



The mere presence of the Protocols in a whispering campaign is alarming as an indication of un-Americanism.

THE *Jews* AND THE *Freemasons*

EXPLODING THE MYTH OF A WORLD CONSPIRACY

Liberty presents the bizarre history of a classic fake—the Protocols of Zion

BY LOUIS B. DAVIDSON and FREDERICK L. COLLINS

READING TIME ● 20 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

IN TWO PARTS—PART ONE

IF there is one subject in this troubled modern world on which men of good will can and do agree, it is that the so-called Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion are obvious forgeries and abominable lies.

Yet there are few more persistent legends than this of the Three Hundred Wise Men of Zion, who gather in secret and solemn conclave at intervals of a hundred years, with the diabolical purpose, so anti-Semites aver, of overthrowing all the governments of the world and imposing on mankind a supergovernment of their own making.

Recently—especially since the rise of the Jew-baiter Hitler—the Jewish race has suffered more than ever before from deliberate efforts of anti-Semitic writers and politicians to seize upon this fantastic legend of the Learned Elders of Zion as the hook on which to hang their cunningly fabricated tapestry of hate.

Whether the prejudice engendered by these so-called Protocols played a behind-the-scenes part in the dismissal of an efficient, energetic, and courageous War Minister from Britain's Cabinet during the first months of war, no one, perhaps, but Prime Minister Chamberlain and Mr. Leslie Hore-Belisha now knows. Perhaps nobody else ever will know. But we do not need to go across the water for evidence of the political efficacy of this persistent legend.

The Protocols were the basis of a whispering campaign in our own Presidential election of 1936. They will undoubtedly be used again for subversive purposes in the election of 1940—and this time with an additional twist which links Freemasonry with world Jewry in a mythical conspiracy to rule the world.

Already these ancient fakes have been disinterred by Father Coughlin's personally founded organ, Social Justice, and, in apparent defiance of His Holiness Pope Pius' injunction that " it is not possible for Christians to take part in anti-Semitism," have been allowed to affront the eyes of clear-seeing men and women and befoul the air they breathe.

SO tenacious is this notion that somewhere in the background of world polity is a secret world government controlled by the Wise Men of Israel that any attempt to break down national boundaries in either the physical or the mental world is assumed to be sufficient cause for anti-Semites to warn that the world triumph of Judaism is about to be consummated.

The League of Nations idea, for example, was irretrievably hurt by statements, attributed to influential representatives of Jewry, that it was a creation of Jewish minds. Moreover, the wide circulation of these alleged statements did much to create a palpably false impression that the League was to be the central world government foretold in the legend.

Similar propaganda will doubtless be launched against the formation of a United States of Europe, which many authorities believe is the only possible solution for the situation from which so much of the world is now suffering.

The fact that there is not an iota of proof in support of any such theory as these propagandists continually propound has not diminished the almost fiendish eagerness displayed by these calumniators of the Jewish race in spreading this poisonous propaganda.

The Protocols—which are falsely stated to be the minutes of the alleged meetings of the Wise Men of Israel, the Learned Elders, a fanciful continuation into modern times of the ancient Sanhedrin, which ruled the Jews in the days of the Pharisees and Sadducees — have been translated from the Russian into English, German, French, Italian, Arabic, Japanese, the Scandinavian languages—in fact, into almost every living literature—and are sowing over a world field the seed of a race hatred which threatens to yield in every land a growth as rank as that which has sprung up in our time in the lands of Hitler and Mussolini.

Wherever the Protocols have appeared in Europe these last three decades, the blood of innocent victims has flowed like swollen rivers. In White Russia, in 1920 and 1921, the Protocols contributed more than any other single element to the mass murder of more than a hundred thousand unresisting men, women, and children. In Germany, where they have received the Hitler blessing in Mein Kampf, and are said to be, like that volume, required reading in the schools, they have been prime factors in raising the bloody flag of anti-Semitism.

" How far the entire existence of this people [the Jews] is based on a continuous lie," writes Adolf Hitler in one of his uncontrolled outbursts of *Judenhass* in Mein Kampf, " is shown in an incomparable manner and certainty in the ' Protocols of the Wise Men of Zion.' "

This in spite of the fact that he admits in the next sentence that they *may* not be genuine!

A trait in human beings long recognized by psychologists is the tendency of the mind to accept and sometimes to enshrine certain rather obvious fabrications which, although no proof is offered in support of them, are made to seem truer than the truth. The old story of Captain Kidd's treasure is such a one; so, in another field, is the tale of Atlantis, the lost continent; so, more recently, are these so-called Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion.

WHEN these pseudo-traditions become fixed outside the realms of adventure and conjecture—say, in the fields of propaganda or defamation—they become dangerous, because educated men, aware that they are in most cases palpable frauds, pay small attention to them, and fail to realize that other men, not having been trained in discrimination, frequently accept unsupported assertions or even conscious fictions as gospel truth. And thus the harm is done.

For example, all politicians and some voters know that Presidential elections are often fought on issues which find no place in the party platforms or in the formal speeches of party orators. Men and women are still alive who remember when the " Plumed Knight," James G. Blaine, was defeated for the Presidency by an unfortunate grouping—not his own—of the words " Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion." More recall how Theodore Roosevelt's enemies sought to make political capital out of his entertaining Booker T. Washington at a White House breakfast. And most of us over thirty recall the whispering campaigns against Warren Harding and Al Smith.

As recently as the campaign of 1938 we had an example—with which many Liberty readers are familiar—of the use of such secretly circulated propaganda in the Lehman-Dewey gubernatorial race in New York State, when an alleged statement by the great Benjamin Franklin warning the American people against the Jews, a statement long discredited by scholars, was dug up and secretly circulated among the voters of the Empire State. It was obviously not written in the Ben Franklin manner. In cold type it read like a press release by Propaganda Minister Goebbels or a report of thunderous mouthings by Field Marshal Goering. Shouted in a high, strained voice through a sufficiently squeaky loudspeaker, it would sound like a speech to the Reichstag by Adolf Hitler himself.

Yet few could read the words of this fake " Franklin Prophecy "—falsely said to have come from the mouth of the man whom many consider the greatest American—without being influenced, one way or the other, by fanatical hatred or by righteous resentment.

By such nefarious devices " the Jewish Question " has been catapulted into the American political arena, until now it threatens to assume almost Hitlerian proportions in the " literature of hate " with which the country is being flooded.

In view of this deplorable situation, it was not surprising that supporters of both 1936 candidates for the Presidency seized on the Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion as a means of stirring up animosity, each against the other's candidate: against Mr. Roosevelt because of an assumed resemblance between his inner government of brain trusters and the one foretold in the Protocols, which was to be a government surrounded " with a whole world of economists "; and against Mr. Landon because he was a candidate of the party commonly associated with the possession of wealth, " all of which," according to the mythical Protocols, " is in Jewish hands."

THE whispering campaign of 1936 had little effect on the outcome of the election; but the mere presence of the Protocols in the campaign was alarming, as an indication of the un-American lengths to which our political rabble-rousers are willing to go to gain their selfish ends. The conclusion was inescapable that, in cleverer hands, the Protocols might again be used, and this time effectively, to drench with blood the soil of free America.

Suppose some politically minded publicist should rise in our own country to use the Protocols, as Adolf Hitler has used them in Germany, to advance his own theories at the risk of repeating here the bloody pogroms of totalitarian Europe!

Suppose such a man has already risen in our own country!

That the noble order of Freemasonry should be drawn into this campaign of calumny will both shock and bewilder many a patriotic American Mason. For there is certainly nothing in Freemasonry as we know it in America which would indicate that it might become a partner in any international political venture, even a much less reprehensible one than a plot to upset all the governments of the world. In fact, the teachings of Freemasonry specifically feature obedience to the law of the land in which the member lives. For this reason there is no international organization of Freemasonry, and the organization in each nation is independent of all others.

But the Masons, as the fraternal order of Free and Accepted Masons is commonly known in this country, trace the origin of their society back to the guilds of the Middle Ages, perhaps to even earlier times, since some of the symbols and rites of the order indicate an Oriental origin and very possibly a considerable Oriental history, which may have preceded its rise to power in European affairs. Anyhow, in the decades preceding and following the French Revolution it was a flourishing and influential secret society, and as such may well have played a large and wholly honorable part in the events of those fervid days.

WHATEVER part it did play may be assumed to have been a strictly patriotic one—Frenchmen working and fighting as Frenchmen for what they believed to be the good of France. But there existed in the Europe of that day a rationalistic society known as the Illuminati—formed in 1776, the year of the founding of our own Republic, by Adam Weishaupt, a professor at Ingolstadt, Germany, who was said to be a German Jew—about the nature of whose activities no such certainty exists. The chief aim of this organization, according to some historians, seems to have been the destruction of all forms of religion, government, property, marriage, and all civil rights.

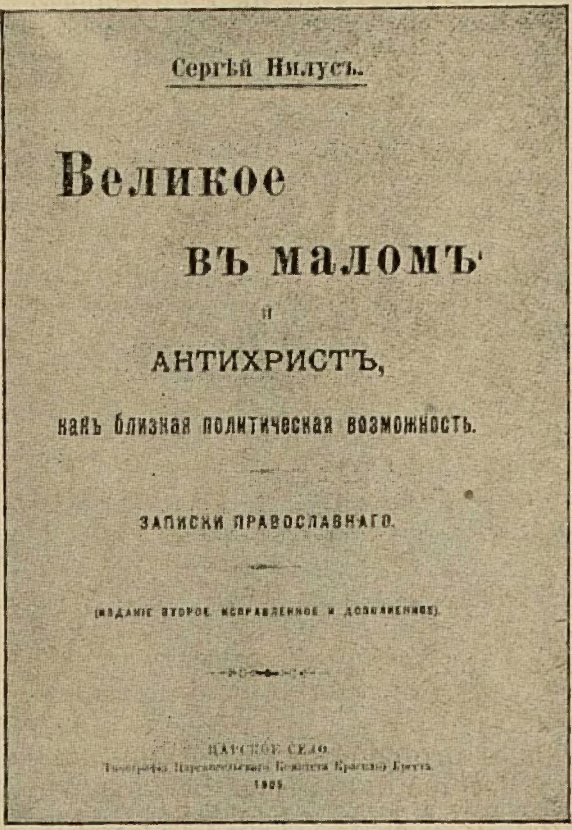
The Illuminati, originally a German institution, spread to France and beyond doubt played a major role in bringing on the bloody days of 1789.

Founded by Jews and reputedly financed by Jews—the great House of Rothschild was just rising to the financial heights — the Illuminati seemed to have been organized and operated on the Masonic plan and with something of the Masonic ritual. It was active in 1789, as were the Masons, on the side of the Revolutionists. And these various more or less related facts form the sole basis for the charge, now again being surreptitiously made, that the Jews and the Masons are collaborating in the world conspiracy outlined in the Protocols.

Once more, the fact that there is no iota of real proof to substantiate this theory has not prevented propagandists from that time to this from bringing up this accusation.

Because the demoniacal charlatan Cagliostro was said to have conspired with the imaginary Secret Three Hundred to topple the throne of the royalty and raise the barricades and guillotines of the Dantons and Marats and Robespierres, combinations of Jewish and Masonic conspirators have been credited with planning many another bloody coup. Using the Protocols as their Baedeker of hate, the Jew-baiters and Mason-baiters have traced back to the supposed Cagliostro-Weishaupt plot very nearly all of the wars, revolutions, and economic cataclysms which have beset the modern world, beginning, of course, with the French Revolution itself, in the fomenting of which Cagliostro admittedly played a dominant role.

Unreasoning fear of the Masons crystallized in this country in the formation of the now almost forgotten Anti-Masonic Party, which had its birth in the wave of carefully stimulated indignation following the disappearance in 1826 of one William Morgan, a former Mason, who had incurred the organization's displeasure by publishing a widely read book purporting to reveal Masonic secrets. The charge was openly made that Morgan had been murdered by Masons, but proof was never offered that this was so, or that Morgan actually was murdered by any one.



Сергѣй Нилусъ.

Великое
въ маломъ
и
АНТИХРИСТЪ,
какъ близкая политическая возможность.

ЗАПИСКИ ПРАВОСЛАВНАГО.

(ИЗДАНІЕ ВТОРОЕ ИСПРАВЛЕННОЕ И ДОПОЛНЕННОЕ).

ЦАРСКОЕ СЕЛО.
1905.

The Great in the Little: the title page of the 1905 edition of Sergius Nilus' book, published in Tsarskoye-Selo, Russia—the edition in which appeared, as an appendix, the now notorious Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion.

As a political party, the Anti-Masons figured chiefly in Thurlow Weed's unsuccessful attempt to overthrow Martin Van Buren and his so-called Albany Regency. In 1830 and 1831 the party held national conventions—said to be the first of their kind in this country—and on the latter occasion actually nominated a candidate, William Wirt, for the Presidency; but thereafter the party dwindled as a national political factor, and in 1834 lost its identity by joining with several other groups to form the Whig Party.

For more than a hundred years, therefore, feeling against the Masons in this country has taken no public or official form. But, as we have seen in the case of the Jews, hatred once planted in the mind of a man lives longer than the man himself. To an unenlightened section of the national community, the order of Free and Accepted Masons is still a fearsome political ogre. So common is this feeling even now that the statement is frequently made that no one who is not a thirty-second-degree Mason has ever been elected President of the United States.

If this were true—and it might well be, for politicians from time immemorial have shown a penchant for joining everything and sundry—it would not necessarily indicate anything sinister in the least. But it is not true.

Of only twelve of the thirty-two Presidents of the United States can it be stated with certainty that they were Masons of any degree—about Jefferson and Madison there is some doubt—and of these twelve, only six had reached the dignity of the thirty-second degree.

So much for the Masons. They do not need any defense against such charges. But the above is a fair example of how the so-called " facts " of the average whispering campaign fall down when put to proof—and in no instance is this truer than in the case of the alleged Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion.

THE first inkling of these world-shaking " documents " came in 1905, when one Sergius Nilus published in Russia a revised edition of a book of his bearing the title The Great in the Little, or Anti-Christ as an Imminent Possibility: The Confessions of an Orthodox Believer. This volume, which purported to contain Nilus' " discovery " of the Protocols of the Wise Men of Zion, professed to reveal the plan adopted by the alleged secret Jewish government, which was said to be allied to the Freemasons, to pit various groups of goyim (gentiles) against each other and, after effecting their economic and political ruin, to establish an international Jewish superstate.

" According to the records of secret Jewish Zionism," writes the highly imaginative Nilus, " Solomon and other Jewish learned men already, in 929 B. C., thought out a scheme in theory for a peaceful conquest of the whole universe by Zion.

" As history developed, this scheme was worked out in detail and completed by men who were subsequently initiated in this question. These men decided by peaceful means to conquer the world for Zion with the slyness of the Symbolic Snake, whose head was to represent those who had been initiated into the plans of the Jewish Administration, and the body of the Snake to represent the Jewish people.

" The administration was always kept secret, even from the Jewish nation itself. As this Snake penetrated into the hearts of the nations which it encountered, it undermined and devoured all the non-Jewish power of these States. It is foretold that the Snake has still to finish its work, strictly adhering to the designed plan, until the course which it has run is closed by the return of its head to Zion and until, by this means, the Snake has completed its round of Europe and has encircled it—and until, by dint of enchaining Europe, it has encompassed the whole world."

A pretty picture, it must be admitted! And in the painting of it the tragedy-minded Russian spares none of the horrendous details.

"When the time is ripe," declares Nilus in the Protocols, "the Jews with their monopoly of gold will stage a vast economic crisis and throw the workers out of jobs. The latter will then resort to violence as in the French Revolution which was the work of our hands."

If by any chance the plotters' intrigues are exposed too soon, the big cities of the western world, he says, will be blown up. Disease germs too will be used if necessary. In the hour of triumph democracy, which creates dissension, will be destroyed, and an absolute monarch of the Hebrew House of David will ascend the world throne.

All other beliefs having been shattered, Judaism will be restored and, in alliance with Freemasonry, will rule the world. All those opposed will meet with sudden secret death.

If any government attempts to thwart the will of the Jews, its neighbor will be directed to make war on it; if it refuses, the Jews will foment a general war.

Those who claim genuineness for the Protocols cite this passage as proof that the Jews planned the World War; and postwar translations substitute "World War" for the "general war" in the Russian original.

The Elders are sure that their goal is now in sight; that, through the craft of the "Symbolic Snake," the circle is now, after more than two thousand years, about to close; that the snake's head will reach Zion when the Jews have broken the economic power of the leading governments. And when the circle is complete the whole world will be held as in a vise.

SUCH is the modern Bible of anti-Semites. To understand its wild balderdash, madder than the Mad Hatter and wilder than the nightmare of a fanatic, one must know something of Nilus and his background and, even more important, the absolutist regime in which he moved; a regime dominated by the mystical doctrine of the divine right of kings—*Per Me Reges Regnant* (Through Me Kings Rule)—a motto which, strangely enough, was to supply the clue to the mystery of the forged Protocols.

Nilus was a lawyer, a briefless *avocat*, in Moscow. His soul fed itself on the flames of anti-Semitism. He was a former atheist who, when the resources of his mistress, Madame K., had vanished, turned religionist and lived on the bounty of the Church. Wandering from one charitable monastery to another, he wrote the story of his soul's pilgrimage in the book entitled The Great in the Little, the first edition of which was published in Russia in 1901.

This first edition contained no Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion. Apparently lawyer Nilus had not yet been initiated into the secrets of the Sanhedrin. But in the second, 1905, edition, as in so many other works of fiction, this presumably wholly typographical error was miraculously corrected.

There is a story, possibly true, as to how this miracle was performed.

Some of it we know is true. The year 1905 was one of bitterness and bloodshed in Russia. The war with Japan was still on. Sailors of the Moscovite navy in the Black Sea had been fed wormy meat and had revolted. The throne was tottering. Odessa and other great cities were starving. There were uprisings.

About three thousand men, women, and children, singing patriotic and religious songs, marched to the Czar's winter palace to beg for redress of their grievances, and were fired upon by the Cossacks. Many were killed.

A representative form of government, the Duma, was finally wrested from the Czar. But the forces of reaction were unslumbering. They organized the "Black Hundreds" to undo democratic government. Their program was Jew-baiting.

HIGH priestess of the cult which believed in putting down sedition among the masses by relentless cruelty was the Grand Duchess Elizabeth, who was engaged in a life-and-death fight with the liberal minister Witte for the political favor of that weak but pleasant man the Czar.

She it was, according to the story, who read The Great and the Little and saw in its practically unknown author possibilities which an apathetic reading public had not perceived.

Invited to tea and vodka with Her Imperial Highness, and lured on by the promise of a marriage with the Grand Duchess' beauteous lady in waiting, Helena Oserov—a promise, by the way, which was indubitably kept—the insignificant Nilus was said to have been easily persuaded to add to his book an "appendix" which, the Grand Duchess assured him, would appeal strongly to the Czar. The appendix, as it turned out, was what we now know as the Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion.

Whether this explanation is the correct one or not we do not know. We had no dictograph keyed to the palace council chamber of the Grand Duchess Elizabeth. However, this is not a matter for imaginative speculation. There is enough of the fictional in the Protocols themselves without our worrying over the romantic episodes in the life of their Russian sponsor!

What we do know, what the whole world can know if it chooses to investigate, is that under the imprint of a Red Cross unit in which the Grand Duchess was active, in the imperial city of Tsarskoye-Selo, now Dietskoye-Selo, bridegroom Nilus published the second or 1905 edition of his book.

There were no changes in the body of his story, but in the appendix "suggested" by the Grand Duchess were the Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion, published under the subtitle, The Anti-Christ as a Near Political Possibility.

GRUESOME days of bloodshed followed. Throughout Russia great multitudes of peasants, milling day and night in the streets, talked incessantly of the machinations of the Jews and demanded vengeance for their wrongs. They took up axes and guns to purge the cities of the "alien Jews" who were planning their ruin and were seeking world domination. There were six hundred and ninety such massacres simultaneously planned and executed immediately following the distribution of Nilus' Protocols.

In 1913, when a later edition appeared, the Nilus opus was once more the signal for pogroms. As one spectacular instance out of many, a wholly innocent Jew, Mendel Beiliss, was indicted, and a trial was rigged for alleged ritual murder on such flimsy evidence that even the most hardened anti-Semites were startled.

Again, early in 1917, the Protocols were circulated by the Czarist police in what was known as the Pogrom Edition. Once more the angel of death flapped his wings and once more there spouted a great sea of Jewish blood.

In spite of the protest of chaplains, the Protocols were distributed to the soldiers of the White army. From December, 1918, to April, 1921, as the distribution increased, the Jewish massacres in White Russia mounted to more than one hundred and twenty thousand.

For Nilus the Protocols had been a source of livelihood. For the rest of the world they were the harbingers of death.

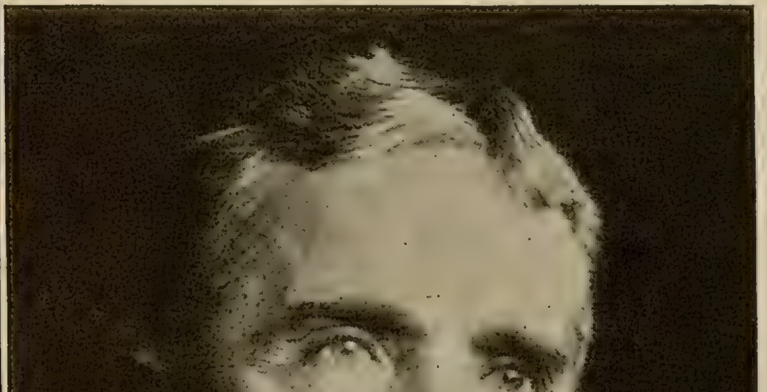
And what was the insignificant little man's explanation of his "discovery" of the Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion?

Well, of all the preposterous falsifications in this false and preposterous fabrication, that explanation of Sergius Nilus was the most preposterous and the falsest of all!

Where did the little busybody pretend he had discovered this monstrous and murderous fake which Hitler and Father Coughlin have performed the remarkable feat of swallowing even though both admittedly knew it to be what it is? And where had Nilus actually got it, or the makings of it? You'll find out, and find the damning proof of its spuriousness resolved to a most conclusive "deadly parallel," in Liberty next week.

J. Edgar Hoover, Chairman

Rear Admiral Yates Stirling, Jr.



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General Robert Lee Bullard

THESE MEN WILL NAME THE WINNER OF THE 1940

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LIBERTY MAGAZINE VALOR IN CITIZENSHIP AWARD
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LIBERTY regards the constant campaign against crime as actual civil war. We believe that citizens who dare to do their duty in the face of intimidations and violence from the underworld are heroes in that war. Just as there are Congressional Medals of Honor awarded for valor on the field of battle, we hold that there should be similar national recognition of acts of outstanding courage in citizenship. Until such federal recognition can be obtained—and we are pledged to work for that end—Liberty has undertaken the task. Each year it awards a Gold Medal for Valor in Citizenship to the man or woman judged most worthy of this honor by a committee of three outstanding Americans. Your help is needed in finding the 1940 recipient of the medal.

Last year Liberty published the records of a number of these heroic episodes, together with the announcement of the award of the 1939 medal to Maynard Berry, whose valorous identification of an escaping murderer, carried through at the risk of his own life, was an inspiring example of peacetime heroism. Mr. Berry received the medal at a luncheon in the Waldorf-Astoria's Empire Room, where many outstanding citizens did him honor. Perhaps the man or woman whose nomination you sponsor will be selected for similar distinction this year! The winner this year will be named by J. Edgar Hoover, Rear Admiral Yates Stirling, Jr., and General Robert Lee Bullard after a careful study of the nominations and the circumstances under which each act of valor in citizenship took place.

Nominations should be mailed to MEDAL OF VALOR COMMITTEE, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Have you a name to present?

NO MORE *Glitter*

BY ANN GIBBONS

READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

ANYA sat on the side of the swimming pool and swung her feet in the clear green water. She wriggled her toes luxuriously. "*Bozhe Moy*, how that does feel good!" she murmured to no one in particular. There was no one there but Sam Fell. Sam was her publicity agent and a fixture as familiar as one of the gleaming statues of Aphrodite in the sunken gardens behind them.

"Why is it, Anya"—Sam's voice was plaintive—"your feet always hurt?"

"Because too much they are making me to stand on them at studio," she said promptly, "and because as small girl I am peasant in Ukraine and do not wear shoes." Anya had a fine disregard for tenses.

She leaned forward to dip slim fingers in the water and a pale gold drift of silky hair fell along her cheek. Her eyes were gray and still in its shadow. It was this quality of stillness that made Rosov unique, people said. She waited, not lifting a hand, and everything she wanted came to her.

"Fine talk," Sam tried to shame her, "when I've built you up as a royal exile, cousin to the Romanovs. Do you have to tell about the Ukraine?"

"It does not matter." She lay back in a whirl of white organdy and looked up at the blue California sky. She was like a lily, her head the golden stamen, Sam told himself. He must remember that. It was a good line. Original, too. The cameramen had just gone; Anya had been posing for publicity stills in her garden. "I do not think people are caring any more what I am. I think they are tired of Anya Rosov and her r-royal cousins."

Sam threw his cigar in the pool, and at Anya's reproachful look reached down and fished it out. "You need some good publicity," he told her. "Something that will knock 'em right out of their easy chairs by the radio and send 'em back to the movie houses."

"I think Great-Art is not renewing my contract," she went on as if Sam hadn't said anything. "Soon I think I am losing all this." She waved negligently toward the white monstrosity at the end of the garden, half Italian villa, half Spanish hacienda. "I cannot live as Great-Art says I must, and save money, too."

"All you need is some good publicity to put you right back on top of the heap," he insisted. "And I got an idea."

"Oh, Sam!" Anya sat up and shook her head. "Not more ideas. The things you have made me to do—gold dust on my hair and gold paint on my toenails." It was true about the toenails. There they were in the water, like small gold coins. She shrugged her nose at them. "And my back tooths pulled out so that I am hollow in the face like Garbo, like Lombard. And the wolfhounds, of whom I am afraid. And the Italian count who try to shoot himself. And limousines that are costing so many thousands of dollars, and the bodyguards. But it was all right, the bodyguards, because of my Marya."

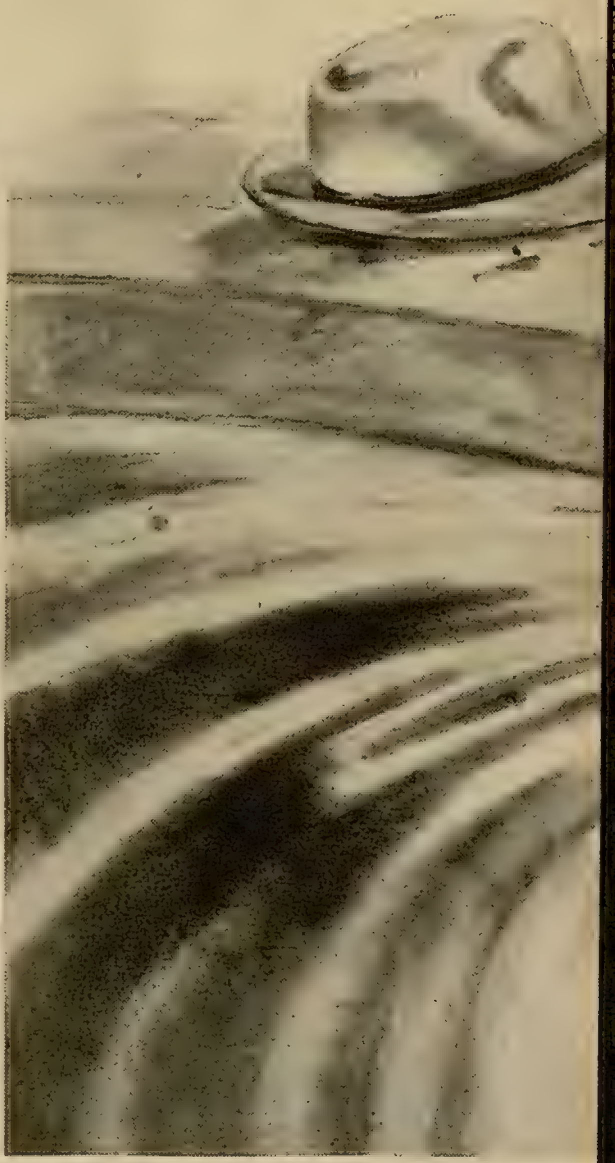
Anya lived in the fear of kidnapers. Not fear for herself. Fear for Marya. Marya was ten, and nearly as tall as Anya, brown where Anya was golden, sturdy where Anya was fragile. Anya's daughter.

Anya had fallen in love on her way to Hollywood eleven years ago, and married as soon as the ship docked. It had upset Great-Art considerably. Then Marya was born as soon as it was biologically possible, and they had given Anya up as hopeless, but in the meanwhile she had made a picture for them. The picture had caught on with the public, which had demanded more of this Anya Rosov, and they had to take up her option, and in another year she was a star.

The most glitteringly lonely woman in Hollywood, Anya had held her title against all comers for ten years. Now they said she was slipping. Great-Art and Sam Fell had done a great deal for her, of course. Building her up. Keeping her in the public eye. They were prepared to do more to protect their investment.

They hadn't had much trouble disposing of the husband. He had refused to stay in Hollywood, having a ranch of his own somewhere down in Arizona which he seemed to feel was important to him. Anya was hemmed in with options and deep in a whirl of plans to make her the most talked-of woman in pictures. She had been unable to leave Hollywood. There was only Marya to remind her of the brief year of marriage to Martin Somers.

Marya was not so easily disposed of by Great-Art. The more they tried to hide her, as she grew taller and taller, the more Anya seemed determined to display her. They went everywhere together. To first nights, and concerts in the Hollywood Bowl, and dinners at the Brown Derby and the Trocadero. It was the one thing about which Anya had not been tractable. Great-Art could not make Anya see that beautiful young stars shouldn't have ten-year-old daughters. Having them, they needn't flaunt them in people's faces. After all, one could have a decent reticence about some things.



"It's about Marya. The new publicity gag," Sam told Anya. He spoke warily. This was going to take a bit of handling.

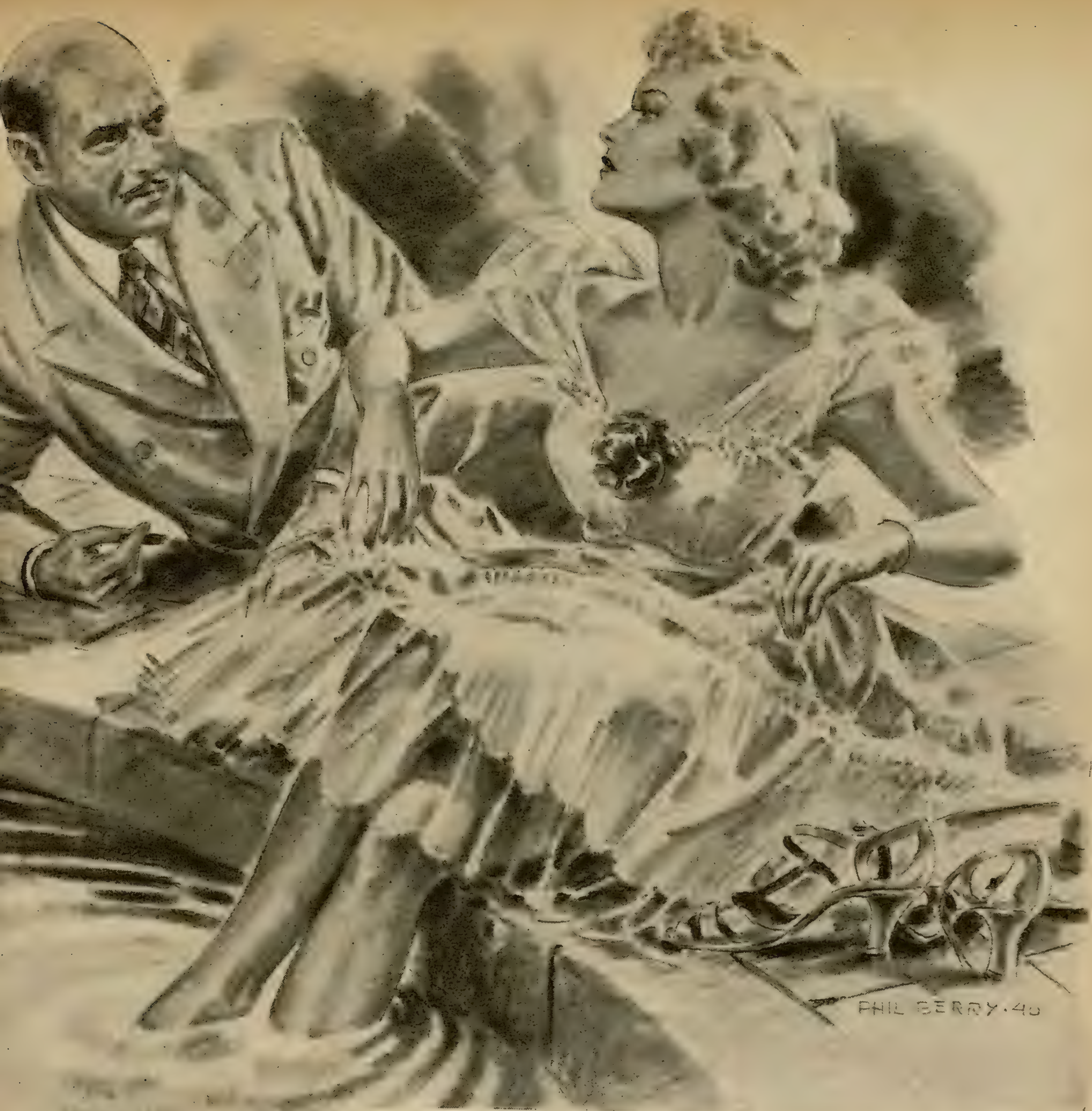
"No," she said immediately.

"Now, Anya, it's perfectly harmless. It's just a—well, a little kidnaping stunt."

She gave him a dark gray, eloquent look and took her feet out of the pool. She began to dry them on the scalloped ruffles of her skirts.

"Go home, Sam Fell. I am feeling weary with you. You and your stunts." She drew on her stockings,

ILLUSTRATED BY PHIL BERRY



" It's about Marya. The new publicity gag," Sam told Anya. " No," she said immediately.

Star dust and romance!—A searching tale of Hollywood and a woman's heart

so sheer they clung to her fingers as if they were alive.

" It's not a real kidnaping, Anya. Just pretend. We'll slip her out of town, to stay with a couple in the country. Marya won't mind."

" No." She stood up and stepped into small toeless sandals of white kid.

" The newspapers will go for it. Anya Rosov's child stolen. It will make big headlines. It will sell your new picture. Great-Art will give you the new contract."

" No, no, and no! "

" We'll give them pictures. Old ones, of course, when Marya was small. Pictures of the house and Marya's room. Your room. You bending over an empty cradle—well, anyhow, a small bed. All in flowing black. I tell you, they'll eat it up."

Anya dropped into a basket chair and picked up a magazine. Sam Fell might have been a thousand miles away.

"Then Marya will reappear. Just come walking in one day, tired and dusty. She'll never know what happened. When it's all over, she'll think it really was a kidnaping. She won't be hurt, she won't even be scared."

"You are mad, Sam. You are a fool." She stopped because Marya had suddenly appeared at her elbow.

"I brought your dark glasses, mother," she said seriously. "The sun is bad for your eyes. And Wing is bringing tea."

"I was just going." Sam rose hastily. "You think it over, Anya. You'll see I'm right. You've got to do something to get people interested in you again. You wouldn't want to give up all this," indicating all of it—the swimming pool and the naked Aphrodites and the great house that was half villa and half hacienda. And Marya. "Marya's going to need money. It costs a lot to send a girl to school, and the dancing lessons. You drop in tomorrow and talk it over."

Anya pulled Marya down in her lap and laid her cheek on Marya's hair, soft and brown and straight. When Marya sat in Anya's lap, you practically couldn't see Anya at all.

"You were not listening, *manichka?*"

"*Niet, mamochka.*" It made Anya happy when Marya used her halting Russian.

"*Harosho.* That is good. Sam is such a silly man. What he says is foolishness. You may pour the tea, my darling."

ANYA dropped in on Sam Fell the next day like an avenging goddess. Like a wolf mother looking for her cub.

"Sam!" she shouted before she was through the door, and Sam's secretary leaped to close it behind her. Rosov didn't go temperamental on them often, but when she did she could and would say anything—in three languages. "Sam, you robber! Liar! Baby stealer! What have you done with my Marya?"

Sam's jaw fell. For once he had no words. He took his feet off his mahogany desk and shook his head.

"You are not needing to look innocent," she stormed. "R-remember you told me about your wicked kidnaping scheme. And I said no. So where is my baby?"

"Look, Anya." He took her arm and would have urged her to a chair but she flung him off. "I don't know what you're talking about. I haven't seen Marya since yesterday. Do you mean you don't know where she is?"

Suddenly she crumpled up. She lay across the big desk with her head on her arms and sobbed.

She looked up. "Sam," she begged, her face all ravished flat planes and gray eyes drowned behind wet lashes stuck together like little brown feathers, "tell me where she is. Take me to her. She will be so frightened. I will forgive you, Sam. I will never name it to anybody. Just take me to her and let me bring her home."

Sam looked frightened. "Anya, for heaven's sake," he told her, "you've got to believe me. I don't know anything about it. If Marya's gone, I didn't do it. When did you miss her?"

Anya's eyes searched his face. They begged for the truth. "Just now," she whispered, "when Boris go to the school to get her, she is not there. She is not there all day. He is taking her this morning and leaving her at the door . . . and no one is seeing her since. Sam!" She screamed. "Get the police! My Marya is stolen!"

SAM seized the telephone. "Get me the Examiner office!" he shouted to the girl at the switchboard. "Hello! This the Examiner? Sam Fell speaking. Send over a reporter. I've got the biggest story you ever had. Anya Rosov's child has been stolen!"

They swarmed over the Rosov place in Brentwood, reporters and police and curious public. The curious public had to stand outside and look through the gates, but the police came in and asked questions. There was nothing that any one could tell them, the thin Russian cook or the dour Scotch gardener, the plump Swedish housemaids or Anya's personal secretary. Anya trusted them and they were devoted to her. Like Charles the chauffeur, and Boris and Anatol, the bodyguards, they had all been with her for years. Marya had vanished without a trace. There was no ransom note. No mysterious telephone calls. Nothing.

Anya walked the floor at night and grew visibly thinner. Sam and the reporters complained that she didn't co-operate. She wouldn't pose for pictures in diaphanous black with a spotlight behind her; in fact she wouldn't let them take any pictures at all. She crept about the house in Brentwood, with its shining floors and great windows open to wind and sun, its valuable tapestries and period pieces, like a maimed creature.

She looked feverishly through every letter that came. Letters of sympathy, letters of advice, letters from cranks all over the country who claimed to have seen Marya. In Chicago, in Tampa, in Augusta, in St. Paul. She made the detectives investigate the letters.

A week passed by, and Anya thought of something. It would not help, but it would be something to do, and she wished she had thought of it sooner.

"I am going to her father," she told Sam, pushing her hair up under an old hat and hunting through a drawer in the library for her dark glasses. Anya's hair wasn't like spun silk now. It straggled a bit, it hung limply behind her ears. Like any woman's who has wept at night instead of sleeping. Anya's wide red mouth was pale and pinched. There were dark smudges beneath Anya's gray eyes. Anya looked her thirty years now, and more. Sam was glad she wouldn't see reporters, if she must look like this. Anya wasn't co-operating at all.

"What can he do?" Sam asked reasonably. Meaning Marya's father. Meaning Martin Somers.

"Nothing. But he should know." Anya snatched up her purse and the keys to the roadster and ran to the door.

Sam ran after her. "He can read, can't he?" Sam shouted. "He must know."

"Certainly he can read." She stepped on the starter and the engine snarled. "But he doesn't know, or he would have come."

Anya drove all day. She stopped at the little town near the border which was Martin's post-office address and asked at the oil station how to find R. F. D. No. 5. Straight out for ten miles, he told her, and turn where the sign said Somers' Ranch 2 miles. The young man at the oil station didn't recognize her. He saw only a woman whose pinched pale face was streaked with dust and tears.

She drove up before the ranch house. It was wide and low, and it was entirely hacienda. Nothing Italian villa about it. It was an honest house, she thought. Some one came around the corner of it, and it was Mart. She knew him, even at that distance, by his black hair and his long, loose stride. She tried to go to him, but her legs wouldn't work and she had to stand by the great dusty car and hang to the door with one hand to keep on her feet at all.

He didn't know her until she spoke. "Mart." She had to say it quickly because of the pain behind her eyes and the way the brown hills were acting, rocking up and down like ocean swells and she a very small boat upon them. "Mart, I've lost Marya. You must for-r-give me . . . and help me find her . . ." The hot metal of the door slipped away from her hand, and Mart caught her and steadied her with a long arm in a blue shirt sleeve.

"It's all right, Anya," he told her. "It's going to be all right. Come in out of the sun."

THEY went through the cool shadow of the house, Mart's spurs clicking faintly on the dark polished floors and silent on the bright Navaho rugs, and into the tree-shaded patio. Beneath the pepper tree a hammock swung lazily to and fro, and in the hammock lounged a slim boy in white shirt and overalls. The boy turned to look at them, and it was Marya. This time the earth turned completely over, and Anya fell in a small dust-stained heap at Mart's feet.

She came to, feeling very wet and uncomfortable, but she was cooler and the pain behind her eyes had gone away. Marya was sponging her face with a wet towel. Marya had, apparently, poured a pitcher of water over her. She was a capable child but impulsive. "Poor mother," she was saying remorsefully. "I didn't mean to frighten you. Darling *mamochka*, please forgive me."

Anya pushed her away crossly and sat up. "So," she said to Martin, "you must to steal your own child. You cannot come and ask for her, like a man is doing. You must to come like thief in night, like snake in grass, and kidnap Marya. I will not forgive you. Marya, take off those silly clothes. We go home."

"Wait, Anya," Mart began, but Marya interrupted him. "You don't understand, mother," she spoke earnestly. "Father did not steal me. I came. I went out of the school by another door and got on a bus, and when I got to Benson I telephoned father and he came for me."

"And you could not guess that I am being frightened to death, with detectives looking for you and dreadful men to ask me questions? And I am walking up and down and weeping. . . . I am twenty years older. . . . I am never young again." She looked at herself in Marya's small mirror over Marya's plain oak bureau. Her face looked very clean and simple. No powder, no lipstick, no eye shadow. Her damp hair dragged back like a country woman's, like a peasant woman's from the Ukraine. Furiously she attacked it with Marya's comb and rolled it into big curls behind her ears.

"But why, Marya?" she demanded. "Why are you running away? Are you not happy?"

YES. But I was frightened. Sam said he would pretend to kidnap me, and I was frightened." In a small voice: "You said no, but Sam always makes you do what he wants. For publicity."

"That Sam. Those publicity." Bitterly. "There will be no more of them. Come. We go. I do not scold you, Mart. You should have let me know, but this time I am not scolding you. I am just being glad that Marya is safe."

Mart did not look grateful. He looked noncommittal.

"Couldn't we have supper first?" Marya asked it plaintively.

"Supper?" Anya hesitated, was tempted, was lost. "I think—yes, I am knowing it. I am hungry. Very well, first we have supper."

They went to the kitchen, broad, low-ceiled, the big cooking stove nearly filling the blackened fireplace beneath the strings of onions and red peppers. Rosita had gone away, they explained to Anya, to help her sister have a baby. They must get supper themselves.

While Marya laid the linen cloth on the black oak table in the dining room where old silver gleamed dimly on the sideboard, Mart brought a great piece of beef from the icebox and cut thick slices. But when he would have dropped them in the smoking skillet, Anya moaned and sprang to stop him.

"No one could be eating them," she assured him. "Get me the grinder thing. And cabbages and rice and onions."

She cooked the cabbage leaves briefly, and rolled the meat and rice in them and set it all to simmer on the back of the stove. She grated potatoes and mixed them with beaten eggs and made little pancakes. Martin sliced tomatoes and laid them on lettuce leaves from Rosita's garden, and boiled eggs in the teakettle.

"Like in samovar while water heats for tea!" Anya cried, pleased about Mart's boiling eggs in the teakettle.

She mixed Rosita's salad dressing with sour cream and added lemon juice. The coffee was hot and black, and there was cream. There was milk for Marya, and brown bread, and lemon pie made that morning by Rosita, who was not, then, entirely heartless.

ANN GIBBONS

who appears in Liberty for the first time is the author of several short stories and mystery serials, and hopes soon to see her first novel in print. (She has already started her second.) She lives in Detroit with her husband and two children. Once a librarian, she is now, she says, "fairly domesticated."

"I like this house, Martin," Anya told him. She lifted the cover to look at the golubzi. She turned the kartofelnia oladias deftly with Rosita's pancake turner. "Why am I not knowing you have house like this?"

"I tried to tell you," he reminded her. "You wouldn't listen."

"You should have made me listen, Martin."

"I wanted to bring you here. They said you must stay, and they would make you the most thrilling woman in the world. And they did, Anya. Sometimes I go to see your pictures. You are so beautiful it hurts."

"You should have made me come, Martin. You should have beaten me."

"Like in Ukraine?" Mart had to smile a little to think of any one beating Anya.

Anya was serious. "It was fun for little while, but soon it grow sad and dull. This would have lasted. This is life I was meant for. You are a man; you should have been stronger and wiser and known what was best. For me. For Marya."

It was easy for Anya to say it, ten years later. Martin knew she didn't mean it.

"I think Marya stays here, Anya. With me." He sat down on the wide bench by the window and filled his pipe, not looking at her. They could hear Marya moving about in the next room, and the soft tinkle of water glasses. "You may take her back now, and explain the 'kidnaping' as best you can, you and Sam Fell. Say I took her, if you want to. Then she comes back here."

Marya was singing Cielito Lindo softly to herself. She had learned it from listening to the cowboys in the bunkhouse, lying in her bed at night in her small starlit room.

Anya sat very still. "But why, Mart?" she said to him. "Why would you take Marya away from me?"

He struck a match, his dark face quiet in the little flame as he held it to his pipe. "It is not good for a child to be afraid," he told her. "To live behind barred windows and have a bodyguard. To have her name thrown across newspapers so that her mother may get a new contract."

"It was not my fault, Mart." The husky Rosov voice had moved audiences to tears so many times from the talking screen. It did not seem to move Mart at all.

"You'll be all right, Anya." Briskly, still not looking at her. "You will have your new contract. You will have another five years in pictures, maybe more. Marya will go away to school, and spend her summers here. You will see her at Christmas. You will visit her at school. You can see that it will be better."

"And I, Martin? What will I do without her? What will I do when my life is completely empty?"

He shook his head. He didn't say, "What did I do with all the empty years?" He didn't say anything.

She went over to the bench and sat down beside him. "You have such a large house, Martin. There is so much wideness, and rooms that are going up a step and down a step, like in my grandfather's house in Ukraine. Martin," she laid her hand on his arm timidly, and took it away again and linked both hands in her lap so that he should not see how they trembled. It had been a long day, a hard day, worse than days in Russia when there was not enough food; worse than days on location in the heat and sand of the desert when she could not have Marya with her, and she had wished to die of weariness and loneliness. "Is there not enough room for me, too? Cannot we both stay, Marya and me?"

MARTIN'S lips, that could curve as gently as a woman's, were firm. She bent forward anxiously to look into his face. Maybe he didn't want to take her back. Maybe she had waited too long. Then he laid his big hand on both of hers and they stopped trembling.

"You're sure this time, Anya? You choose me? Not glitter?"

"Not glitter."

"Not headlines and swimming pools and your face on billboards?"

"I said," fiercely, "no more glitter!"

At last he believed her. He took her in his arms—thirstily, like a man finding water in the desert; hungrily, like a man who has been without food—and laid his mouth on hers. They sat there in the growing darkness closely, not separated at all. Marya came in and sat down beside them and pushed a little, and they moved to make room for her, and there was room enough for the three of them.

THE END

75 TONS OF POLISH GOLD

The Truth at Last About What Happened to It

BY EDWARD DOHERTY

READING TIME ● 14 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

AUTHOR'S NOTE: This story, given exclusively to Liberty, can be confirmed by documents in the files of the Polish government now domiciled in France.

THE Polish armies were falling back, fighting savagely as they gave ground. German tanks and armored cars were coming nearer and nearer Warsaw. The sky was filled with the roar of low-flying planes. The air was filled with smoke, the thunder of exploding bombs, the rattle of machine-gun fire, the screams of women and children.

In the office of the Finance Minister in Warsaw, Paul Dombrowski, a pale thin little man of thirty-five, sat at his desk. The phone rang, but he didn't hear it for many minutes. Then he picked up the receiver and held it idly in his hands—until words sounded in it, imperiously.

He listened. "Yes, Marshal," he said. "Yes, Marshal."

At first he thought, This is some monstrous joke. Why should the head of the whole Polish army take time out to call up a humble clerk in the Finance Ministry?

But there was no mistaking that voice. "We'll not be able to defend Warsaw," the Marshal said. "Take the gold out of the bank at once and deliver it to the Bank of France."

"In Paris, Marshal?"

"In Paris."

"Yes, Marshal."

Dombrowski held the silent receiver a long time. When he put it back on its cradle he noticed his hands were shaking. As he hurried out he prayed: "Dear God, the fate of Poland may rest in the possession of this gold. The fate of Poland may rest with me. I'm not a soldier. I've never done anything brave. I'm not very clever. Yet I must get this gold to Paris. God, help me!"

The gold bullion was stored in a vault sixty feet below the ground in the great stone Bank of Warsaw. It was in hundreds and hundreds of wooden boxes.

"I'll need fifty men," Dombrowski told the guards. "Get as many as you can—men you can trust. And hurry!"

Four of the guards went out to round up volunteers. The others remained at their posts. It was quiet in that subterranean sepulcher. Now and then the faint *vroom!* of a fallen bomb was perceptible. Now and then the building trembled slightly.

Only four fifths of the gold reserve was in this bank. The rest was in vaults of the Bank of Poland in Zamosc. The thing to do was to hasten eastward to Brest-Litovsk, thence to Zamosc, and thence to the Rumanian frontier. The convoy must travel only by night.

The convoy? What convoy? All armored trucks and all automobiles and vans had been commandeered by the army. "Everything on wheels has been taken," Dombrowski moaned.

But suddenly he laughed aloud. "The buses!" he cried. He hurried to a telephone and called up two stanch friends, clever fellows, writers for a financial journal:

"Get me all the buses you can find. Don't ask questions. You'll find some in Praga and some in Warsaw. Bring them here to the bank after dark."

"Impossible," they told him. "The enemy have been bombing the bridges. Praga must be cut off."

"Try it," he said. "I must have the buses."

Before the sun had set, the first buses were crossing the bridge into Warsaw, unmindful of the German bombers, rushing through dense smoke clouds, streets choked with fugitives, with corpses, with debris.

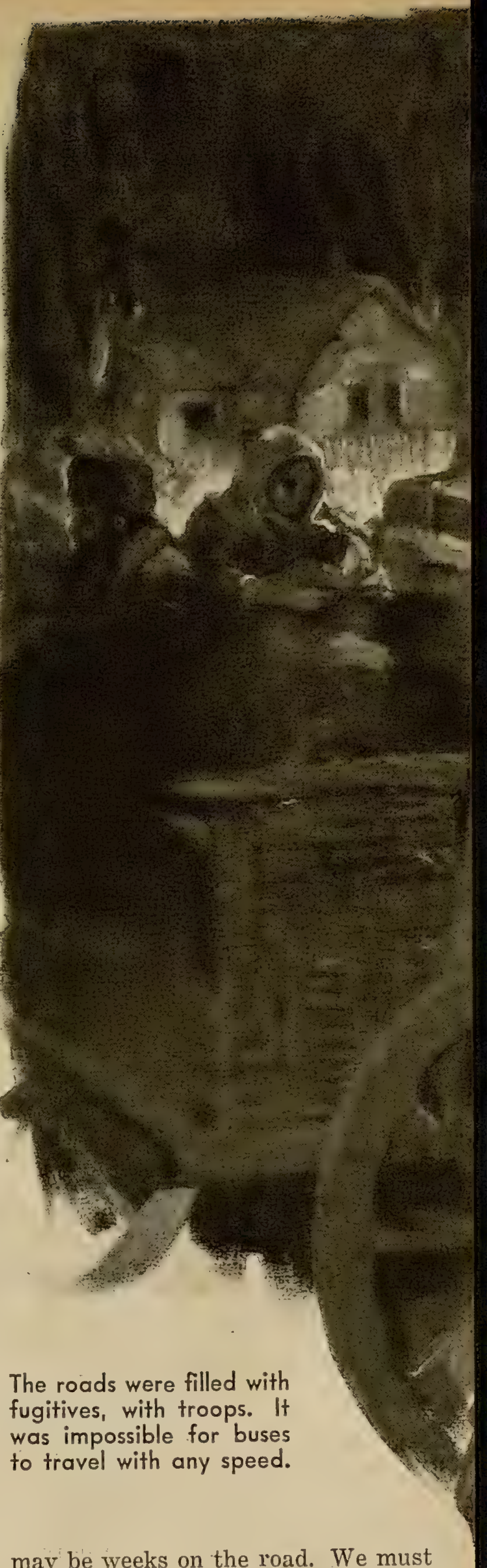
There were five of these buses. Five more arrived presently. All were driven by volunteers. Down in the vault a small army had gathered: policemen, treasury clerks, schoolboys, bakers, cobblers, butchers, a professor of languages.

Dombrowski weeded them out. "I shall need only a few men for the convoy," he decided. "We have only such money as we have in our pockets. We may be weeks on the road. We must buy food and gasoline—or get it somehow. So it is better to travel with a few than with many."

He chose most of the bank guards, six of the policemen, the two newspapermen, and half a dozen clerks. Twenty men in all; two men to a bus. He chose ten men to drive the buses. "You other men," he said, "catch hold of these boxes and carry them out. Quickly!"

Hour after hour they worked, but by midnight only half the gold had been taken from the vaults.

"That will have to do," Dombrow-



The roads were filled with fugitives, with troops. It was impossible for buses to travel with any speed.

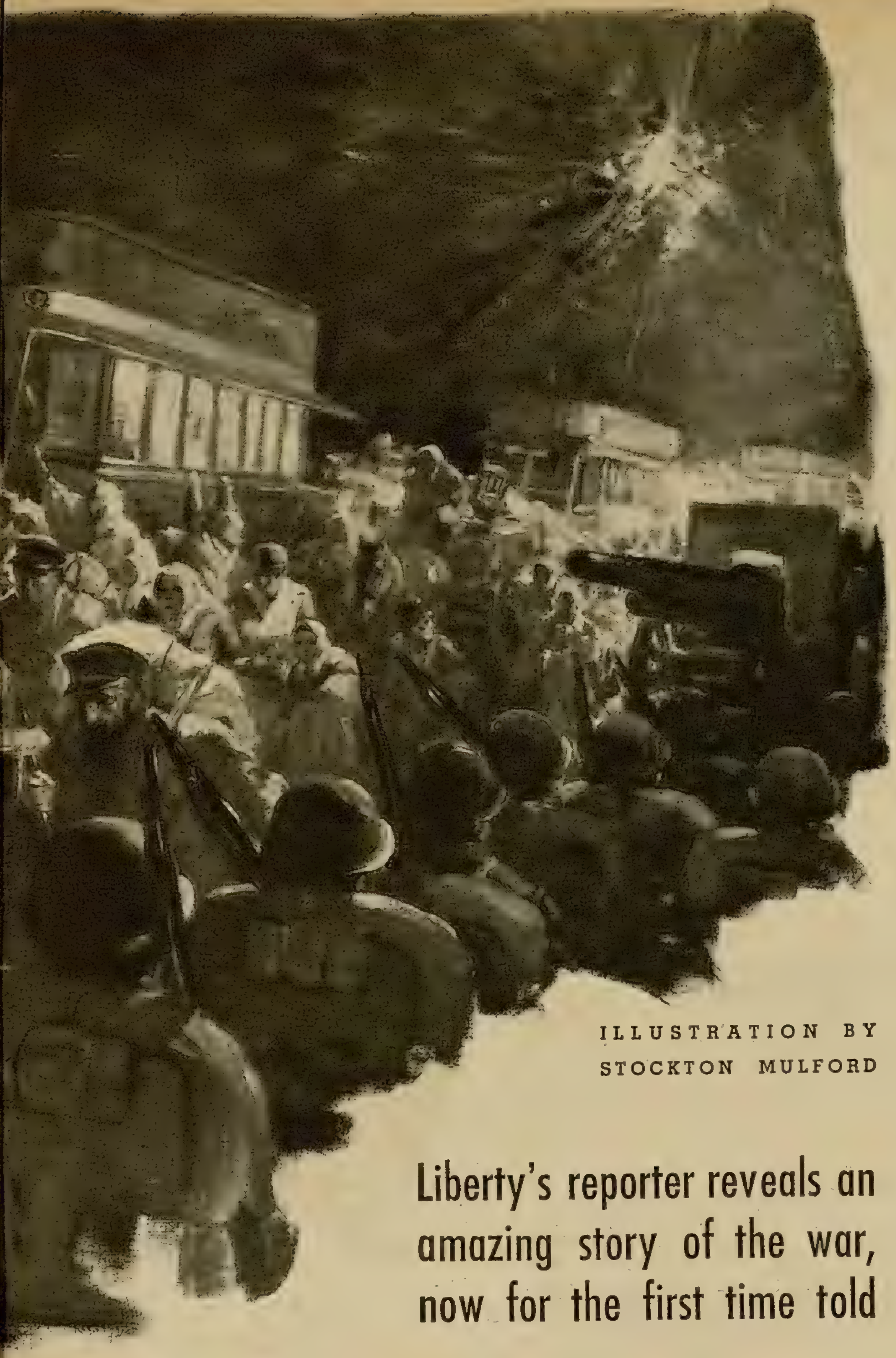


ILLUSTRATION BY STOCKTON MULFORD

Liberty's reporter reveals an amazing story of the war, now for the first time told

ski said. "We can delay no longer. We will leave this load in Brest-Litovsk, and return for the rest of it tomorrow night. Pray God Warsaw holds out another twenty-four hours."

The roads were filled with fugitives, with wagons and carts, with troops hurrying to the relief of Warsaw. It was impossible for the buses to travel with any speed. They ran without lights. Sometimes, when they were forced to halt, pitiable women and children begged for a ride. The wounded cried out for help. Old women offered their wedding rings and their earrings for a lift. The drivers shook their heads.

Dawn found the convoy close to its destination—dawn of September 5, the fifth day of the war. The buses were driven into the shelter of a clump of trees and camouflaged with branches and shrubs. Dombrowski made his way on foot into Brest-Litovsk, hoping to find more buses there. He could leave ten men to guard this bullion, he figured. The other ten could drive the new buses back to Warsaw.

"But how can I leave so much gold?" he asked himself. "And how do I know that Warsaw is not already taken?"

He had no radio then. There was no telephone or telegraph communication with Warsaw. There were no buses to be found in Brest-Litovsk, no conveyance of any kind. Worse, all the roads were so congested that his convoy, once it had entered the town, might never be able to leave.

"We must return to Warsaw tonight," he concluded, "pack the rest of the gold, and go to the frontier by a different route. But—is it safe to return?"

A Polish plane, shot down, gave him some hope. If that ship could be patched up, it could be sent to Warsaw as a scout. He started running toward the spot where the plane had landed. But a crowd of peasants armed with clubs and scythes were rushing toward the pilot who stood by the plane. They were crying, "Kill him, kill him!"

"Communists!" Dombrowski thought. "Polish peasants turned Communists! Trying to kill a Polish hero!"

He started to run again, thinking he might somehow save the pilot. But the pilot saved himself. He had a beltful of hand grenades. He jerked one out and threw it. It fell in the midst of the crowd and exploded.

The finance clerk fell and closed his eyes. When he rose, the aviator was alone, staring at a heap of mangled bodies. He saw Dombrowski and came toward him, grenade in hand.

"I am a friend," Dombrowski cried, jumping up, "and Poland has need of your plane, if it can fly!"

The aviator, a big black-haired man who limped as though wounded, thrust the grenade back into his belt.

"Poor people!" he said. "God rest them. I don't know who they were. Maybe they were Communists. Maybe they were good Polish peasants who thought I was a German. You know, some of the Germans painted the wings of their planes to resemble ours. I don't blame those people, whatever they were. They are better off than I am." Asked about the plane, he said, "Oh, it's a wreck. It'll never fly again."

"But I must get news of Warsaw," said Dombrowski.

"Well," the pilot said, "there's an aviation school near here. If it's still standing, we may be able to do something. Get me two mechanics and some gas."

All day long three men worked in the deserted aviation school. All day long Dombrowski and eighteen of his men went about Brest-Litovsk in search of gasoline. Before twilight the plane was ready—a queer job, assembled out of parts that had been gathering dust in the school for years. Dombrowski gazed at it in anxiety.

"It will really fly?" he asked.

"If it has enough fuel and the tanks don't leak."

There was enough fuel. It had been obtained in pints, in quarts, in half gallons, by Dombrowski and his men and a horde of ragged boys and girls. The tanks were filled. The plane was led out of the exhibition room. The pilot got into it and eventually it took off.

The clerk watched it, then turned to his men. "Now we must have gasoline for the buses," he said. "Go get it. Buy it, if you have any money—but get it."

"Can we go too?" the boys and girls asked.

He regarded their eager faces. "If you steal it," he said, "you steal for Poland. There are many wrecked cars in and around the city. Some of them probably have gasoline. But if not, there are other cars."

As the light was dying the aviator returned. He circled and threw out a shiny tin can. It contained only a few words: "Warsaw is still ours."

Dombrowski raised his voice: "Gentlemen, we'll be on our way as soon as it is dark enough. Get some sleep now. You'll need it."

The buses made good time that night. The congested roads were lit up over great stretches by the glare from burning homes and hospitals and schools and churches. The balance of the gold in Warsaw was loaded by midnight, and at dawn the buses were forty miles away.

For four nights they traveled thus. Every once in a while some tire was punctured. There were no spare tires. Inner tubes were stuffed with grass and mud and gravel. There were no extra parts and but few tools. Frequently wheels sank up to the hubs in the soil, and all twenty-one men worked feverishly to get them out.

THEY went through villages reduced to smoke and ashes, through cities untouched by war. "And always," Dombrowski reported, "the German intelligence followed us. There were spies all along our route. Many times, listening to our radio, we heard some German announcer talking about the gold convoy. Usually we were a few hours ahead of where he thought we were. Shortly after we heard his voice, locating us in the dark, we'd hear the bombs crash on a village we'd just left."

On the morning of September 8, miles beyond the city of Luck, Dombrowski found a light automobile, abandoned but intact. This he used as a scout car. That evening or the next, driving a few miles ahead of the leading bus, he dared to switch on his headlights. This, says Liberty's informant, was the providence of God, for in their glare he saw a woman staggering along with a baby in her arms. He stopped the car and asked if he could help her.

"I am not sure if it was on the 8th or the 9th of September," Liberty's informant said. "Nor have I the least idea where the convoy was, nor what the woman's name was. But the story is true and can be verified. This woman, well born, beautiful, and rich, had given birth to her first child, a girl. Three hours after the baby was born the hospital was bombed. The young mother put on a dressing gown, a coat, and shoes, wrapped her child in a blanket, and made her way out to safety. She was walking home when Dombrowski picked her up. She had been walking for twenty-four hours. One thing struck Dombrowski forcibly. That was, while the woman's clothes were damp, the baby's blanket was dry."

Had it been raining, then, where she came from? the little clerk asked her. His own question excited him. Rain! Blessed rain! Blessed General Mud! If there was rain, Poland might yet be saved.

"No," the woman said. "I had to wade through a stream, holding the baby over my head."

"Was there no bridge?"

"It had been blown up."

"Mother of God!" Dombrowski cried. "The bridge is gone? The Germans are in front of us? You have saved us all! We could not have crossed that stream. We might have been captured."

He threw his coat about her shoulders and helped her into his car. She wept then, and held her baby so tightly to her that it cried. Far back on the road there was the *vroom, vroom, vroom!* of exploding bombs.

"I had to walk," she said. "There was no other way to get home. I walked and prayed, and when I could walk no longer I rested and fed the baby and sang to her."

Her house had not been bombed or burned. Light shone out of all its windows. She laughed, with a touch of hysteria in her voice.

"Now I am weak again," she said. "Now I cannot walk. Isn't that like a woman? You must carry me in."

Dombrowski bore her and the baby into a room crowded with people. There was a coffin there, the coffin of her husband, a lieutenant in the Polish army.

BEFORE dawn September 10 the gold convoy reached Sniatyn, near the Rumanian border. While the Poles were camouflaging the buses, a number of Ruthenian peasants came to welcome them, bringing food, cigarettes, wine, warm clothes.

"We knew you were coming," one of them said. "We heard it on the radio. Ah, how angry the Germans will be to learn you have escaped with all the gold of Poland!"

"All the gold of Poland," Dombrowski answered; "and we are starving. But this gold is for the credit and security of Poland after the war. Even to save our lives, we wouldn't part with an ounce of it."

In Sniatyn he phoned the Polish Embassy at Bucharest and made arrangements for a special train to take the bullion through Rumania.

In the dead of night the buses were brought to the railroad freight yards—all but one that, though it had plenty of gas in its tanks, moved only a few feet and died. One of the newspapermen wrote with his forefinger on its dust-covered side the words: "Killed in action. R. I. P."

A dozen men worked all night transferring the gold, while the others stood guard. Planes up high dropped flares, but none fell near the yards.

The train arrived without incident at Constanza, on the Black Sea. There a tanker flying the British ensign was waiting. The skipper, a Donegal Irishman, greeted the Poles warmly but had bad news for them:

"My crew has left me. Every ruddy manjack of them skedaddled over the side the minute they heard they were to carry gold. Devil a one of them would take a chance on the German submarines. But aisy does it, lads." He pulled a blackjack out of his back pocket and fondled it. "There's more than one way of getting a crew."

They sailed with a full crew, despite radio intimations that German planes and submarines would surely find the ship and sink her. "The clumsy liars!" the skipper said. "Who'd be fool enough to bomb or torpedo a hundred million dollars' worth of gold?"

Nevertheless he kept the vessel dark and stayed in territorial waters. The tanker couldn't make more than eight or nine knots. It had no way of protecting itself. But the skipper wasn't alarmed, even when he observed two submarines following him. He made them out to be Russian, and that astonished him. Not until the tanker entered the harbor of Istanbul did anybody know that the Russians had invaded Poland and taken over part of it.

The vessel remained at anchor several days while Dombrowski was ashore trying to obtain safe passage for the gold through Turkey. If he could get it to Alexandretta, in Syria, it would be safe. A British warship would carry it through the Mediterranean to France. But railroad officials wanted $30,000 in cash before they would talk business.

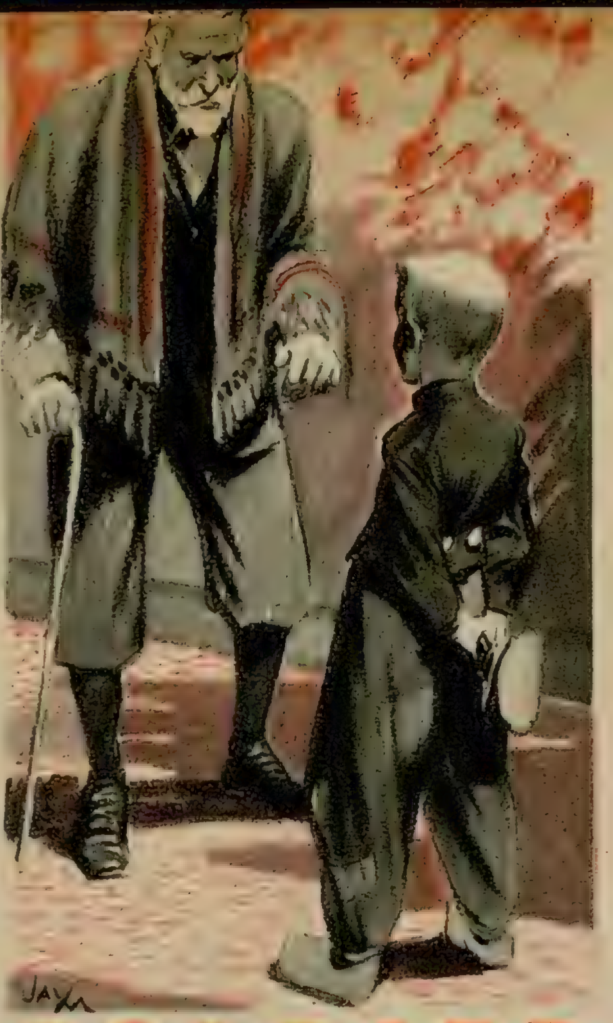
At this time the Russian and Turkish governments were holding "conversations" in Moscow, and it seemed there would be some sort of pact between them. That might mean the interning or confiscation of the tanker and its cargo. The Turkish newspapers were filled with stories about the "gold ship." The German radio threatened every hour. Every day a yacht flying the swastika circled the tanker several times. The Irish captain shook his fists at it.

"Bedad," he swore, "I'll ram that hungry-looking snoop some night! He thinks he has us, or if not him, then his submarines in the Mediterranean. The back of me hand to him and his likes! They'll not get the gold, if I have to go to the bottom of the sea with it."

ONE night a dinghy came out from shore. A mysterious individual, described as "an American oil millionaire," handed Dombrowski $30,000 in United States currency. Who he was, or why he did this, Liberty's informant would not reveal. But he swears it happened.

At any rate, the money was paid to the railroad, the gold went through Turkey, was carried through the Mediterranean aboard a British man-o'-war, and eventually reached the Bank of France in Paris. There Dombrowski was given a receipt for the seventy-five tons of gold. He pocketed it and breathed a deep sigh of relief. He turned to his men and said: "Now let's find out where they're taking care of penniless, starving Polish refugees."

THE END



SOLDIER SOLDIER

Liberty's Short Short

BY SOPHIE KERR

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

JAN'S grandmother said he must be sickly because he liked to sit in the house and read while the other children ran and wriggled and chattered like a pack of monkeys. But Jan's mother, watching him tuck away soup and potatoes and bread and cheese, decided there was nothing the matter with his health. In a house with so many young ones a woman couldn't spare much time to think; nevertheless, Jan's mother favored him a little because he was the youngest and good and biddable, and it even crossed her mind that he might grow up to be a scholar. The other boys feared the schoolmaster and made fun of him behind his back; but Jan ran beside him and listened to him as if he were the law and the gospel.

Jan did not tell his brothers what he and the schoolmaster talked about; he knew if he did they would tease him cruelly. Jan was hardheaded and a realist. He ate his soup and potatoes and minded his mother about carrying fresh water to the hens and not tracking mud into the house. But in his head and in his conversations with the schoolmaster he followed a way of life so different that sometimes he could scarcely believe it himself. Yet, being a realist, he saw that it was certainly so: he could be one person inside and another person outside, and nobody the wiser.

Every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon his mother put on a clean black apron and a gray shawl and carried a basket of the freshest, biggest eggs to the great house beyond the town. Usually she went alone. But one Saturday she noticed Jan with his nose in a book as usual, and said rather crossly: "You'll read yourself blind. Put that book down and come along with me. What sort of a book is it, anyway?"

"History," said Jan.

"Well, I suppose that's all right, though what good it does— But there, the whole world's topsy-turvy—the price of potatoes sky-high, but nobody wants to pay more for eggs—and the way you children go through your clothes! Our dear Lord knows how it will all end."

Jan said nothing. He watched the people on the road, mostly people on bicycles, with now and then an automobile or a noisy cart, and he noticed that many of the men were in uniform, which was exciting. Then a couple of airplanes came out of a cloud and flew over the road, and his mother looked up and spat out a word of violence and fear. That was exciting, too. Altogether, a good walk.

When they reached the great house they went around to the back, and two gates were unlocked for them by attendants before they reached the proper door for such lowly folk as the egg seller and her son. "You wait out here," said Jan's mother. "If they give me coffee I'll save a piece of the cake for you."

Sometimes but not always, Jan knew, the kitchen maid, who was his mother's cousin, would give her a cup of coffee and a slice of coffeecake made with white flour. The day grew even more exciting to Jan—so much so that he forgot to stay by the door and wandered off into the kitchen garden, bare enough now, with dead bean vines and old cabbage stumps. There was no attendant at its gate, so Jan ventured in. It was quite uninteresting, but there was a high hedge at the side which he pushed through—a prickly job—and then he was in a real garden, sheltered and beautiful, with wide walks and bushes shaped like peacocks at the corners of flower beds where bloomed chrysanthemums, tawny red, gold, white, as gay as summer.

It was a perfect place for the game he played inside himself. There wasn't a soul about. The sandy walk was quiet under his wooden shoes, not like the cobbled street at home. He began to march up and down, carrying an imaginary gun. Now and then he would fire it off with a loud imaginary bang, and then he would look down on his imaginary fallen enemies—the gun shot scores at a time—with scornful satisfaction. It was wonderful! Jan let himself go. Bang, bang, bang! Down they went by dozens. His army backed him up splendidly, but none were as brave as Jan!

A harsh voice, speaking bad Dutch, struck him like a blow: "What are you doing here?"

Jan wheeled. An old man with a white pointed beard and close-set eyes had come up the other path behind him. A well dressed old man, arbitrary, cross.

Jan stood still, the glory of the battle still upon him. "I was playing soldier, soldier!" he said, without adding the polite "sir" as he did to the schoolmaster.

"Oh, you were playing soldier. And you were the leader, eh?"

"I was the king!" announced Jan, backing off slowly. He was not afraid of the old man, but he did not like him.

"Don't you run away. Listen: a king does not lead his men to war; he stays at the rear and directs them. The under-officers lead them."

"A good king leads his men," maintained Jan.

"You little booby, a king directs, he does not lead. Some one must stay at the back and tell the men what to do. Don't you understand that?"

But Jan and the schoolmaster had discussed this thoroughly. "A good king takes his gun and sword and fights. Only a king who's a coward stays back to save his skin."

"You dirty little pig-dog—they sent you here to say this to me—the traitors, the swine!" The voice rose in senile hysteria, the close-set eyes flamed, a shaking hand tried to seize Jan. "Who was it? Who sent you?"

Jan easily eluded the hand. He was angry, too; his stout little Dutch heart beat a tattoo of courage and independence. "No one sent me. I was only playing soldier, soldier! I was the king, the good brave king who won't tell his men to do the things he's scared to do himself. That's the way a war should be. The schoolmaster says that if the kings and generals had to fight, there would never be any more wars. The kings today are cowards—not like Prince Rupert and—and—William the Silent—and—and—Charlemagne—and Don John—and—and Harold of England. They were fine brave kings, not like kings today, who are all poltroons and runaways."

He stopped suddenly, terrified at the expression of the old man. It was evil and raging and broken. It was like torture, only worse; it was like death, only worse. It turned the bright garden into a dark and stricken place.

Jan turned and ran like a hero to the hole in the hedge, squeezed through, ran on until he stood where his mother had left him.

In a very few moments she came out with half of a sweet bun held under her apron. "Here," she said; "I saved that for you. Eat it up. You've stood out here too long—you're as pale as if you'd seen a ghost."

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1940; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

TYPHOON OVER NANKING

BY STEVE FISHER

READING TIME ● 17 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

WALTER WELLS, an American art collector, and his daughter Mayo refuse to leave their home in Nanking when the Japanese advance on the city, because Walter believes that Kai Hiromi, a high official in the Japanese army, will see that they are protected. Hiromi is in hiding until his troops arrive, and Walter Wells is one of the few who know where he is.

Then proof comes that Hiromi is a false friend. Wong, a Chinese army officer, shows Wells a letter written by Hiromi and intercepted by the Chinese. It reveals that the Japanese intend to punish the American for some anti-Japanese articles he has written. Faced with this betrayal, Wells agrees to tell Wong where Hiromi can be found.

With Johnny Morrel, a newspaper correspondent who is in love with Mayo, Wells and his daughter try to leave the city. But it is too late. The Japanese guard the gates. The three are sent back to the Safety Zone.

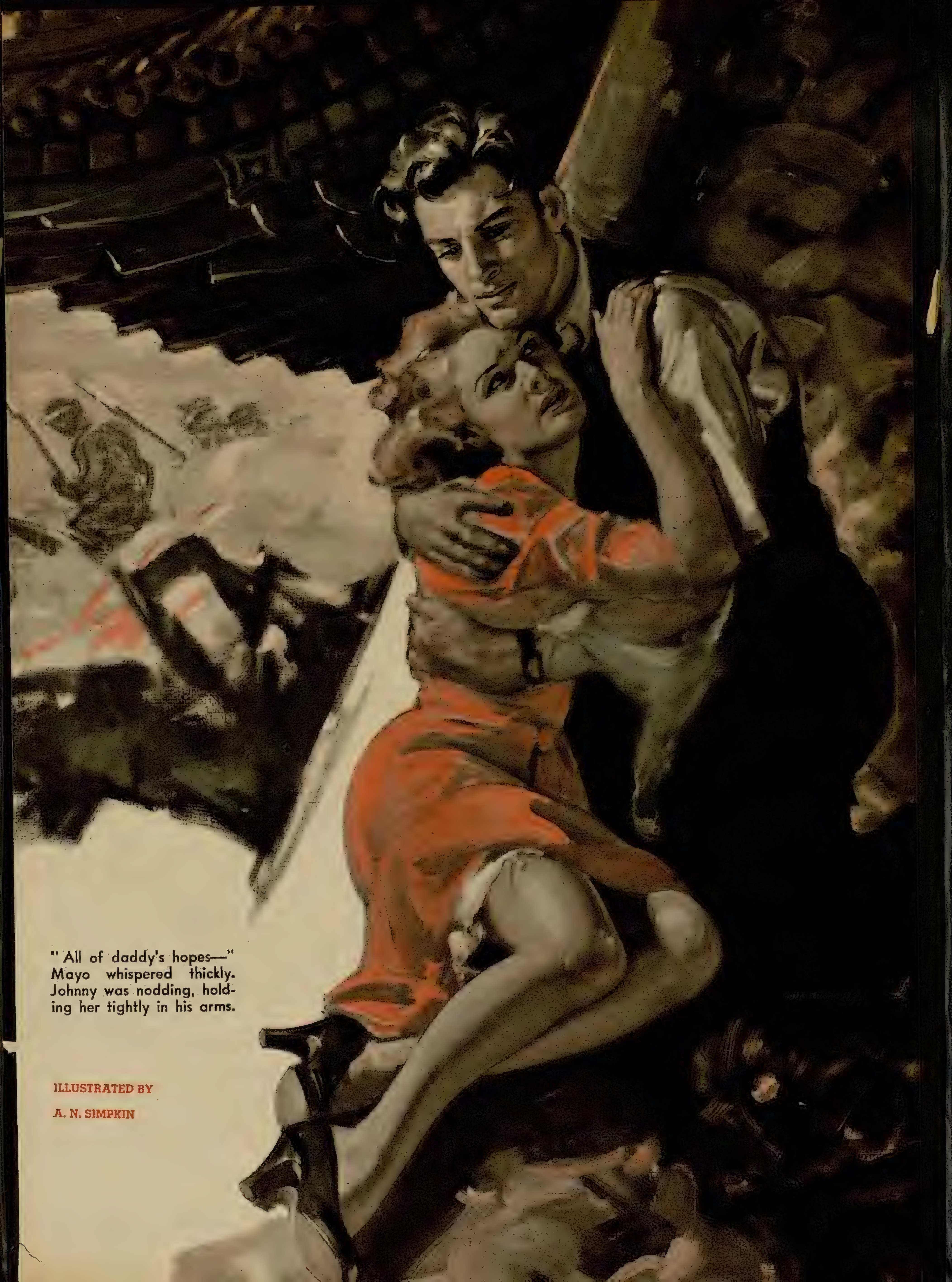
That night Hiromi, wounded, comes to Wells' house. Dr. Clinton, a friend of Wells, dresses his wound, while the Japanese tries to find out if Walter Wells really did give away the secret of his hiding place. Wells admits nothing, and Hiromi leaves, still in doubt.

The next day Mayo and Johnny are in a hotel bar, and Mayo, who does not know that her father revealed Hiromi's whereabouts to Wong, accuses Johnny of having done it in a cable to his paper. Johnny, knowing that two Japanese are listening to their conversation, admits that he is the culprit, in order to save Mayo's father. He is immediately arrested by the Japanese.

PART FOUR—THE DEATH OF LIU PAN-KWEN

SOBBING, Mayo stood at the door through which Johnny and his captors had vanished. She knew he was gone, knew two men had left with him, but the full realization of what had happened had not yet pene-

Tragedy, heartbreak . . A flaming interlude in a vivid novel of love and war



"All of daddy's hopes—" Mayo whispered thickly. Johnny was nodding, holding her tightly in his arms.

ILLUSTRATED BY

A. N. SIMPKIN

trated her stunned consciousness. Instinctively she tried to follow him, but her feet, numb, leaden, refused to move.

Through a mist of tears she watched the street. Saw legs walking. Moving bayonets glistening in the sun. The smear of brown that was a passing army truck. They were reality, and yet they did not concern her. But there was something that did—terribly. Something important. Yet at the moment it was not real enough to grasp. It was just a beating, a throbbing in her brain.

A voice spoke from behind her. It was the bartender's.

"Mr. Morrel was a fine man," it said.

"Yes," she heard herself answering; "yes, the best."

"I wonder what they'll do with him?"

"They?" she said.

"Yes—the Japanese. When they arrest a man—"

Arrest! The fog cleared. The two men—Japanese! Of course: Johnny had imperiled Hiromi's life last night. But she had not been aware that any one was listening when he admitted that to her.

SHE hurried into the street. No matter what Johnny had done, he should not be in trouble of this sort. He had been callous; he had considered neither her nor her father. He had made love to her and patterned his news stories from her answers. And now she might feel sympathy for him; but she had closed her heart to love.

And yet she knew that sometimes there were men that the whole world could not stop you from loving. Men you should hate, but for whom your very being cried with aching despair. Because life was that way, and one's soul did not always stop and go with the signals of convention.

She would go to some one—any one—and ask them to help Johnny.

She looked around. The milling confusion on the street terrified her. The row of houses and shops were grotesque shadows. Burned, demolished, looted. The glass from windows piled in the street. Corpses lying everywhere. Mayo was suddenly sick. She headed back into the zone.

She saw fat dogs waddling along—bloated. She jerked alert and tense with each scream she heard from the lips of Chinese women. She saw detached squads of Japanese soldiers. A few scattered houses were still burning. Bodies lay in huge stacks at the gates: frantic Chinese who had tried to escape.

She stopped once as trucks loaded with rice rolled past.

Then she came into a huge square. Japanese had lined up some three hundred Chinese civilians. They stood, shivering and frightened, garbed in rags. An officer was addressing them. Mayo watched. A French priest came up beside her and stopped.

"What is it the Japanese is telling them, father?"

The priest shook his head. "I am afraid. It is not good. They suspect most of these fellows are Chinese soldiers who have discarded their uniforms."

"What are they going to do with them?"

"Wait." The priest listened for several moments, then turned to her. "He says if those who are soldiers step forward, their lives will be spared; they will be assigned menial jobs to do."

"Oh."

The priest shook his head. "But I am afraid. There has been trouble in the past. Chinese soldiers masquerading as civilians have come into the heart of Japanese-controlled areas, and then at a crucial moment banded together and struck in vital spots."

"You think they suspect that?"

The Japanese officer was still talking, and now the call for volunteers was made. Men who confessed they were former Chinese soldiers—they had been promised safety. Nearly two hundred and fifty of them stepped forward. The remainder were quickly herded away. The Japanese began pairing the ex-soldiers off, and presently they were marching them in columns of two. Mayo watched avidly. The men turned and waved feebly at the women and children behind. Mothers . . . and wives; small sons and daughters. Most of them were weeping as though they distrusted the Japanese and sensed disaster. Mayo's eyes stayed on the column of twos as it moved off. Then she turned to the priest to speak; but he too was watching, and there were tears in his eyes. He spoke softly in French and crossed himself. The tread of marching feet was dying away.

The ragged Chinese women still sobbed and the children were quiet. The square was a shambles. Chickens squawked and goats nosed about with curious aimlessness. There was an odor of garbage, and even the fading December sunshine seemed sickly.

Mayo turned and hurried off.

LEE YUAN heard some one at the back of the house and she went to the door. She flushed to the tips of her cheeks and her heart beat so furiously that it pained her breast. Quickly she adjusted her silken clothes and put on her sweetest smile. The man who waited was Liu Pan-kwen. He was but eighteen and he blushed like a rose. Lee Yuan spoke in her native tongue:

"You should not have dared come here, my beloved."

"My lotus, I could not bear to stay away from you longer!"

She pressed her hands against the screen of the door and put her lips close to it.

He stepped forward quickly. It was a mock kiss, but she withdrew as though it had been a passionate embrace.

"Forgive, my darling," he begged, with a boyish laugh, "but your pure fragrance intoxicates my humble heart!"

Suddenly he turned. Lee Yuan gasped and held her hand to her mouth. Three Japanese soldiers stood there. They had guns with bayonets. They stared at Lee Yuan, then they started into the house. Nobly, Liu Pan-kwen backed against the door and flung out his arms.

"No—" he said.

Angrily, one of the Japanese gestured with his bayonet.

"This is the house of a great white man," Liu cried. "You dare not enter!"

They tried to move him and could not. Suddenly one of the Japanese swung his bayonet. The point rammed through Liu's stomach. Lee Yuan screamed . . . she kept screaming. Liu was dead—even before his body stumbled from the steps.

The Japanese jerked open the door of the house and entered. Lee Yuan stayed briefly, trying to fight them. Then she turned and fled. The house was empty and their heavy footsteps echoed behind her. She ran into a room and slammed shut the door. But they crashed against it, and it opened. The three of them crowded into the room. Blood still dripped from the bayonet of one.

Lee Yuan ran to a dresser and picked up a dagger. She held it against her breast. But one of the Japanese was upon her like a cat, and he wrested the weapon away. With one hand he held her shoulder to the wall.

MAYO came into the house. The very atmosphere seemed different, and she could not tell what it was. There was only silence. The clock on the wall indicated nearly six. It was time that her father was home. She pulled off her gloves, walked listlessly to the window, then returned and sank down in a chair.

It seemed to her that she heard a muffled sobbing. She listened intently. It was more audible now. She rose swiftly and went into her room. It was empty. She crossed into Lee Yuan's room. Mayo's fist came up swiftly and pressed against her lips.

The shades were drawn. The room was torn up. Lee Yuan's silk trousers were in shreds and lay across a chair. Lee sat on her legs in a corner of the room. There were tears on her cheeks and utter tragedy in her eyes. Her face was swollen, bruised.

Mayo crossed and knelt in front of her. She took Lee Yuan's pretty hands and kissed them, and wept. She drew Lee into her arms and held her, rocking with her. Presently she disengaged and regarded the girl critically.

"You're ill, darling!"

"It doesn't matter."

"But of course it does! We must get you to the hospital."

"Liu Pan-kwen," Lee Yuan whispered—"he is dead." She sobbed.

"They killed him?"

"Yes."

"Here in the Safety Zone, at this house? Isn't there ever going to be—"

“It is their city,” Lee Yuan breathed. “Until now I have not realized that.”

“I don’t understand.”

“I have been selfish,” Lee said. “I have wanted a breath of happiness when my country is tormented and suffering. It is said by the ancients that to know compassion one must know pain.”

Lee’s eyes came up, and they glistened. “And yet, one day I shall know the bitter triumph of revenge. They will pay for every drop of blood that flowed from Liu Pan-kwen’s tender body!”

“Of course!”

“About me it does not matter. I have been worthless. Only today, through shame and degradation, have I been born. From now on I shall live”—her lip quivered and a desperate light shone on her face—“for China!”

Mayo nodded, her eyes blinded with tears.

DARKNESS . . . and torchlight. Mayo moved through the streets with Lee Yuan. She had slipped a coat about her, and she held her arm to lend her support. Lee was very weak. Night had brought new horror. The electricity was gone; there was only lamplight, flickering brightly, bravely, from every quarter. Shadows passed swiftly before it. Bands of Chinese took courage in the spongy ink of the dead day and raced for freedom and protection. Guns sang out shrilly. Cries pierced the air. Everywhere Chinese women screamed and moaned . . . and cried. The Japanese traveled in pairs. Now and again they were stopped by their own police, quieted, and sent on their way.

Once Mayo saw a Japanese officer walking on the sidewalk, solemn and erect, his excellently shod feet clicking on the pavement. There was no streetcar service, no rickshas. Automobiles were stalled at corners, tires flat, windshields broken. The typhoon had hit Nanking. No other word could describe the grim turmoil and havoc into which the capital of China had been turned.

Somewhere, lost in the maze of anguish and confusion, her father was doing his best to give what little aid he could render. While Johnny was in a Japanese prison. Waiting—for what? She could no longer pretend that she didn’t love him. She knew that she shouldn’t, but war had somehow stripped away proprieties. She didn’t care what he had done; she wanted him to be safe.

She saw the hospital just ahead, lamplight flickering from its windows. Police guarded the entrance, keeping out Japanese soldiers.

“We are nearly there, Lee!”

Lee Yuan slumped; she was scarcely conscious. Mayo half dragged her the remaining few yards. There was an attendant inside to help carry her. They took her to the second floor. There was a row of little cots here that seemed endless, and on each of them there was a woman. The diagnosis was the same. Mayo gazed down the line into face after face, and she saw the same haggard expression, the identical bitter lines. A young Chinese doctor was working over Lee now.

Suddenly Clinton came striding down the corridor. A flock of nurses hurried at his heels, and an interne went ahead of him with a bag of instruments. Clinton saw Mayo and stopped. His face was sweaty, his eyes looked incredibly tired. He brushed back a wisp of black hair and gave her a peculiar twisted smile. She knew his nerves must be on raw edge and wondered he could smile at all.

“There’s nothing sacred,” he said. “Bombs have shattered my operating room. I might have decapitated the patient. It’s bad enough working by lantern, but now the thieves rob me of my sanctum.” He mopped away sweat. “How I’d like just one drink!”

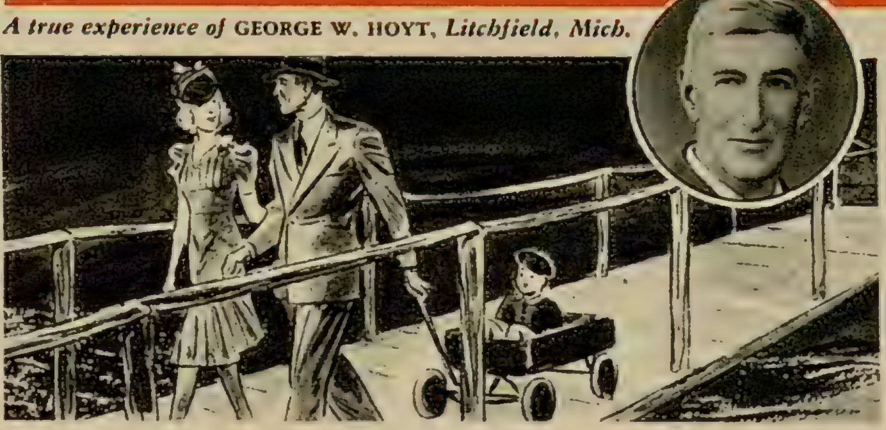
“Then why don’t you—”

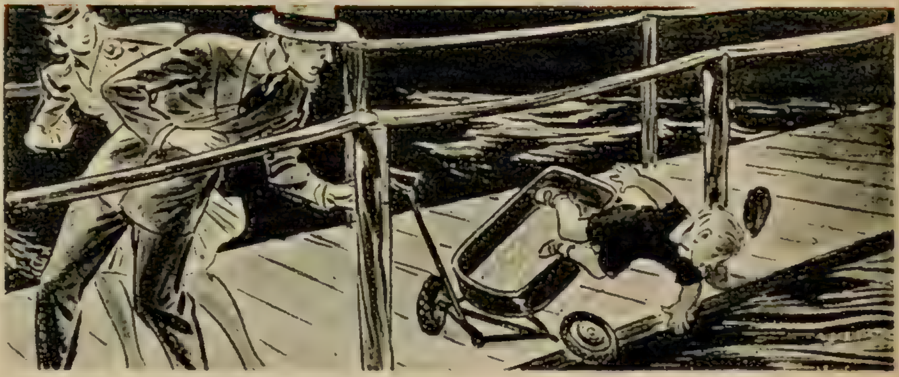
“You can’t,” he said—“you can’t drink. Or sleep, or eat. People are dying on every side, and you cannot work fast enough. You slosh through the human misery of pain and blood until you never want to see another bayonet so long as you live. Do you know what we had today?” He sucked breath into his lungs. “Two hundred and forty Chinese voluntarily admitted that they had been in the army. Admitted it on the condition that their lives would be spared.”

“Yes, I saw them; I—”

"BLACK, SWIRLING WATERS SWALLOWED OUR BABY!"

A true experience of GEORGE W. HOYT, *Litchfield, Mich.*





❶ **"NO FOREBODING** of impending danger warned my wife and me as we walked home from town one night, pulling our two-year-old boy in his wagon," writes Mr. Hoyt. "We were in the middle of a narrow footbridge, spanning a stream, when fate struck.

❷ **"SUDDENLY A WHEEL** came off the wagon, hurling our baby into the black, swirling waters of the river. Luckily I had my flashlight with me. I switched it on as I jumped over the railing. Despite a thorough soaking, that light did not fail me.

HOWARD WILLARD

❸ **"ITS BRIGHT,** faithful beam disclosed my boy clinging to the branches of a floating tree! Those dependable 'Eveready' *fresh* DATED batteries helped save our little boy's life. I will never be without them in my flashlight!

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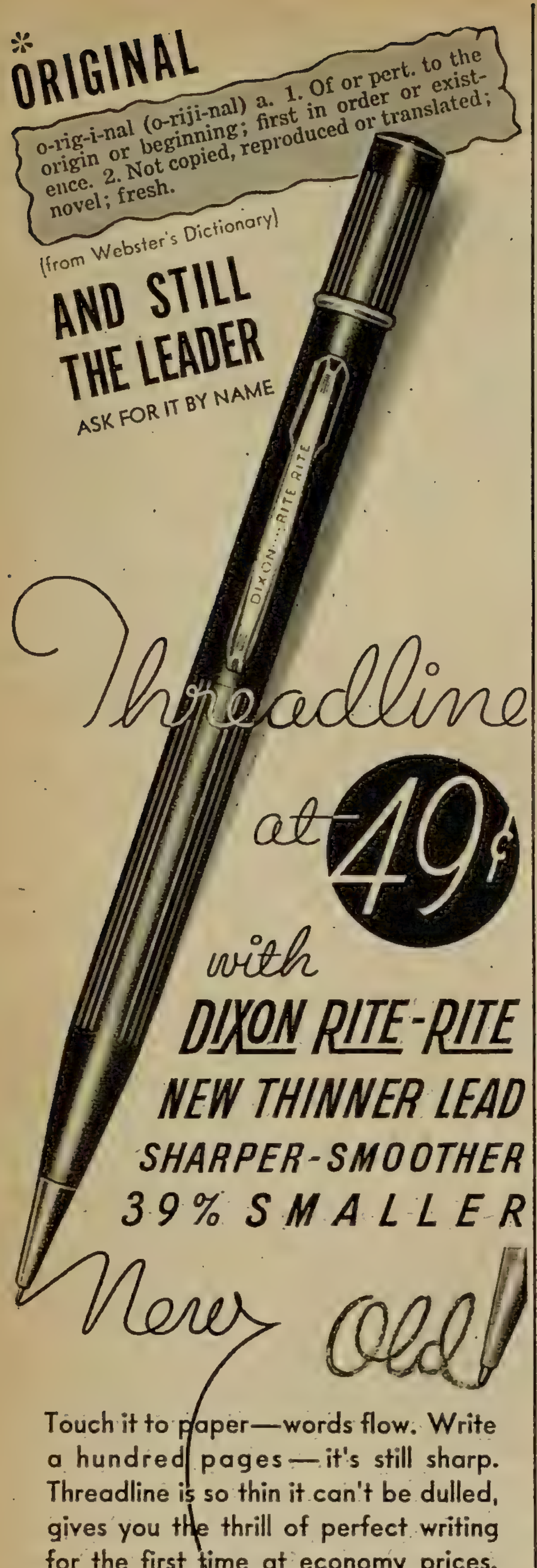

* ORIGINAL

o-rig-i-nal (o-riji-nal) a. 1. Of or pert. to the origin or beginning; first in order or existence. 2. Not copied, reproduced or translated; novel; fresh.

(from Webster's Dictionary)

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"Do you know what happened to them? They were stood up and made human dummies. They were sabered and torn and murdered in wholesale bayonet practice, and left on the field to rot in the sun!"

Mayo gasped.

"So I have asked myself not to drink," Clinton said hoarsely. "At the moment I'm on my way to a new operating room. It was meant to be the morgue, but we threw the corpses out the window to make room for the dying!"

"Have you seen my father?"

"No." He paused. "Mayo, I could use you here."

"I'll work for you," she said. "But did you know about Johnny Morrel? I wanted to tell you."

She told him briefly what had happened. Clinton rocked back on his heels. He jammed a cigarette into his mouth. The interne and the nurses had become impatient.

"It wasn't Johnny who tipped Wong to Hiromi's residence," he said. "It was your father. Because he learned that Hiromi had double-crossed him."

"My father!"

"Yes."

"Then Johnny—"

"He was taking the rap; because he knew your old man is in trouble enough. He still has those anti-Jap articles to answer for."

Radiant light broke on Mayo's face. "Then Johnny did it for—"

"For you, honey. Look! I've got to be on the move. A dozen people have died while I talked to you!"

He hurried away.

MAYO went quietly toward the door. She'd have to get home. Perhaps her father had returned by now. She would tell him what Johnny had done. Surely her father would be able to arrange something. She was still a child, and she loved her father, and she loved Johnny. There was nothing in the world she would not do for them. But she somehow worshiped their masculine power and expected greater things than she herself could achieve. It was blind faith. Simple and elementary. Johnny was in trouble: her father could help him.

She ran down the stairs and into the street. She did not look to the right or left. She no longer heard the tumult. Her shadow became a fleeing silhouette against the torchlight reflected from buildings. Her feet raced nimbly, tirelessly. Up this street, around a corner. Moving figures, flashing bayonets . . . retreating Chinese.

Then suddenly she stopped. She saw her house ahead. Her breasts rose and fell as she panted for breath. The house was in flames. High, yellow, gaudy flames. She could see them for almost a block. Slowly, numb, too shocked to fully comprehend in this second, she walked forward. Then, insanely, she screamed.

The art . . . the treasure for which her father had given his entire life . . .

She sank to her knees. She sat in the street, her legs under her, sobbing. The flames leaped and danced . . . and a magnificent career burned away. Deliberate retaliation. Merciless. The fame and the distinction. The very purpose in the life of Walter Wells. Mayo could not bear to see it. She buried her head in her hands.

She felt an arm about her shoulders. She looked up, alarmed. Johnny was kneeling there. His clothes were tattered, his face was blistered; but there was defiant laughter in his eyes. His hair was tousled; he was choked with emotion.

"Mayo, I thought—I thought you were in there—in the fire—"

"Johnny—" she sobbed, and she buried herself in his arms. She did not know how he had managed to get here.

"I came looking for you. The fire was going then. The heat is intense and I had to back away. Then I heard your scream—"

"All of daddy's hopes—" she whispered thickly.

JOHNNY was nodding, holding her tightly in his arms.

"Oh, I'm so glad! Don't ever leave me, Johnny! Don't ever leave me alone!"

"Why should I leave you, darling?" he laughed. "We've got the whole world right here in our arms!"

"And people can die, but we'll still have each other!"

"Always, Mayo . . . always."

She looked up at the flames, and she brushed the tears from her cheeks.

"So this is their revenge on my father?"

"I wish this were all."

She stared at him. "There is more?"

Johnny looked past her, toward the burning house, and light flickered madly across his blistered face.

"They've arrested him."

"Arrested him?"

"Yes. Ostensibly, they said, to question him about those articles. That's how I got free. When he saw me, I couldn't shut him up. He confessed that he'd sent Wong after Hiromi. He lost his temper, Mayo. He told them, more eloquently than I can ever put into words, that they were the lowest swine on earth!"

"But what are they going to do with him?"

"I don't know, Mayo. I don't know!"

She was in his arms again, crying bitterly. "Oh, Johnny, I love him! He's my daddy and I love him dearly! What are we going to do?" She sobbed uncontrollably. "*What are we going to do?*"

Is there any way to rescue Walter Wells from the ruthless grip of the Japanese? Alone in a city ruled by a vengeful foe, what can Mayo and Johnny do? Peril and thrills, hope and despair crowd the coming chapter of this brilliant chronicle of dauntless hearts braving the horrors of war. Don't fail to read it next week!

Baseball GOES TO COLLEGE

Degrees for the diamond! The surprising story of how one sport is giving a lift to learning

BY JOHN DREBINGER

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

THERE is, to be perfectly candid about the matter, nothing particularly altruistic about professional baseball. True, it is known as a sport. But it is also a business—a very big business, involving millions of dollars—and its mighty bigwigs are hardly of a sort given to a reckless tossing around of money.

And yet, curious to relate, major-league baseball is spending annually more than a quarter of a million dollars, perhaps nearer to a half million, in putting a lot of bright young men through college.

To be sure, a bright young man, in order to earn this financial lift to a higher education, must be endowed with certain other natural talents beyond a keen desire for book learning. He must, for instance, be gifted with what is known or termed in the trade "a good pair of hands" that can scoop up a ball and throw it with a reasonable degree of accuracy. The ability to bash the daylights out of the ball with a wooden bat is also a desirable qualification. And physically he must be reasonably swift on his feet, favorably built along athletic lines, and free of any permanent injury which later might act as a deterrent toward attaining stardom on the diamond.

Possessing these qualifications, any young man finding it a bit difficult to raise the financial means for furthering his collegiate career may suddenly find a fairy godfather in the form of a major-league scout at his elbow magnanimously offering to see the boy through, cost what it may. His tuition, books, and board are paid for, he is clothed, and he is liberally supplied with spending money. All this for the minor consideration that when the said young man has finally obtained his college degree he promises for a time to forget his books and devote his wholehearted energies toward the development of his latent baseball talents in the sole interests of his benefactor.

Like everything else in the vast development of organized baseball, the prowling through colleges for promising baseball talent began in a small and modest way. Branch Rickey, founder of the St. Louis Cardinals' much discussed chain-store system in the minor leagues, is generally regarded as its pioneer. At least, if he wasn't the first, it is reasonable to assume he lost little time grasping its possibilities. For when it comes to organizing systems whereby young men are lifted from the depths of obscurity into the headlines of the sporting pages, Mr. Rickey is in a class by himself.

He soon won over a lot of converts, and also provided the Cardinal chain system with some excellent playing talent. It wasn't long, either, before other clubs, noting Rickey's pronounced success, began turning their attention in that direction. So rapidly, in fact, did the movement grow that soon Rickey was more or less lost in the shuffle. He had been telling the boys how good money could be made in baseball; but others were now actually showing them the money and Rickey was losing out.

Presently he even went so far as to holler bloody murder about the whole business. Particularly when it became bruited about that the powerful New York Yankees in one year alone had spent upwards of $75,000 helping embryo Red Rolfes and Joe DiMaggios through college. You can't match that with mere words and glowing portrayals of the future, and Rickey complained to Landis.

But all this is done sub rosa, so to speak, and therefore difficult to prove. Officially nothing of the sort ever happens and no contracts are signed. It's just a gentleman's agreement between student and ball club, and Landis found himself quite helpless to act.

The Yankees themselves do not openly affirm or deny they indulge in the business of helping prospects through college. But President Ed Barrow, guiding genius of the world champions, will tell you there is nothing ethically wrong with the idea.

“Assuming that a major-league club does help a young fellow through college,” he says, “just what harm is there in that? The ball clubs do not favor any particular college. They merely help him along where they find him, with the added assurance that there is a trial for a good job waiting for him when he comes out. If a banking house did that with a student in a business college nothing would be thought of it. But because baseball is supposed to do it there is an uproar.”

Proudly Barrow points to the fact that not once has the Yankee organization ever coerced a college player to chuck away his books and come galloping to Manager Joe McCarthy.

“We wait until he is graduated,” says Barrow, “or quits college of his own volition. Then we give him a bonus for signing.”

That was the procedure adopted in bringing Red Rolfe from the classic halls of Dartmouth to the Yankee fold along with other collegiate stars.

And right here, incidentally, one can easily see that this expenditure among the colleges, vast as it may sound, can readily enough pay handsome dividends. For whatever Rolfe cost the Yankees, it never could have been a patch to what Red Robert might have cost them had they been forced to buy him from a minor-league club. Rolfe, foremost third baseman in the majors today, would command a price tag of more than $100,000 in the open market.

THE business of helping prospects through college is not without its troubles. The ban on football provides the chief reason for much of the opposition which major-league ball clubs encounter.

A football coach, after all, is primarily interested in the success of his football teams and therefore cannot be expected to accept with good grace the defection of a backfield ace who suddenly has quit the squad because he has decided to tie up his future with baseball. That the youngster may, a couple of years after graduation, command a salary of $15,000 with the blinding speed of a Bob Feller or the tantalizing twister of a Carl Hubbell screwball, can be of no particular interest to the football coach. All this outraged gridiron mentor knows is that through the machinations of somebody he, at the moment, is out a brilliant triple-threat halfback who can do anything with a football except eat it.

In this respect, at least, football is baseball's deadliest enemy, and the diamond's hearty dislike for the gridiron game is also quite understandable. For the number of highly promising baseball prospects that have been ruined directly or indirectly by football are almost countless.

To give just a few, we might cite the case of Ken Strong, N. Y. U. gridiron luminary of a dozen years ago and for a decade an equally successful performer in professional football. Upon his graduation, Strong really did look hopefully toward a diamond career in preference to pro football. But during his college football Strong had suffered a wrist injury. On the gridiron it had scarcely bothered him at all. But on the baseball field it soon became apparent that that damaged wrist would never permit Strong to get very far, and after a few trials he was forced to abandon the game entirely. Diamond scouts at the time were almost unanimous in the opinion that but for this mishap Strong would have made an exceptionally fine ballplayer.

Even those escaping injury usually find that football has left them handicapped in other ways. The overdevelopment of shoulder muscles tends to make them muscle-bound. The heavy pounding about the legs invariably robs them of their speed.

The Yanks have seen numerous fine baseball prospects fail chiefly because of football. There was Glenn Killinger, famous Penn State quarterback of a few years ago, who is still attached to the Yankee system but only as a minor-league coach. Others include Mike Gazella, Hinky Haines, and Tommy Thomas, another Penn Stater who promised to develop into a fine pitcher. Thomas, however, has been serving as manager of the Baltimore Orioles.

Of course there have been some great ballplayers whose earlier associations with football caused no serious drawbacks. Old-timers still look upon the immortal Christy Mathewson as the greatest of all Bucknell's football players. And Frankie Frisch and Lou Gehrig did a lot of ballplaying after crashing the line for dear old Fordham and Columbia. But in the main the two sports simply do not mix.

Among the non-footballers the Yanks have been uniformly successful with their various college finds. In addition to Rolfe, they also have Joe Gordon, plucked from the University of Oregon, and Fordham's Johnny Murphy. Bill Werber, now third baseman for the Cincinnati Reds, also was originally a Yankee product culled from Duke University.

Today virtually all the major-league clubs nurse their college prospects right up from the freshman class. Nobody is depriving the boys of an education if they insist upon it, and when they come out they are assured of at least a fair trial for a good job if they have the stuff. There can't be anything so very wicked about that, even if the spectacle of a college youth having a job waiting for him is in these days quite a rarity in itself.

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To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

TRAVELERS at city railway stations are likely now to be astounded by a scene resembling an African safari. They see a dozen redcap porters trek through in single file, each bearing an open box with the top of a clay head sticking out. Leader of this parade is an attractive Belgian lady, Baroness Suzanne Silvercruys, sculptress and art lecturer, who demonstrates her talks by starting a portrait before the eyes of the audience, then finishes the work at leisure while journeying on. Consequently her baggage looks like the spoils of a jungle head hunt, causing bystanders to stare and blink.

They wouldn't be surprised if they knew her story, for Suzanne Silvercruys has lived amazingly ever since girlhood. At fourteen she was caught smuggling her father's clothes to Belgian prisoners, helping them escape from a German military hospital. Only her extreme youth saved her from a firing squad. Sent to America, she fibbed about her age; became a nurse in a Pennsylvania hospital; collected half a million dollars for the Belgian cause.

Among her portraits of well known people are those of Herbert Hoover, Katharine Hepburn, the Dionne quintuplets. In Canada and the United States her family holds distinguished diplomatic rank, an uncle having served as Ambassador to Washington, a brother being Belgium's present Minister at Ottawa. Last year she helped him entertain officially during the royal tour. She is now the bride of an American business man.

☆ Uncanny yet true is this report from Cape Cod, where Baroness Silvercruys went to model a portrait of Fulton Oursler, editor of Liberty. She and her husband, who also was there, had been married just *six* months to the day. Dinner celebrated the event by concluding with *café diable*—French coffee aflame. An alcohol lamp overturned, fell to the floor. No one was hurt, but the fire burned a perfect *figure 6* in the carpet at Suzanne's feet. Next morning her host said: "Don't take risks driving home. I have a dream that often precedes disaster. I dreamed it last night. It ended happily, but be careful." . . . On the way home, her husband turned into *Route 6*. At that moment a speeding truck hit them, completely demolishing their car. By a miracle, they were thrown clear, without injury.

☆ The fad for junk jewelry litters our dressing tables with clips, bracelets, and necklaces, to our tidy despair. But now Howard Ketcham, versatile designer, has worked out a *jewel horse* for us in convenient boudoir size. Made of lucite, transparent du Pont plastic, it was contrived originally for shop-window display of costume jewels. You hang all your trinkets on it, enjoy the glittering effect—and always know where they are.

☆ Comment on other women's finery may not be ladylike but it sometimes gets me an unusual story. Lunching in Toronto, I remarked about the exquisite setting of a ring and bracelet worn by Lady Eaton, widow of Sir John Eaton, whose father founded Eaton's department store of Canada, declared now to be the largest in the world. Since Lady Eaton sat beside me, she offered me a closer view of the jeweled pieces, then told me their strange history.

"They were designed by a Frenchman," she said, "a great artist and the inventor of a deadly machine gun. The man is a mechanical engineer. After his only child was killed in a street accident he tried to forget by turning to the creation of beautiful things. Yet it was while he applied his mind to artistic work that his idea for a weapon of destruction came to him."

"Maybe he is a baby about his medicine, Miss Dawn —but you don't have to treat him like one!"

☆ Blessed be cookbooks indexed so we can look things up in them and find what we want without an hour of brainfag! Double blessings on Pearl V. Metzelthin for the wealth of surprise recipes in her World Wide Cook Book (recently published by Julian Messner, Inc.), and for the common-sense organization of the book's cross index. I looked up Irish *stelk;* and found it right away.

Same as Vyvyan Donner picks beauty models for fashion movies, Pearl Metzelthin excels at selecting perfect snacks for cocktail parties.

Incidentally, I see Vyvyan at Pearl's cocktail parties.

☆ Here's a *Red Caviar Appetizer* from Pearl Metzelthin's new book. She discovered the recipe in Athens. It goes best with dry Martini cocktails or Manhattans. . . . Use ½ cup red caviar. Crush grains thoroughly. Cut crust from 3 small slices white bread; soak in water and squeeze dry. Beat caviar and bread together with wooden spoon until smooth, adding 2 cups olive oil drop by drop, as for mayonnaise.

Then add the yolk of 1 egg and 6 tablespoons lemon juice. Whip fluffy and light.

Serve spread on crusty little rounds from a French or Italian loaf.

ILLUSTRATED BY
STEVE GROUT

COP-SAVER

One man against 19,000 enemies: The story of an extraordinary job

BY MURRAY TEIGH BLOOM

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

IT'S not an attractive job. Nineteen thousand enemies, incredible responsibilities, and a very modest salary go with it. It's all Bill McDonald's job, and there's not another like it in the world.

The enemies? Nineteen thousand service revolvers almost constantly at the sides of New York's policemen.

The job? To remove or alleviate the troubles that lead a harassed cop to point his gun at himself when he just can't stand any more. A tough yet awfully delicate job.

Every day, including Sundays, Patrolman Bill McDonald runs a race against mounting debts, tortured hearts, wrecked marriages, sudden sickness, and constant anxiety. Since February, 1938, he has helped about 2,500 cops get to the tape ahead of their swift miseries. Where he has had a fighting chance, he hasn't lost once to the handy gun at the troubled cop's side.

Officially, he is the director of the Bureau of Social Welfare of the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association of New York. But to an ever-growing group of grateful policemen he is known simply as "cop-saver."

Let's see how a cop-saver works. Take the case of the cop we'll call Jack Morrison.

Most cops are pretty careful drivers. Morrison was. But the other car was driven by a whisky tank. The drunk was killed. When Morrison left the hospital, he took an awful mess of a face with him.

The trouble was that he had been one of the best-looking younger members of the force. He became very touchy about his distorted features. Moodiness and dejection began to show in his work. Gradually he grew surly and non-co-operative. By this time his sergeant's warnings were no longer friendly ones.

Some one told him about a "facial" surgeon who would fix him up good as new. The quack messed up his face a little more, and demanded and received a stiff fee. Morrison didn't have that kind of money, so the fee was advanced by one of the many finance companies which are always eager to let a cop have a loan—at 36 per cent a year.

The sergeant, guessing that Morrison was suicide material, called Bill McDonald, who traveled out to the little house in Brooklyn where Morrison lived with his aged parents. There the cop-saver stated his business briefly.

Morrison cut in bitterly: "So the P. B. A. is going in for Boy Scout stuff. Dorothy Dix's old-fashioned advice for troubled cops! Well, you are wasting your time, McDonald. There's only one answer for my problem, and they'd fire Dorothy Dix if she ever printed it."

But McDonald had heard that before. Every troubled cop thinks his case hopeless.

"Listen, Morrison," he said. "Give me five minutes. If I don't make sense in that time I won't bother you any more. But give me those five minutes. I'll make sense, all right."

And he did.

The next day was a busy one for McDonald. There was a conference with an officer of the bank holding the mortgage on the little frame house. There was a brief phone conversation with the vice-president of a bank which co-operates generously in refinancing loans of cops who fall into the hands of loan sharks.

But the mangled face was the important thing. That called for a visit to the office of the Police Department's chief surgeon, Dr. Charles Dillon, who promised to try to obtain the services of Dr. J. Eastman Sheehan, one of the most eminent plastic surgeons in the country.

That night Morrison turned up at the P. B. A. office and drew up a full list of his indebtedness on a special form McDonald gave him. He listed his creditors, chiefly finance companies, with the total amount due them and the sums he was supposed to pay monthly.

"Here's the set-up," McDonald explained. "We're going to consolidate these loans with a downtown bank. That will reduce the terrific interest toll they're pulling out of you every month. But you must agree not to borrow any more till these payments are completed."

A few days later Dr. Sheehan examined Morrison. The moment the examination was over, Morrison blurted out:

"Can you really help, doc, or do I carry this mug around for keeps?"

Dr. Sheehan smiled. "Don't worry. I can help."

And then McDonald arranged for an extended sick leave for Morrison. The following week Morrison underwent an operation and received medical care that would have cost him more than a thousand dollars. But this one was on the house—Dr. Sheehan's.

A few weeks later a tall, rather good-looking chap walked into a precinct house in Manhattan. The gruff desk sergeant peered down over his desk at the stranger.

"What can we do for you, mister?"

The stranger grinned. "You might say hello."

The sergeant looked closer. "Holy smoke! Look how they fixed you up . . ."

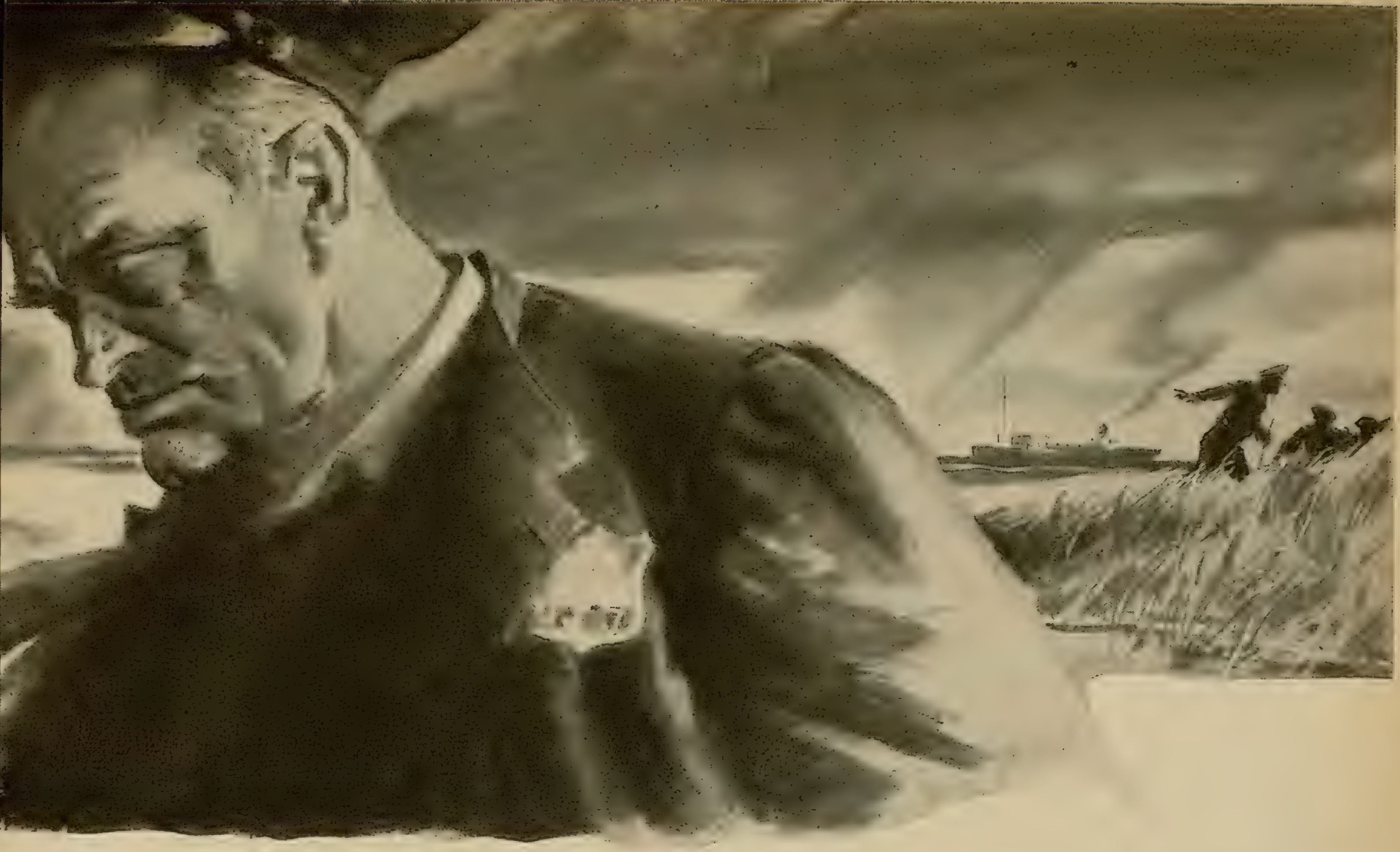
Jack Morrison didn't catch the rest of it. He was on his way to the locker room. He was whistling. The nightmare was over.

NEW YORK CITY'S police force is the biggest in the world. Eight years ago it started becoming known for a phenomenally high suicide rate. One month four cops killed themselves. Then two police inspectors took their own lives. Some people blamed it on the stricter enforcement of departmental regulations. Others attributed it to mounting debts in the course of a long depression.

Under the command of Commissioner Lewis J. Valentine, the police suicide rate has been steadily increasing since 1934. Last year it jumped to almost seven times that of civilians. Now, Valentine may be a strict disciplinarian, but he is a just man. No honest cop has anything to fear from him. Nevertheless, it was obvious that hundreds of cops were on the verge of despair, with nowhere to turn for assistance.

In 1938 Joseph J. Burkard, a cop, was elected president of the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association, which is a trade-union, insurance broker, trustee, social director, and big brother for most of New York's 19,000 cops. Burkard realized that something had to be done, and done fast. He recalled the work done by a friend, Bill McDonald, in organizing two hundred cops into the Telegraph Bureau Association.

After that organization had been put over successfully, McDonald had decided that he had had enough of being chief draftsman of the Bureau, an engineering job. In October, 1937, he had asked to be transferred back to uniform as an ordinary cop. Commissioner Valentine had O. K.'d the request—with reluctance. So back had gone McDonald to a beat, aching feet, and brass buttons.



He started for his beat and never arrived. He was found walking in the marshy stretches of the Canarsie section.

Joe Burkard called McDonald in and asked him to make and take a job of keeping cops from suicide. It was arranged with the Commissioner that McDonald would be transferred back to the Telegraph Bureau, so that he could combine the work of its chief draftsman and of cop-saver.

What are the jobs worth? Three thousand dollars—for both. Just what any ordinary cop who has been with the force more than six years is pulling down. McDonald gets one hundred dollars a month allowance from the P. B. A. for clerical help. That goes to a research worker. In addition he spends about thirty dollars a month of his own modest salary toward expenses connected with cop-saving.

About two every afternoon his wife, Irene, who has had social-work experience, reports at the office to help handle the wives of troubled cops. She gets no salary, not even expenses. Her mother takes care of the two McDonald children, William, Jr., thirteen, and Irene, six, when their mother is helping dad help others.

Well, what makes a cop-saver?

"In the first place, it's a good idea to be a cop yourself," McDonald says. "I started out as an architect. But my brother was a cop, and a good one. The family kept after me to join, and I finally made the grade. I've been around, one way or another, since my appointment in 1925."

After a couple of years he was transferred to the building and repair force of the department, as an architect. In his spare time he took courses at New York University: history, English, psychology, government. Then he went to law school for a year.

"The average cop," he says, "knows so little of the laws of evidence that almost any smart lawyer can get a crook off if there's the slightest technical discrepancy in the cop's testimony. I decided I had to find out the rules some of the sharper lawyers were playing with. I did."

In one of his philosophy courses McDonald met Professor Rudolph Kagey, who has written a number of murder mysteries under the pen name of Kurt Steel. In his spare time McDonald helped Professor Kagey write his book, Murder Goes to College, which is dedicated to McDonald.

"Yes, it was a lot of fun; but I'm no writer. I'm just a cop," McDonald explains.

"People forget," he says, "that cops are just human beings. Some cops are smart, some are dumb; most cops are brave, a very few are cowards; almost all are pretty honest. And like other people they have their financial problems.

"The cop's job is secure. His guaranteed salary is just about the highest in the country. Yet unless he is constantly on his guard he becomes the fall guy for an army of credit schemers and loan sharks. Most of these schemers and sharks know that a cop is afraid of any complaint regarding his ability to meet debts. It always looks bad on the record when he is up for promotion.

"During the past year or so we've made more than a thousand calls on creditors who were threatening immediate prosecution. In almost every case we were able to get extensions. We put cops who are in financial hot water on a monthly budget, consolidate their loans with friendly banks, and see to it that they don't incur any more debts. In every case this budget has been adhered to faithfully.

"Banks have been pretty nice to us. In one instance the interest was reduced by one third the regular rate because we were able to make such a good record on prompt monthly payments of the consolidated loans."

Some of the more grasping finance companies are scared stiff of McDonald. They find it's better to cooperate. Before his advent some of them carried on campaigns of systematic persecution against officers who were in arrears on payments through no fault of their own. McDonald has developed a sixth sense for smelling out phony deals of this kind.

At times he has to be a shrewd psychologist. He certainly had to be in the case of George Mulloy.

Mulloy was a good cop, steady and dependable. His wife was a brilliant woman, naturally ambitious for her husband to advance rapidly in the service.

When he would chafe occasionally at the regimen of study that his wife laid out for him, she would say earnestly: "But, George, you've got to make something out of life. You must compete. Some day I want you to have a gold badge." Or she would remind him of the promotions of other cops who had been appointed about the same time he had been.

She couldn't brook his indecision

Well-Groomed Hair can help your Business and Social Life!

Use VITALIS
and the "60-Second Workout"
1 50 Seconds to Rub—Circulation quickens—flow of necessary oil is increased—hair has a chance!
2 10 Seconds to Comb and Brush—Hair has a lustre—no objectionable "patent-leather" look.

EVERY business call, every social engagement, means a chance to make a favorable impression. That's why neat, good-looking hair is always important. Make your hair speak well of you—with Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout".

Rub Vitalis briskly on your scalp. There's a pleasant "tingle" as circulation speeds up. Your scalp begins losing its tightness . . . feels more free, supple. Then the pure vegetable oils of Vitalis supplement natural scalp oil, giving your hair a well-groomed lustre. Vitalis routs loose dandruff, too. Your hair combs easily—stays put—with no objectionable "patent-leather" look.

Keep your hair well-groomed and help keep it healthy and handsome with Vitalis and the famous "60-Second Workout"! Get a bottle of Vitalis from your druggist today.

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He's an expert on the care of scalp and hair. For your protection in the barber shop—genuine Vitalis comes only in individual Sealtubes. Next time you go to the barber's, insist on Vitalis Sealtubes.

VITALIS

HELPS KEEP HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME!

in family problems. Consequently she made the decisions herself.

Altogether, in a couple of years her ambition and determination brought her easygoing husband to the verge of a breakdown. The first symptoms were nervous indigestion and absent-mindedness. Once he started out for his beat in upper Manhattan and never arrived. Hours later he was found walking in the sandy marsh stretches of the Canarsie section of Brooklyn.

The doctors said this, prescribed that, and helped not at all.

When he broke down completely, they took him to a mental hospital. McDonald heard about the case. He visited Mrs. Mulloy, talked casually with her about her husband, and got the key to the cop's breakdown.

Let McDonald himself tell the rest of the story:

"I patiently explained to Mrs. Mulloy the extent to which she was responsible. Of course she was incredulous at first. But I finally got her to agree to an experiment. The next day she visited him at the hospital. Deliberately she conducted the conversation along casual, everyday lines—with this difference: For the first time, she asked his advice on family matters. Subtly she led him to believe that she was perplexed and had nowhere to turn for advice. The trick worked. For the first time in his married life he was making the decisions—and, more important, they were carried out faithfully.

"Those advice-seeking visits were continued over a few months. In time they took their effect. Mulloy became used to being asked advice; became accustomed to a more dominant place in his family. Not once did Mrs. Mulloy mention his neglected night studies, his failure to get promoted, or the successes of friends of his.

"He came out a few months ago. Not a new man—a reconditioned one. Now that his confidence in himself has returned, he is studying faithfully of his own accord."

Cases involving psychological factors have particular interest for McDonald. When such a case requires professional handling, he seeks the advice and help of Charles Dillon and his staff of psychiatrists, which includes the famous Dr. Menas S. Gregory. Dr. Carmyn J. Lombardo has also frequently donated his expert services.

Shortly after he got on the job, McDonald found that the average cop was more afraid of illness and its expense than of anything else. The cop-saver looked around for a hospital insurance plan that would be most advantageous for cops. He found one. Now some 5,000 cops have hospital insurance and are spared the worries of heavy hospital expenses.

"The trick," McDonald points out, "is to remove as many causes for worry as you can. I've found time and again that a cop may survive all kinds of trouble—debts, unhappy marriage, sickness, and departmental censure—only to succumb at last to some comparatively minor irritation. A minor ache or pain, one more case of a cold in the family, some slight reprimand from a superior, a fancied injustice, pressure applied by one more small creditor—any of these may be the determining factor in driving a man to suicide. My job is to get these men before they reach the cracking point."

Even as you read this, the fight is going on: Bill McDonald against cops' troubles and their handy guns. So far he's way ahead.

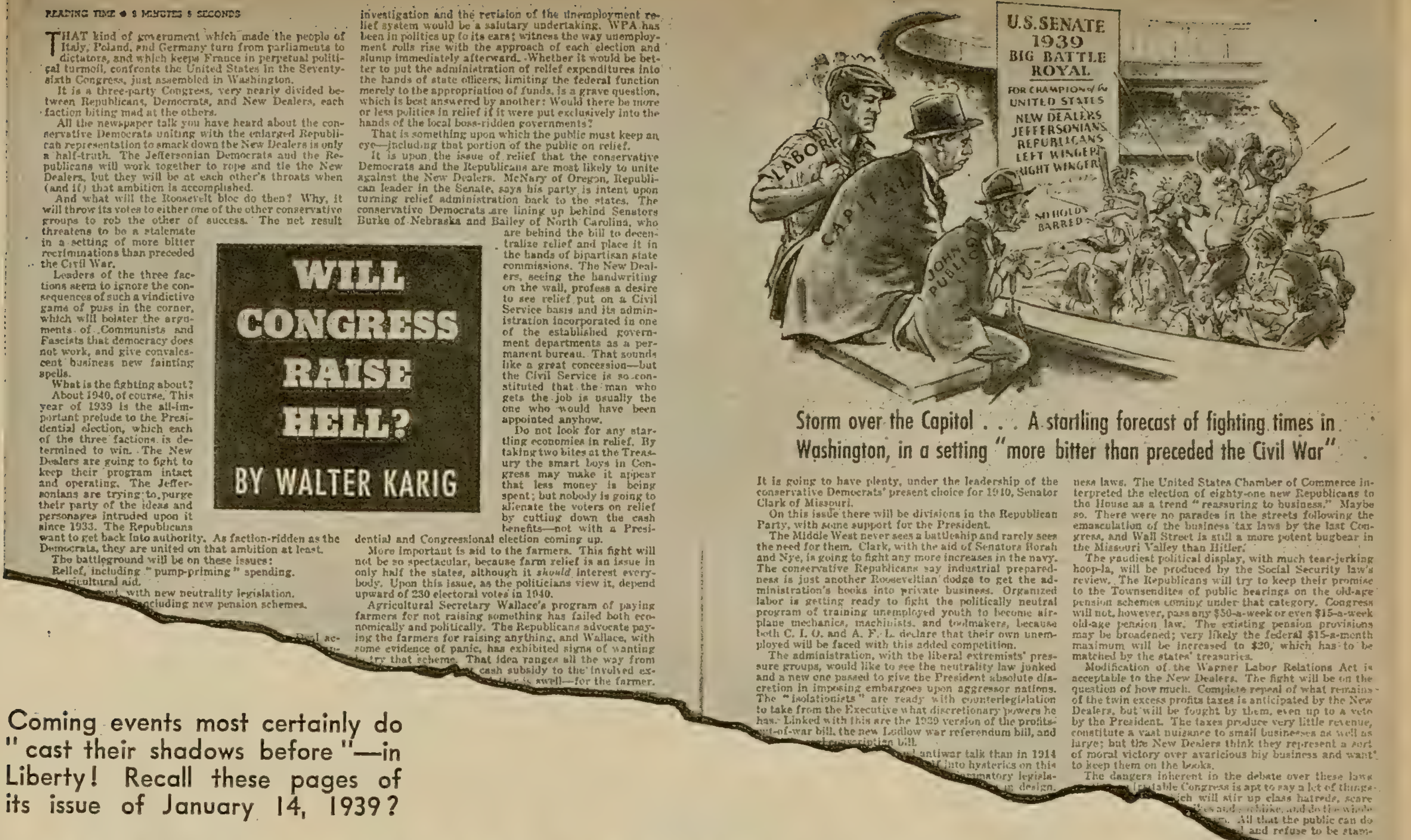
"And it's got to stay that way," he says.

THE END

☆ THE BOOK OF THE WEEK ☆

by Oliver Swift

★ ★ ★ ★ **MAUD.** The Macmillan Company.
The genuine diary of a glamour girl of the '80s. Sparkling, intimate chronicle of the belle of Cairo, Illinois, as edited and arranged for publication by her grandson, Richard Lee Strout. A fascinating period picture, it diverts and surprises.



READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

THAT kind of government which made the people of Italy, Poland, and Germany turn from parliaments to dictators, and which keeps France in perpetual political turmoil, confronts the United States in the Seventy-sixth Congress, just assembled in Washington.

It is a three-party Congress, very nearly divided between Republicans, Democrats, and New Dealers, each faction biting mad at the others.

All the newspaper talk you have heard about the conservative Democrats uniting with the enlarged Republican representation to smack down the New Dealers is only a half-truth. The Jeffersonian Democrats and the Republicans will work together to rope and tie the New Dealers, but they will be at each other's throats when (and if) that ambition is accomplished.

And what will the Roosevelt bloc do then? Why, it will throw its votes to either one of the other conservative groups to rob the other of success. The net result threatens to be a stalemate in a setting of more bitter recriminations than preceded the Civil War.

Leaders of the three factions seem to ignore the consequences of such a vindictive game of puss in the corner, which will bolster the arguments of Communists and Fascists that democracy does not work, and give convalescent business new fainting spells.

What is the fighting about?

About 1940, of course. This year of 1939 is the all-important prelude to the Presidential election, which each of the three factions is determined to win. The New Dealers are going to fight to keep their program intact and operating. The Jeffersonians are trying to purge their party of the ideas and personages intruded upon it since 1933. The Republicans want to get back into authority. As faction-ridden as the Democrats, they are united on that ambition at least.

The battleground will be on these issues:

Relief, including "pump-priming" spending.

ricultural aid.

with new neutrality legislation.

cluding new pension schemes.

al ac-

WILL CONGRESS RAISE HELL?

BY WALTER KARIG

investigation and the revision of the unemployment relief system would be a salutary undertaking. WPA has been in politics up to its ears; witness the way unemployment rolls rise with the approach of each election and slump immediately afterward. Whether it would be better to put the administration of relief expenditures into the hands of state officers, limiting the federal function merely to the appropriation of funds, is a grave question, which is best answered by another: Would there be more or less politics in relief if it were put exclusively into the hands of the local boss-ridden governments?

That is something upon which the public must keep an eye—including that portion of the public on relief.

It is upon the issue of relief that the conservative Democrats and the Republicans are most likely to unite against the New Dealers. McNary of Oregon, Republican leader in the Senate, says his party is intent upon turning relief administration back to the states. The conservative Democrats are lining up behind Senators Burke of Nebraska and Bailey of North Carolina, who are behind the bill to decentralize relief and place it in the hands of bipartisan state commissions. The New Dealers, seeing the handwriting on the wall, profess a desire to see relief put on a Civil Service basis and its administration incorporated in one of the established government departments as a permanent bureau. That sounds like a great concession—but the Civil Service is so constituted that the man who gets the job is usually the one who would have been appointed anyhow.

Do not look for any startling economies in relief. By taking two bites at the Treasury the smart boys in Congress may make it appear that less money is being spent; but nobody is going to alienate the voters on relief by cutting down the cash benefits—not with a Presidential and Congressional election coming up.

More important is aid to the farmers. This fight will not be so spectacular, because farm relief is an issue in only half the states, although it *should* interest everybody. Upon this issue, as the politicians view it, depend upward of 230 electoral votes in 1940.

Agricultural Secretary Wallace's program of paying farmers for not raising something has failed both economically and politically. The Republicans advocate paying the farmers for raising anything, and Wallace, with some evidence of panic, has exhibited signs of wanting try that scheme. That idea ranges all the way from cash subsidy to the involved ex- swell—for the farmer.

Storm over the Capitol . . . A startling forecast of fighting times in Washington, in a setting "more bitter than preceded the Civil War"

It is going to have plenty, under the leadership of the conservative Democrats' present choice for 1940, Senator Clark of Missouri.

On this issue there will be divisions in the Republican Party, with some support for the President.

The Middle West never sees a battleship and rarely sees the need for them. Clark, with the aid of Senators Borah and Nye, is going to fight any more increases in the navy. The conservative Republicans say industrial preparedness is just another Rooseveltian dodge to get the administration's books into private business. Organized labor is getting ready to fight the politically neutral program of training unemployed youth to become airplane mechanics, machinists, and toolmakers, because both C. I. O. and A. F. L. declare that their own unemployed will be faced with this added competition.

The administration, with the liberal extremists' pressure groups, would like to see the neutrality law junked and a new one passed to give the President absolute discretion in imposing embargoes upon aggressor nations. The "isolationists" are ready with counterlegislation to take from the Executive what discretionary powers he has. Linked with this are the 1939 version of the profits-out-of-war bill, the new Ludlow war referendum bill, and scription bill.

antiwar talk than in 1914 into hysterics on this matory legisla- design.

ness laws. The United States Chamber of Commerce interpreted the election of eighty-one new Republicans to the House as a trend "reassuring to business." Maybe so. There were no parades in the streets following the emasculation of the business tax laws by the last Congress, and Wall Street is still a more potent bugbear in the Missouri Valley than Hitler.

The gaudiest political display, with much tear-jerking hoop-la, will be produced by the Social Security law's review. The Republicans will try to keep their promise to the Townsendites of public hearings on the old-age pension schemes coming under that category. Congress will not, however, pass any $30-a-week or even $15-a-week old-age pension law. The existing pension provisions may be broadened; very likely the federal $15-a-month maximum will be increased to $20, which has to be matched by the states' treasuries.

Modification of the Wagner Labor Relations Act is acceptable to the New Dealers. The fight will be on the question of how much. Complete repeal of what remains of the twin excess profits taxes is anticipated by the New Dealers, but will be fought by them, even up to a veto by the President. The taxes produce very little revenue, constitute a vast nuisance to small businesses as well as large; but the New Dealers think they represent a sort of moral victory over avaricious big business and want to keep them on the books.

The dangers inherent in the debate over these laws itable Congress is apt to say a lot of things ch will stir up class hatreds, scare and do the whole . All that the public can do and refuse to be stam-

Coming events most certainly do "cast their shadows before"—in Liberty! Recall these pages of its issue of January 14, 1939?

WHY CONGRESS WANTS TO *Raise Hell*

BY WALTER KARIG

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

INTO the straightaway of the 1940 political sweepstakes dash some four hundred and sixty-seven members of Congress, neck and neck. Up in the judge's stand sits John Q. Public, perched on a ballot box.

The racers know the jumps they have to take. There is the spiked fence of the Anti-Lynching Bill, the water hazard of the Reciprocal Tariff Act, the muddy stretch of the Farm Problem. They are worried but game. Buckety-buckety, here they come!

Then suddenly a ten-foot barbed-wire fence is thrown across the track by President Roosevelt in the form of his budget message, chopping millions off relief and farm aid, demanding nearly half a billion in new taxes. Confusion, screams, hullabaloo, and fist fights break out.

Does Congress want to raise hell? Man alive, it *is* raising hell after a scant month in session, and it *ought* to raise hell!

Mr. Roosevelt will not be a candidate for a third term. That often and sometimes wistfully spoken prophecy is now believed by most political analysts to be confirmed by the President's sudden conversion to economy and pay-as-you-go. One doesn't deprive the two biggest voting blocs, the farmers and the relief beneficiaries, of nearly $1,000,000,000 in an election year if one is a New Deal candidate for public office.

The United States has a statutory debt limit of $45,000,000,000. Mr. Roosevelt has figured his budget so closely that next year's deficit will be a mere $1,700,000,000, thus missing the legal debt limit by $61,000,000. That is practically no margin at all for emergency appropriations, and it is a rare year that goes by without a deficiency appropriation to meet a situation not anticipated by the budget-makers. But if Congress does not want to break its own law about the limit of self-indebtedness, it will have to take Mr. Roosevelt's budget and swallow it whole, says the jubilant administration.

But does it? The Roosevelt estimate of 1940-41 expenditures practically forces his successor to balance the budget although burdened with all the expensive paraphernalia of the New Deal, which cannot be liquidated in six months. Is there no room for further economies? Is a new tax bill absolutely essential?

Take the item of national defense. Mr. Roosevelt wants to appropriate $2,284,126,509, which is $466,532,903 more than was authorized for the current year.

Where did this year's $1,800,000,000 go to? Everybody is in favor of an adequate national defense, but are we at all sure we are getting a full dollar's worth of protection for each hundred cents raised in taxes or borrowed? How many millions are being

Storm signal! An arresting look at 1940 battles to come under the Capitol dome

EX-LAX MOVIES

The Taming of Tommy the Terrible

TOMMY: I won't! I won't take that awful medicine! I can't get it down!

MOTHER: All right, young man. I think I know something that you *will* like!

TOMMY: M-m-m! Gee whiz, Mom, that's a cinch to take. It tastes just like swell chocolate.

MOTHER: Yes, its name is Ex-Lax and it's not only good—it's good for you!

TOMMY: Whoopee! That Ex-Lax made me feel fine . . . You'll never have to force me to take that!

MOTHER: Right! From now on, Dad and I are going to use Ex-Lax, too!

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet *gentle!* No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It's good for *every* member of the family.

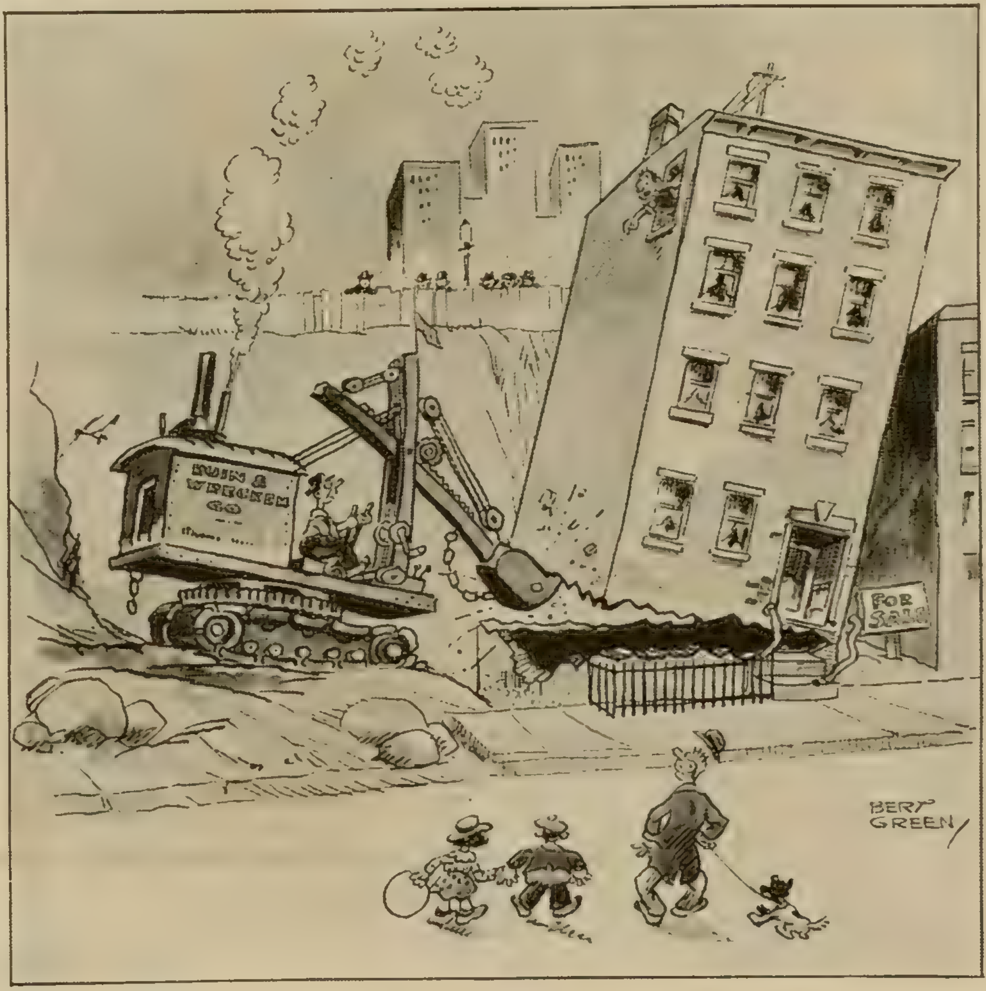
10¢ and 25¢

FOR RELIEF OF CONSTIPATION
EX-LAX
THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE
ACTIVE INGREDIENTS YELLOW & WHITE PHENOLPHTHALEIN
25¢

sunk in experimental aircraft? What about the whole fleet of new destroyers that turned out to be so top-heavy they need most of the Atlantic to turn around in without shipping water through the funnels? Last year's joint Army-National Guard maneuvers proved to be a scandal of inefficiency and poor armament. Why? What is being done about it?

For what purpose is nearly $500,000,000 more to be spent this year on defense? For an 80,000-ton battleship or two, which will take five years to build?

How do we know that there will not be another arms conference before 1945, as an aftermath of the war? After 1921 the United States destroyed millions of dollars' worth of new battleships, while European and Asiatic Powers, having been too busy with a long war to build new ships, scrapped a lot of barnacled old junk.



" PARDON ME! "

It is proposed in the budget to build twenty-four new warships and carry on the construction of one hundred and twenty under way whose costs are exceeding estimates, but only one thousand new airplanes are planned. Who figured that one out?

Congress can raise plenty of hell in getting the answers to all those questions. And the answers may provide ways and means to reduce the expenditures of the next fiscal year still further and yet avoid the income tax on industry which the experts say will have to be levied. While Congress is asking those questions it may also inquire if anybody has figured the cost of upkeep on the hundred and forty-four warships in respect to future budgets. Won't that swallow up the $61,000,000 that stands between us and the legal debt limit? A navy second to none, an air force second to none, an army of well equipped experts capable of immediate expansion into a fighting force second to none—that is what the people of the United States want, but must it be at the cost of extravagance?

Maybe Congress shouldn't raise hell at being deprived of openhanded generosity to everybody who looks to the United States Treasury for a living, but it will. Prospects for a short snappy routine session and then early adjournment to prepare for the election campaigns are more remote than the German army is from Paris. Most of the boys, regardless of party, count upon winning votes by giving their constituencies the key to the Treasury and a wheelbarrow.

Another fight in the immediate offing is over the reciprocal tariff treaty law, which expires in June. The farmers who were for reciprocity in the middle 1930s, because the treaties promised more agricultural exports and cheaper imports of manufactured goods, are against allowing the administration to make further treaties because, in the main, only agricultural countries are left to dicker with. By the same token, the industrial interests, which opposed lower tariffs to manufacturing nations like Britain, France, Belgium, and Czechoslovakia, favor treaties with the agricultural states because they promise to open export markets for American automobiles, typewriters, machinery, and steel.

Next to the budget rumpus, the

fight over the tariff will be the prime Congressional hell-raiser. Let it be so. Let's find out whether reciprocity does mean peace and prosperity or ruinous competition. November is a long way off, and we would rather vote on intelligently explored issues than on the candidates' good looks and baritone voices. The President and the Congress we elect this year will have a greater influence on America's future than the successful candidates of 1932 and 1936, and we want to know *why* and *what,* not merely *who,* when we, the people, go to the polls.

PATRIOTIC CARTOON CONTEST—$1,800 IN CASH AWARDS

Sponsored by Liberty Magazine and Town Hall, New York

RULES

1. Any one, anywhere, may compete, except employees of Macfadden Publications, the Town Hall, New York, and members of their families.
2. Cartoons must depict the ideal of "How the Town Meeting Idea Can Best Preserve American Liberty and Democracy."
3. Cartoons must be approximately 14 x 16 inches and should not exceed this size. They should be drawn on white Bristol board, in India ink, pencil, or charcoal, suitable for published reproduction and exhibition.
4. Signatures must be placed on back of cartoons, not on face. Prize winners will be given an opportunity to sign on face before reproduction.
5. Cartoons will be judged for aptness, originality, power, simplicity, and draftsmanship. Judged on this basis, the best entry will be awarded a cash first prize of $1,000. The second best entry will receive a cash second prize of $300. The five entries next in order of excellence will receive cash prizes of $100 each. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid. A competitor may submit as many cartoons as he desires, but only one prize will be awarded to any competitor.
6. Prize-winning cartoons will become the property of Liberty Magazine and the Town Hall, New York, for reproduction wherever desired. All entries may be exhibited at a special showing in New York after the contest closes. The right is reserved to purchase for publication, at usual rates, any entries in addition to the prize winners.
7. Entries should be addressed to Patriotic Cartoon Contest, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y., and should be postmarked on or before February 21, 1940, the closing date of this contest. No entries will be returned unless accompanied by return postage when submitted.
8. Winners will be announced in the first available issue of Liberty Magazine and announced by broadcast over America's Town Meeting of the Air.
9. The judges will be Bernarr Macfadden and Fulton Oursler for Liberty, George V. Denny, Jr., and Arthur E. Bestor for the Town Hall, and a nationally recognized personality to be announced later. By entering the contest you agree to accept their decisions as final.

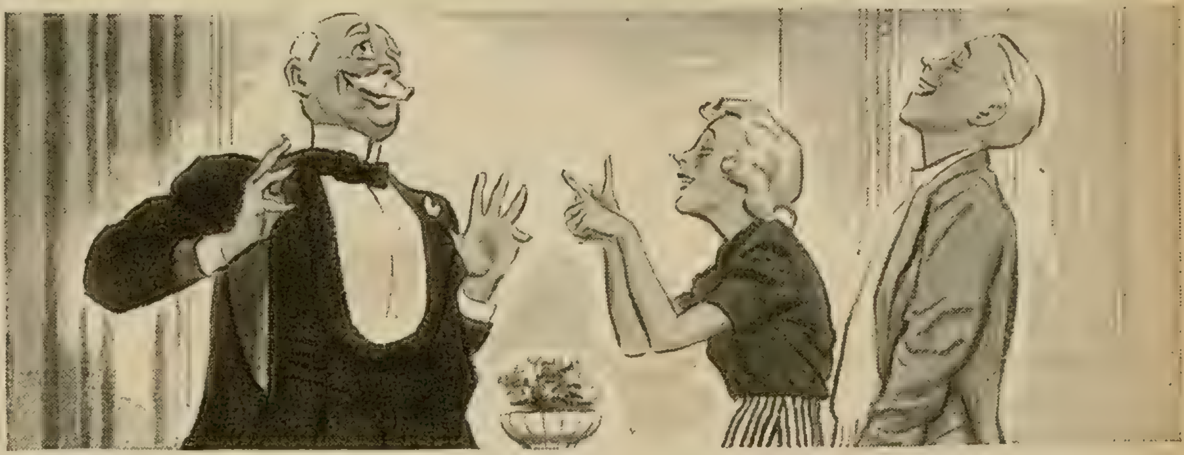
Watch Liberty for further developments

Let there be hell-raising. Over the National Labor Relations Act; it looks lopsided. Over the wages-and-hours law; sure, the employers make the campaign contributions and the employees furnish the votes, but let Congress forget that. The law is basically good, but it can stand a lot of improvement for the benefit of business and wage earners. What about technological unemployment, youth without opportunity? This is the most important election since 1860. Let's try to get all the answers.

THE END

How's your "Pep Appeal"?

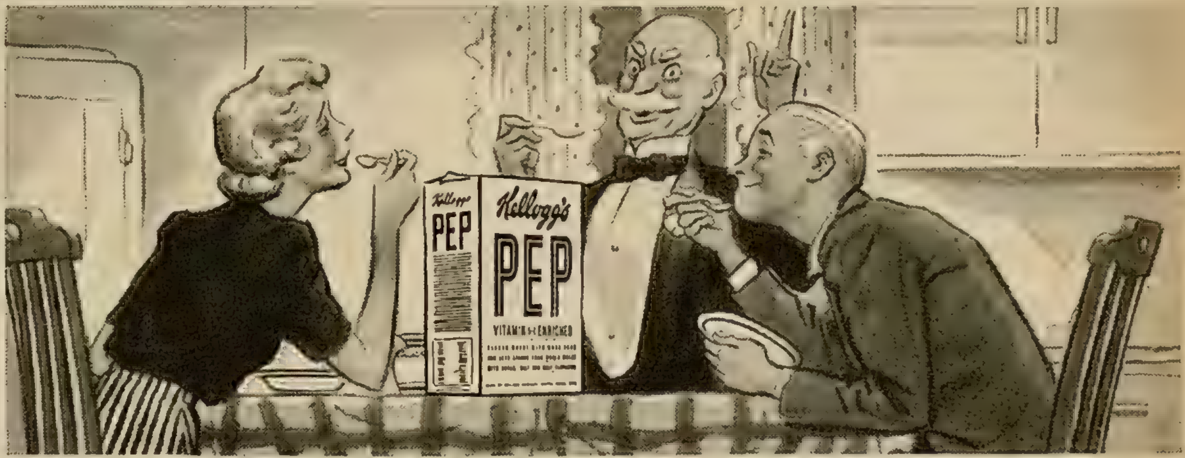
Holy mackerel! Uncle William's in love!



Uncle William: She says it isn't my looks, it's my *pep appeal!*

Judy: Wow! What a change in our weary Uncle Willie! I'll bet you've turned over a new leaf and been getting all your *vitamins!*

Uncle William: Vitamins, eh? For once you're right! And plenty of those vital elements in the diet wouldn't do you two any harm. That reminds me—let's go raid the pantry.



Uncle William: Yes, my little innocents, right in this delicious cereal—appropriately called Kellogg's Pep—are extra-rich sources of two of the most important vitamins, B_1 and D. B_1, the famous appetite vitamin; D, the famous . . .

Judy: Spare the details, Uncle Willie. Your Pep tastes simply delicious. If a grand cereal like this can even remotely give us what you've got—oh, boy!

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of Vitamin B_1, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of Vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins see the Pep package.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

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Stirringly now the curtain falls on a passionate drama of dark intrigue and fear-haunted romance

I Spy!

BY DORA MACY

Author of Public Sweetheart Number One, Riding High, etc.

READING TIME ● 27 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

PART TEN—CONCLUSION

IT was the kindest thing."

Arthur's words echoed in my ears, and I caught at the table to keep from falling. I stared, unbelieving, at Henri, knowing that he was already dead. I looked back at Arthur, but his eyes were calm and unafraid.

"It was the kindest thing," he repeated firmly. His voice was clear and steady. "It would have been cruel to make him face the end that was inevitable. He didn't deserve it after all he has done for good—to end up in an asylum. As for you, darling, you have no right to die. You and I have work to do, and we've got to find a way to do it."

I realized then that Arthur had known—how, I couldn't imagine—that I had planned to take poison. He had deliberately switched the glass so that Henri had drained my potion.

I sat down, feeling faint, and covered my face with my hands. A shudder ran through me as I cried. And then I felt Arthur's hand on my shoulder, so kind, so strong, and his voice in my ear as he bent over me.

"Don't, Hester. Don't lose your nerve now. You have been so wonderful. Don't crack now, for my sake."

I put up my head and tried to stop crying. He helped me to my feet and guided me out of that dining room to the staircase, and obediently I went up. I bathed my face and tried to quiet my thoughts. Arthur had said he needed me. There was work to do. . . . But for him I would be dead even now, lying on the dining-room floor as Henri was lying. . . . But Arthur had said I had no right to die. . . .

He knocked at my door, but when I opened it he didn't come in. He stood in the hall, pale and unnaturally quiet.

"Pack what things you need," he said. "I want you to get into the car and drive to the nearest hotel. Then call the garage, where I hired the car, and tell them to come and get it. I want you to stay at the hotel until I come to you. I want you to rest and take every care of yourself. You have been through a great deal, Hester, and I am afraid you are facing a great deal more. Will you do as I ask?"

"Anything," I half whispered.

He took my luggage down for me later and helped me into the car. We didn't speak again, but we pressed each other's hands to say good-by.

At the hotel I felt I was entering another world, so long I had lived with a madman in desolate isolation. I looked at my hands, marked with all the hard labor I had done, and looked at my face and was shocked. I made arrangements for baths and beauty treatments, and, while I slept very little, I was glad betweentimes to rest and rest and rest in the luxurious room, and to eat well after so long. I marveled at my ability to enjoy luxury. Perhaps everything seemed more wonderful, tasted and felt more richly, because I was alive when I might have been dead.

I couldn't grieve for Henri—I couldn't even grieve for Arthur's sin. If ever there was a case for euthanasia, the merciful swift death of Henri Croillard was one. Perhaps — no doubt—it was wrong; but in my heart I could almost respect Arthur for it. I knew how dearly he loved Henri—enough to send me to him when I was needed as a wife—and I could tell from the icy calm of Arthur's behavior before I had left the house, that while his decision might have been instantaneous, it was well balanced and purposeful.

I didn't hear from him for two days, and then he telephoned me:

"The little service will be at five o'clock this afternoon. I know you will want to come, Hester. I'll meet you there."

"All right, dear. I'll meet you," I said.

Nothing more. No other word. And I hung up, realizing how much he must have suffered in these two days, how many things he must have handled, how deeply he must have felt his own responsibility.

It was a very simple service, with only the doctor and Arthur and myself present. The reading was brief, and Henri was laid to rest in the back of a little local church. I had found some violets and placed them at his head. But I was weeping as we turned away—weeping for the unfair tragedies of life that had cost us all so much, that had marked us all with grief.

On the street again, Arthur turned to me.

"We are taking the midnight for Paris, Hester. I'll call for you at the hotel around ten."

I nodded, still unable to speak for tears, grateful for the doctor's offer to take me back to the hotel. I knew without asking, as he took the wheel, that he knew our whole story. Unquestionably he must have been the doctor that Arthur had called, and, after all, he had treated Henri and watched the advance of his disease, both physical and mental. He came up with me to my hotel room and gave me a sedative.

"There's no use weeping," he said to me. "You did an admirable job for the poor man who died. No one could have done more. I know of no one who would ever do as much for me. But the man who loves you has his own ghost to live with. Remember that."

I pressed his hand gratefully. I couldn't speak. But his words gave me courage, and after he left I told myself that Arthur needed me. We had too long denied our love, and whatever the horrors and tragedies we had to live down, surely there was some chance of building a future. Or if in a world so chaotic, so hell-bent for war as it seemed, there would be no future, surely we had a right to some brief realization of happiness.

So I packed and dressed with a new spirit, and when Arthur met me I could smile. His eyes lighted up at the smile, and for a moment I thought he was going to cry. It was as if my welcome and my smiling greeting was a kindness he couldn't bear after all he had been through. And when I saw his lips twitch, I reached up impulsively and kissed him. He whispered my name and caught me to him,

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES BRYSON

holding me close. It was a brief embrace, so brief, there in the lobby of the fashionable hotel, but it meant so much to both of us. There was no need to speak. We could turn and leave the hotel, leave the town, leave Henri's burial place with a sense of unity, of understanding and of love at last. Such things didn't require words. Our meeting had been like a blessing, and from then on we could talk quite naturally on any subject.

But we never mentioned Henri.

Once in Paris, Arthur explained to me what was on his mind. Those were appalling days and nights of listening to radios, of meeting and talking with people who had worked with us behind scenes for so long, and who at last felt that they could talk now without any restraint. They talked because the death of Henri left them feeling rudderless and doubly cheated, and because the monster war was on top of us, much as we had all tried to stop it.

All of our co-workers agreed—and the messages came from practically every country and almost all the important cities—that it was useless for us to go on. With Henri dead and with war declared, we mutually disbanded. Almost all of those we talked to decided to try to get into service with their own country.

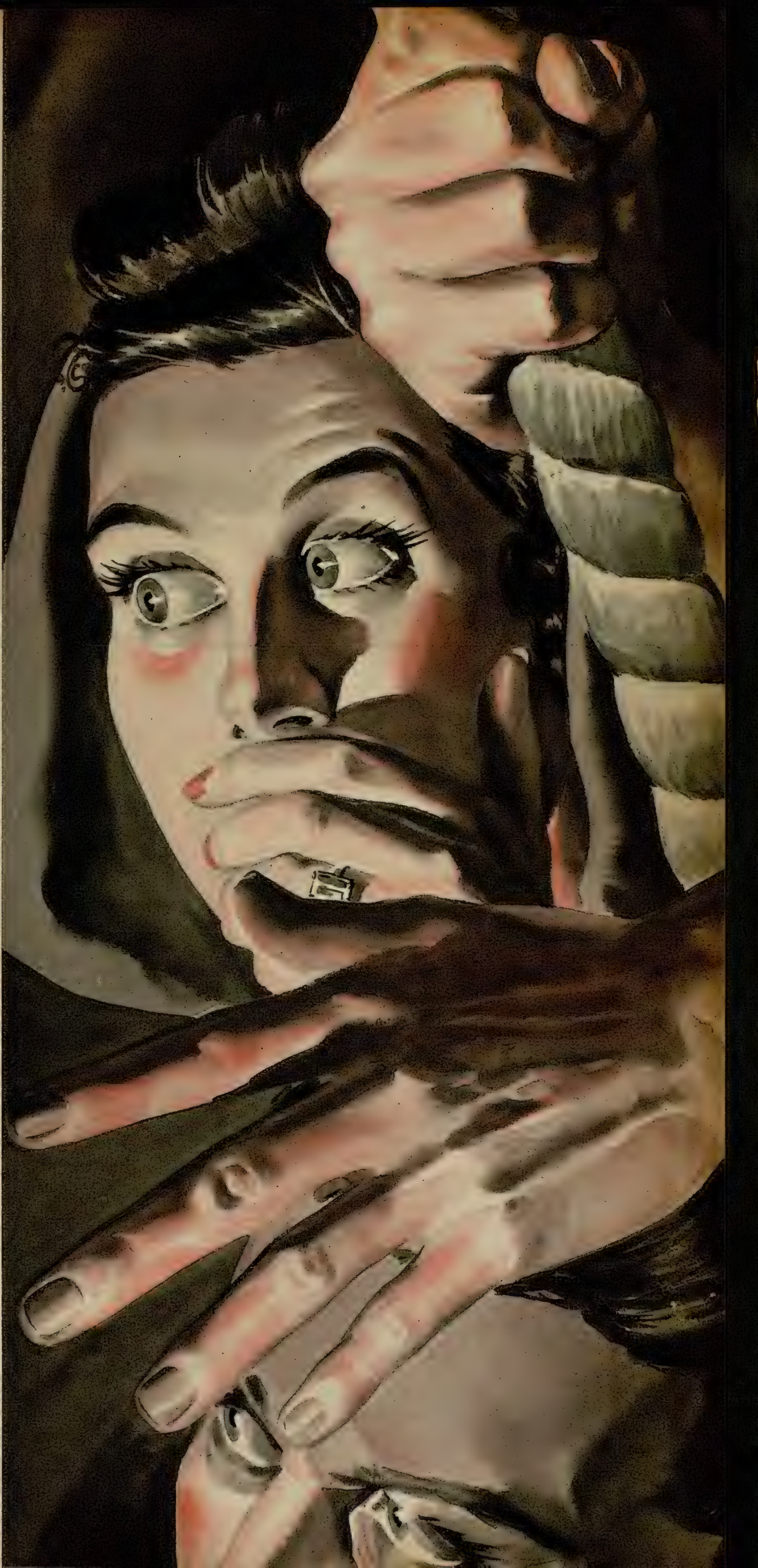
But for us, that was a particularly difficult problem. Arthur was legally dead. He was traveling under a false passport and a false name. He was, when it came right down to it, citizen of no country. His only dream and aim was in some way to have himself reinstated in his own country so he could work for his own country, and when the day came that he could be a citizen there and reclaim his name, we would be married.

OFF in a lonely spot where we were sure of not being overheard, Arthur talked to me.

"I told you, darling," he said, "when I left you last February, that I had one big job to do before I quit."

I nodded and shivered. Last February, when he drove me to the lonely house where Henri was!

"I have done that job, Hester, and it was my most difficult," Arthur continued. "It is the job I think I am proudest of." I gripped his hand tight. "The Germans have a new formula—a new weapon," he said. "We have all heard of it. We have all unearthed innumerable kinds of secret weapons, and perhaps we will always be hearing of new ones, but this, when I heard of it, Hester, was so ghastly that I swore I would get it if it cost me my life. It is the reason why you heard so little from me all those months—why I could answer so few of your calls for help and your messages. But as soon as I was successful I hurried to you."



I heard myself scream. I had caught sight of a face in the first lifeboat as it swung out.

"Did you get the formula?" I asked breathlessly.

He shook his head.

"I couldn't do that. I did the next best thing. I got some of the stuff itself."

I stared at him as it dawned on me what he meant.

"You mean you have it *on you,* Arthur?"

He nodded.

"I have it strapped under my arm," he said. "Day and night. I have a carton of it." Into his eyes came that look of horror that I had seen so frequently in the past. "It is the most ghastly weapon I have ever heard of," he said slowly. "It is called Imperit. It is a gas, *odorless and colorless,* so that the victims have no idea that they are being attacked."

I shook my head with incredulous horror.

"Its effects are fiendish beyond belief. For several hours the victim has no idea that anything has happened to him, and then all his inner organs begin to swell until, in extreme agony, he dies from the burst organs and vessels."

I made the sign of the cross.

"But, Arthur, you have that *on* you? Aren't you in continual danger?"

He shrugged.

"I think it's safe. I have it in metal tubing."

"What do you intend to do with it?"

"I intend to take it to the United States," he said. "I want to deliver it to our own War Department. I hope to God they will be able to break down the formula. We have the best chemical laboratories in the world, bar none, and they should be able to do it, even with the small amount that I have managed to steal.

"I am sure they will be able to work out something to counteract it, or to protest against it successfully. And, knowing our country as I do, it will give the rest of the world the information, as it has so often in the past."

Work to do, he had told me. My eyes filled with tears of admiration.

"You must help me, Hester," he said, "and if anything happens to me, you will carry on."

"Of course," I whispered.

"And now I must move heaven and earth," he added, as we headed back to town, "to find a way to get home."

Home!

We found it next to impossible to gain passage on a ship. With thousands eager to get to the States, there was something of a stampede.

Until one day Arthur announced that he had heard of a former friend of his who had recently been appointed to the American Embassy in London. It was his determination to go there and tell him everything in the hope that he might be allowed to return to his own country and perhaps regain his own citizenship. The best way, obviously, was to make a clean breast of things, and to lay the facts, however peculiar, before the authorities. Our only hope was in laying them through a friend, who might gain a direct ear.

We were in London during the evacuation of the little children, and I watched and helped when I could, marveling at the brave and calm acceptance of the people around me.

While we waited, Arthur got in touch with every one he used to know in the old days. He was proclaiming himself now. They could take him back honorably, or they could turn him over as a spy, but at any rate, he was returning to his own country in one capacity or another.

In those somewhat panic-stricken days, when rumors were two dozen for a dime, Arthur's self-revelation was answered in many different humors. Some wouldn't believe; some didn't even care to investigate. They believed him dead.

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20 QUESTIONS

1—For forty years his books and plays have delighted readers. His portrayals of American youth are known to millions, and although he has celebrated his seventieth birthday, he has not lost his understanding of the small fry. He is a native of Indiana and the most famous of its many writing sons. Who is he?

2—How did the fate of the Scharnhorst differ from that of a ship named for a famous naval commander?

3—In what sport did the history of 1914 repeat itself in 1939?

4—Who were the Democratic nominees who ran against Abraham Lincoln in the campaigns of 1860 and 1864?

5—In what profession does —30— have a special meaning, and what is it?

6—If you were writing to the wives of a maharajah, a don, and an earl, what titles would you give them?

7—Can two boxers have a battle royal?

8—The friendship of what men made these famous beauties live in history: Nell Gwyn, Lady Hamilton, and Du Barry?

9—What tree, cereal, and root plant are commercially important sources of sugar?

10—If you were to open a business conducted on the installment plan, from what income groups would you expect to draw 50 per cent of your business?

11—Prior to the appointment of Myron C. Taylor as Peace Ambassador to the Vatican, when did the United States last have a Minister to Rome as a Papal city?

12—What determines the number of Presidential electors that each state may choose?

13—Which of these animals live in homes that would be perfect air-raid shelters: fox, rabbit, woodchuck, and squirrel?

14—If three of your neighbors who come from counties Armagh, Cork, and Londonderry were to write to relatives in their native towns in Ireland, which letters would be marked for the Irish Free State?

15—If you insisted on patronizing women designers for your clothes, which of these Paris dressmakers would suit you: Mainbocher, Alix, Molyneux, Schiaparelli?

16—What is the shape of the only stable structure in physics?

17—Who was able to tame a horse by turning it toward the sun when he noticed that the horse was afraid of its shadow?

18—In general, do you reach for your rubbers or your sun glasses when your part of the country is a high-pressure area?

19—Who were the American commanders in the following battles: Lake Erie; New Orleans, 1815; and Bunker Hill?

20—Who is the dean of baseball managers?

(Answers will be found on page 39)

Until at last the day came when Arthur returned to our little roominghouse, elated and overjoyed, looking more his boyish self than I had seen him in years. . . .

"Prepare yourself for two big surprises," he crowed. "We are going home. Look, look, look!" He held up a telegram before me, which I snatched from him eagerly. "Potter!" he said. "Potter—old sourpuss Potter, of all people!"

"Please!" I waved a frantic hand at him, quieting him while I read with high excitement:

WILL NOT ONLY AID YOU IN STRAIGHTENING YOUR LEGAL STATUS AND REINSTATING YOURSELF BUT HOPE VERY SHORTLY TO HAVE YOU ASSIGNED TO MILITARY INTELLIGENCE WHERE YOU BELONG CYRUS POTTER

It was the closest I ever came to swooning with delight. I hadn't realized that Cyrus Potter would be one of the people that Arthur had got in touch with in his endless attempts to make himself known. The mean old man who had once been chargé d'affaires at my father's legation was now back in the United States. I had never been able to figure out in the past whether he was friend or foe, but now I called on the saints to bless him.

"Oh, Arthur, Arthur!" I wept with joy. "I can't believe it—that we are so blessed after all that has happened."

I sat down weakly in a chair, trembling all over and crying with joy.

Arthur knelt beside me, his arms around my waist.

"As soon as we ever can, darling, we will be married back home. Look! Here's your other surprise," he said, and held up before me as magnificent a diamond ring as I had ever seen, even on the baroness' fat bejeweled fingers.

"And what crime have you committed now?" I demanded.

He laughed with delighted boyish joy as he explained how he had convinced one of his British friends of his identity. The man had looked upon him as one who had risen from the dead, and explained that he had been years trying to find him. Arthur had been willed this ring by a cousin who felt Arthur had saved his life in the first World War.

The first World War! What a dreadful sound. I slipped the ring on my finger. My engagement ring! I had never had one from Henri, and I was thankful. Well, we were facing our second World War now.

We left for Scotland that night, and were told it was by great good fortune that we could get passage for Canada.

You all know what happened to that ship. Arthur and I were not together when the Athenia was struck. If we had been, I would be telling a different story now. I was at the bar and had sent Arthur down to my room for a wrap. But even as I realized what unbelievable horror had befallen us, even as I called out his name, I had one other flashing thought of the metal tube strapped under his armpit.

Already the ship was plunged in darkness. I made my way up to the deck through the panic-stricken passengers who were calling to each other, crying for help. Over and over I could hear myself saying Arthur's name, although I couldn't top the din of the crowd. There was no sign of Arthur on deck. The ship was going down so fast there was no chance to search. I started toward the railing and tripped over a body. . . .

I couldn't get to a lifeboat.

Then suddenly I heard myself scream. I had caught sight of a face in the first lifeboat as it swung out and away from me. I couldn't very well miss that face, because around it was my own bonnet—a green babushka trimmed with fur, which tied under the chin. Yes, and below that face, that face that I loved, Arthur's face, was my own long coat with the fur collar. I clapped a hand over my mouth to keep from giving him away. His eyes looked up at me, pleading for understanding. I knew instantly what he had done. How swiftly in my room he must have worked to dress himself in my clothes. How quickly he must have moved to be able to get into that first lifeboat as a woman.

But his eyes were anguished as he looked up at me. I knew he wanted to ask forgiveness for deserting me, for saving himself and leaving me behind. I wanted to scream out to him that it was all right, that I knew why he was doing it—that he was hopeful of saving the Imperit, which he had got almost at the cost of his life and which was the last job he said he wanted to do at any cost.

Yes, yes, I forgave him. There was no question in my heart, because I could truly understand how he would hold it above love.

I held out my arms to him, hoping he would see me. I could no longer see his face, but I held out my arms with all the love I was capable of, to tell him that I knew and understood; that I loved him just the same, if not more. And that I honored him for his decision.

I don't know how much later it was before some one forced me to jump. I had been working automatically, helping people, though I wasn't aware of it. I don't know who insisted or urged that I jump, but I remember looking down, so far down at black water, and saying:

"O God, let me live."

I was strangely in control of myself when I came above water. Some one had already made me take off my shoes, my coat and belt, and I felt able to swim, and even the horrible cold was a pleasant shock. I started swimming toward a lifeboat, grasping a piece of wreckage on the way. I remember feeling outraged at the continuous screams and cries, and, worse still, at the taste of oil in my mouth and the smell of it in my hair. It was as if those were unnecessary indignities. All the rest I could stand. . . .

I made for a lifeboat that was not more than a few hundred feet from me. It wasn't Arthur's boat, I knew. That had pulled away the very first. Suddenly I saw the lifeboat to which I was getting closer, pitch horribly with a wave. I realized it was going to be hit by the propeller of the big boat. I screamed like mad then, and I guess I lost control, because I went under.

When I came up I knew it had happened. The water seemed filled with bodies, poor creatures flaying, making noises, screaming God's name, calling orders. . . . And the awful sucking, roaring sound of the water which was climbing up over the Athenia. I turned around and spotted another lifeboat and began to thrash my way toward it.

And then I saw a woman in my path, clinging to a large board that I knew with sickening clarity was part of the lifeboat that had split. The woman was young and, even in the moment of death, was beautiful. She had under her arm, with the curly head tucked backward, a very small child. Her eyes pleaded with me, as I swam toward her.

"Take him, take him!" she cried. And with all the effort I could muster I got to her and extricated the wet whimpering child from her fierce clasp.

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For a while I clung to the same piece of board, intent only on juggling and wiggling until I got the child in a comfortable position, with its head well out of the water, propped on my shoulder. I was clearly aware that the mother was dead now, but not for some time did she slip off the wreckage into the black water.

I don't think I even tried to look around then. I just clung with one hand to the piece of lifeboat, and with the other hand held on to the child, constantly pleading with it not to get sick, not to be frightened. And then, after what seemed ages, I realized that a boat was approaching us. As it came closer, voices called to me to hang on. I managed with my last strength to lift the child up to them, and I knew before I collapsed that strong hands were pulling me into the boat.

I came to and found myself rolled in a dry blanket on a bunk in a small crowded cabin in our rescue ship. Some one stopped and greeted me cheerily, but I could only nod in answer to inquiries as to how I felt. A little later some one else came along and brought me hot milk, helping me to sit up and drink it. When I had finished I looked around. There must have been twenty-three people in that small cabin. I felt myself all over and, gathering the blankets around me, tested standing up. Some one came up and spoke to me.

"I'm all right," I said. "If I had some clothes I could do some work."

"O. K. Maybe we don't need another pair of hands!"

I was brought trousers and a shirt and shown where I might change. I got into them, and with my fingers tried to comb back my still wet hair. Then and only then, I thought of Arthur—and wondered.

I didn't seem to notice that I was going around barefoot until some one offered me a pair of leather slippers. Later I got sneakers, which were better. But all that was on my mind then was to see if I could find Arthur. I went from place to place—through lines of cots, the huddled groups, peering at faces.

I FOUND him, unconscious and neglected, lying on the floor. With a moan, I fell to my knees, realizing that he was horribly hurt. His face was bruised and cut. *He had been beaten!* I was aware of a pair of big boots standing by me, and a voice speaking to me—a man's voice—guttural in broken English.

"Is he—your man?" he asked.

I looked up, crying, and nodded.

"God help you, lady." The man shook his head. "Whoever or whatever you are, you deserve better than a coward like that. We gave it to him. We marked up his smooth face plenty the minute we realized he was a man—though he don't deserve the name."

"Go away, go away!" I cried hysterically. "Go away, you fool, and let me take care of him."

I gathered his dear head in my arms and pressed my cheek against his. He was warm, he was alive, however battered. They had beaten him, the fools, for escaping in woman's clothing. They would call him coward and pass the word on. They would boycott him on shipboard and treat him with contempt. I knew *why* he had done it. And, slipping my hand under his shoulder, down to the matted, still wet clothing, I could feel the long metal tube still strapped under his armpit. Safe!

A woman helped me with him eventually. We washed his wounds, took off the offensive clothing, down to his own shirt and rolled-up trousers. I went and got some coffee and fed it to him when he came to, and held him close, whispering how much I loved him.

BUOYANT HEALTH THE GREATEST WEALTH

An address on Powerful, Dynamic Health, to be delivered by Bernarr Macfadden at the Macfadden-Deauville Inspiration Hall, Miami Beach, Florida, at eight thirty on Sunday evening, February 18. Reserved seats, $1. Early reservation is advised, as seating capacity is limited.

He wasn't badly hurt and he suffered the contemptuous eyes of every one throughout that trip without flinching.

I was proud of him and proud of all the people for the way they took disaster and loss—loss of property and loss of loved ones. My heart was filled with pride for the whole human race, and for the first time in a long while I was convinced that it was worth-while, and that we would win through, and that decency and civilization would rise again, no matter how our world might be torpedoed without warning.

As soon as possible, Arthur got a wire through to Cyrus Potter, telling him that we had both been rescued and were on board, headed for Canada. We received an answer: "Report to Washington immediately direct to me, and, unless injured, both of you prepare to go to work."

He sent an aide to meet us at the dock to see that we had money to get to the States and buy the things we needed. That man understood—when the story broke about Arthur. Yes, they told the story of how he escaped dressed as a woman, and it was printed. He saw to it, though, that no one could take a picture, and Arthur was hurried away. That dreadful, disgraceful story was printed about him so that the world might know there was one coward on the Athenia. But, as fate had it, it was told about the name on Arthur's passport, a fake name on a forged passport. And, since no one seemed to know the man, few of the papers ran the story at all.

It was a thrilling journey riding into our own country on the train. Once again life savored doubly sweet to us for having escaped death, and our own land never looked so radiantly beautiful after having seen the tragic tensity of European countries with war thrust upon them.

Yes, yes, ours was the land of the free. Maybe others were just as brave, but no land was as free as ours. God keep it so.

We went, of course, directly to Washington; we were as good as escorted there, for that matter, by the aide that Cyrus Potter had sent to meet us. We went to a modest hotel until word came of when Cyrus Potter could see us. To my amazement, he wanted to see both of us at the same time.

TO my dying day I'll never forget the moment we walked into his office. He stood up back of his desk and smiled. I went directly to him—and kissed him. I wanted so earnestly to show him how my heart felt.

I doubt if it had occurred to me what his reaction might be, but it stunned me that he laughed. Cyrus Potter, whom I had once considered the meanest man in the world! He laughed with delight, and said:

"Of all things in the world for *you* to do, Hester! To kiss me! Don't you know you're considered one of the most hard-boiled agents that ever wore skirts?"

I laughed at that, too. I hadn't known that I had any reputation.

"Don't you know that you have always been considered the sourest lemon in the service?" I mocked him. And then we all laughed.

But ten minutes later our faces were sober and grave, and Arthur at last unstrapped the metal tube and laid it before Cyrus Potter.

"Imperit," he said. "I brought it at a risk you will never know. I could swear any oath that it is the only sample of it that has been successfully taken out of Germany."

"Imperit!" Cyrus Potter exploded, his eyes wide.

"You know about it?" Arthur asked eagerly.

"Imperit!" Potter repeated. "Tell me, boy, is it One or Two?"

But this time Arthur looked aghast.

"What do you mean?" he said.

"Is it Imperit One or Imperit Two?"

Arthur shook his head blankly.

"Are there two of them?"

"Ye gods, man, are there two of them! Haven't you heard? Which is this?"

"This is the one that expands the human organs until they burst."

Potter closed his eyes a moment, then he picked up the tube and examined it.

"That's Imperit One," he said solemnly. "Imperit One," he repeated in a low mutter, and set the tube down again as if it burned him. Then he turned full on Arthur as he leaned against his desk and folded his arms.

"Strange, strange coincidence," he said. "It is your first assignment. It is what I brought you here to do and get. You have done half of it already. We have now got to get Imperit Two."

Arthur cleared his throat.

"What is it," he said, "and where is it?"

I smiled at him. Just as simply as that. Just as directly—taking on a new assignment.

"What it is and where it is nobody knows," Potter said. "You can understand, yourself, how well they have it hidden when, working on Imperit One, you never heard of the other. You were there in the country and probably in the very chemical works. I know nothing about it but its effects. In one way it is worse than Imperit One; in another, it is not so bad, for it at least is merciful."

"Instant death?" I asked.

Our new chief shook his head.

"No, not as merciful as that. It is the strangest and perhaps most obvious gas I have ever heard of. They pack it in carton drums, I am told, and as it descends from an airplane, the pressure of air unloosens whatever covering they have devised so that the people attacked seldom see anything falling. Like Imperit One, it is odorless and colorless, and the victims have no idea that they are breathing in gas. Within a few hours they fall into a deep and long sleep."

"Sleep?" I queried, incredulous. "You mean ordinary actual sleep?"

"Drugged sleep," he amended, "a deep drug sleep, but absolutely painless and with no after effects. They tell me the sleep lasts for approximately forty-eight hours."

"Sleep!" Arthur gave a low whistle. "They can put a whole city to sleep and march in and capture it?"

"That's right. Or they can put a whole battalion to sleep and when it wakes up it finds itself in the hands of the enemy."

There was a long silence between us. More merciful? More merciful!

Suddenly Arthur stood up.

"When do I leave?" he said.

Cyrus Potter walked around his desk and sat down.

"You don't. There is a great deal of red tape to go through before you can be reinstated—before you can take up the position we intend you to have. You will stay here very quietly, under my personal orders, until that is accepted." His grave eyes turned to me.

"You mean," I gasped, "that I'm to go?"

"If you are game," he answered. "You will start to work here in Washington. You will go through the back door—the long way around."

I nodded. I knew what he meant. I looked at Arthur and he looked at me. We smiled at each other.

Then suddenly Arthur turned to Potter.

"You have done an awful lot for us, sir," he said, "but there is one thing more I would like you to do. Is there any possible way you can arrange for us to get married, and could you bring yourself to be best man?"

Potter put his hands on our shoulders.

"I was about to stipulate," he said, "that while you are waiting in Washington you would use the time as a honeymoon. You will both be better workers if you can manage in about three months to make yourselves an old married couple, slightly bored with each other."

"We will do our best," Arthur promised.

"As for being best man, you seem to forget that I am the sourest lemon in the service."

"Then I'll wear lemon blossoms," I said, and kissed him again.

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 36

1—Booth Tarkington.

2—The Scharnhorst went down fighting, with all hands. The Admiral Graf Spee, named for the famous commander, was scuttled.

3—Tennis. The Australian team won the Davis Cup just before its members returned home for war service, as in 1914.

4—1860, Stephen A. Douglas and John C. Breckinridge; 1864, General McClellan.

5—Journalism. It means "The End."

6—Maharani; dona; countess.

7—No, but three or more could.

8—King Charles II; Lord Nelson; Louis XV.

9—Maple; corn; beet.

10—Those ranging from $1,000 to $2,500.

11—In 1863-67; Rufus King.

12—The number of persons representing it in Congress.

13—The woodchuck and the rabbit, which live underground habitually, and sometimes the fox, which also lives in hollow logs.

14—The one for Cork. The others are in northern Ireland.

15—Alix and Schiaparelli.

16—A triangle.

17—Alexander the Great, who thus tamed Bucephalus.

18—Sun glasses.

19—Commodore O. H. Perry, Andrew Jackson; Prescott and Warren.

20—Connie Mack

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MELODY THROUGH TEARS

Hollywood gives you a slightly apocryphal picture of a tragic troubadour and his songs

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME • 7 MINUTES 33 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★½ SWANEE RIVER

THE PLAYERS: Don Ameche, Andrea Leeds, Al Jolson, Felix Bressart, Chick Chandler, Russell Hicks, George Reed, the Hall Johnson Choir, Richard Clarke, Diane Fisher. Charles Halton, George Breakston, Al Herman, Charles Trowbridge, George Meeker, Leona Roberts, Charles Tannen, Harry Hayden, Clara Blandick. Nella Walker, Esther Dale. Screen play by John Taintor Foote and Philip Dunne. Directed by Sidney Lanfield. Produced by Twentieth Century-Fox. Running time, 86 minutes.

THERE is a moving and tragic drama in Stephen Collins Foster, the troubadour who wrote at least eight songs which will live as folk music in our national life as long as there is an America. Unfortunately, this study of Foster is superficial, distorted to get dramatic effect—and none too well acted.

The maker of songs died at thirty-eight in a charity ward of Bellevue Hospital, recognized only by chance after he had been removed, desperately ill, from a bleak Bowery room. In his pockets were thirty-eight cents and a bit of paper bearing the suggestion of a new song. The tragic words were "Dear friends and gentle hearts."

Here Foster is painted as a victim of drink, as loved unwaveringly by a lovely wife, as being beset, because of his Dixie songs, by bitter partisan feelings aroused by the Civil War, as dying on the eve of his greatest triumph, when Christy, the minstrel, first presents his Swanee River to hisses and then cheers. Actually, Foster was an improvident, moody, introspective dreamer who left his prim little Scotch wife and his daughter pretty much to shift for themselves, who drifted about lower New York, drinking to forget, after the muse had died within him. His real songs, including Swanee River (Old Folks at Home), were all written within a lush period of eleven years. Foster lived on alone, tortured, eking out an existence with potboilers until he died, probably a victim of tuberculosis and malnutrition.

It is a pity that this portrait of Foster pretties and distorts facts. The man who created melody so enduringly deserves better by Hollywood. Here, in rich technicolor, with steamboats on the Mississippi and merry minstrels singing his magic songs, is a film that never gets into the strange misfit who could not adjust himself to his hard, sturdy, pioneer era.

Don Ameche certainly doesn't help as Foster, Andrea Leeds is just a pretty inspiration in crinolines, Al Jolson, as E. P. Christy, has too much mammy to be a convincing minstrel king of the '60s.

Andrea Leeds and Don Ameche in the film portrait of Stephen Foster.

VITAL STATISTICS: Stephen Foster is the first American composer to be honored in the new 1940 Famous American Series of stamps. The Foster issue is a one-cent stamp. . . . The Sacramento River plays the Mississippi. . . . A company of 200, ranging from actors to technicians, worked on location, twenty miles from Sacramento. Daily cost, $22,000. . . . The refurbished stern-wheeler that churns the Sacramento is the Captain Weber. She's a veteran river boat, built in 1892, has played many a film role. . . . One of Al Jolson's first jobs was with Lew Dockstader's Minstrels. Black-face minstrelsy dates back to the 1840s and an organization called the Virginia Ministrels. Minstrelsy flourished up to the turn of the century, then died. Reason: an outmoded entertainment formula. Tops, besides Dockstader, were George Primrose, Honey Boy Evans, Al G. Barnes, Neil O'Brien. . . . Andrea Leeds wears more dress material than any one has ever done in film before; 75 yards of cloth went into the making of the three petticoats she wears under each costume, and 25 to 30 yards of material was required for each of her dresses. And Andrea has twenty-four complete changes of costume. . . . The Hall Johnson Choir grew out of an orchestra that first employed eight Negro singers. The group has grown to sixty men and women, has won world acclaim.

★ ★½ KATIA

THE PLAYERS: Danielle Darrieux, John Loder, Marcel Simon, Aime Clarioud, Marie Helene Daste, Marcel Carpentier, Therese Dorny, Marcelle Praince, Jacques Ervin, Georges Flateau, Jeanne Provost. Screen play by Jean-Jacqques Bernard, scenario by Jacques Companez, based on a novel by Princess Marthe Bibesco. Directed by Maurice Tourneur. Produced in France by E. A. Algazy. Running time, 100 minutes.

THIS is a gentle, romanticized fable—of Czar Alexander II's love for a little Polish princess. Love surmounts all things, even the ruler's sick and slowly dying czarina, and, when that tragic figure passes away, Alexander makes little Katia his morganatic bride. She helps the handsome ruler frame many liberal, democratic shifts of government but, inspired by worried royalists, the unappreciative nihilists lay Alexander low with a bomb.

Katia is a sort of minor Mayerling, painting a pale, graceful study of a dashing monarch playing at life. John Loder is the ill-starred Alexander. Little Danielle Darrieux is piquant, ingenuous, a valentine figure in the silks of the '70s; her acting ability here seems negligible.

Done in French, with superimposed English titles. Just a historical bonbon.

VITAL STATISTICS: Danielle Darrieux is the pretty star who Hollywooded briefly for Universal, making The Rage of Paris. Her husband is Henri Decoin, ex-war ace, actor, and director. Married when she was seventeen. Now twenty-three. Danielle comes of a family of musicians, plays the piano, sings, takes violoncello lessons. Remember her in Mayerling with Charles Boyer? . . . In the old silent days the French-born Maurice Tourneur made films at Fort Lee, later shifted with pictures to Hollywood. One of his discoveries was Hope Hampton. One of his technical assistants developed into ace director Clarence Brown. In those days Tourneur had a Gallic flair for camera beauty. He made the first (and silent) Blue Bird, Prunella. He megaphoned Marguerite Clark, Elsie Ferguson, Mary Pickford. Went back to France in 1925, disappeared from view as far as Hollywood films were concerned. . . . They tell this story of the Duke of Windsor at the Paris première of Katia. The duke is a friend of John Loder, and when the English actor asked the ex-king if he considered him a convincing emperor, Windsor is said to have replied, "Just like one of the boys!" . . . John Loder's father was an officer in the South African War, and the future actor entered Sandhurst after Eton. He was only seventeen when he served in the Gallipoli campaign, at that time one of the youngest commissioned officers in the British army. Later he decided to try a new career, adventured into pictures. Has made films in London, Paris, Hollywood. Married Micheline Cheirel, who was in Carnival in Flanders. Their child is named Danielle after their friend, la Darrieux.

★½ CHARLES McCARTHY, DETECTIVE

THE PLAYERS: Robert Cummings, Constance Moore, Edgar Bergen, John Sutton, Louis Calhern, Edgar Kennedy, Samuel S. Hinds, Warren Hymer, Harold Huber. Screen play by Edward Eliscu, Harold Shumate, and Richard Mack from a story by Robertson White and Darrell Ware. Directed by Frank Tuttle. Produced by Universal. Running time, 77 minutes.

THAT brash little brat of the ether, Charlie McCarthy, appears with his mentor, Edgar Bergen, and his woodenheaded bucolic rival, Mortimer Snerd, in as complicated a mess of conventional gangster melodrama as ever was manufactured to order in Hollywood. It's a pity that the movies can't be ingenious enough to get the most out of Charlie.

In the plot you'll discover a powerful and wicked publisher, tough gambling gangsters, pretty night-club entertainers pursued by machine-gun gentry, dire deeds ranging up to murder. Charlie, unfortunately, is less than an echo.

VITAL STATISTICS: For the first time in films, Charlie McCarthy can roll his eyes, up, down, and sideways. Mobile from a special operation. Charlie, by the way, costs a bit sartorially. Edgar Bergen says his suits cost $75, his hats $25, his shoes $17.50 a pair. However, Charlie seldom grows out of his clothes, which are insured for $3,000. . . . Bergen, by the way, is an enthusiastic amateur movie maker and a member of the American Society of Cinematographers. His liking for film making dates back to one of his first jobs, projectionist in a movie theater years ago. That was before Northwestern University—and Charlie. In case you want to know, Bergen is thirty-seven. . . . Connie Moore was singing over the CBS airways when the movies got her. Before that, a night-club entertainer. Born in Sioux City, Iowa, reached Hollywood via a Dallas, Texas, school for girls. . . . John Sutton once ranched in Natal, South Africa, planted tea in India. Like John Loder, he is the son of a British army officer and went to Sandhurst.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Gone with the Wind, Gulliver's Travels, That They May Live, Ninotchka, Mr. Smith Goes to Washington, Babes in Arms, Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex, Rulers of the Sea, The Real Glory, The Women, The Rains Came. The Wizard of Oz, Stanley and Livingstone.

★★★½—The Hunchback of Notre Dame, The Great Victor Herbert, The Light that Failed, We Are Not Alone, First Love, Eternally Yours, Intermezzo: A Love Story, Disputed Passage, Golden Boy.

★★★—Everything Happens at Night, Remember the Night, Four Wives, Geronimo, Destry Rides Again, That's Right, You're Wrong, Tower of London, Drums Along the Mohawk, The Roaring Twenties, Hollywood Cavalcade, Thunder Afloat, Espionage Agent, Honeymoon in Bali, The Cat and the Canary, Nurse Edith Cavell, Dust Be My Destiny, The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes, The Under-Pup, The Star Maker, Fifth Avenue Girl, Lady of the Tropics, When Tomorrow Comes, The Old Maid, In Name Only, What a Life, Each Dawn I Die, Winter Carnival, Beau Geste, They Shall Have Music.

DID YOU EVER TAKE AN INTERNAL BATH?

This may seem a strange question. But if you want to improve your general health, to enjoy, as thousands of users have, a new sense of vigor, even of optimism, to feel up-and-coming every day for work or play—you're going to read this message to the very last line.

Baffled at 47 feels like young man at 77

Imagine what a thrilling thing it is to realize that a man who has been a victim of that half-sick, half-alive feeling for many years may suddenly find himself restored to happiness, vitality and vigor. Imagine how a man feels when he realizes that at last he may be able to say goodby to the headaches, biliousness, sluggishness, half-sick feeling due to constipation that may have been sapping his energy for years.

But let Mr. Aul reveal to you in his own way how it happened in one case.

Read Mr. Aul's Astounding Letter

"I am now 77 years young, have owned a Cascade for over thirty years. When I first started using the J.B.L. Cascade I was a victim of constipation and at my wits' end as to what to do about it. Tried most everything that was recommended and prescribed for me for years without results. I now feel that Internal Bathing was responsible for bringing back my health and for keeping it ever since. I use the Cascade occasionally now, but I would not part with it for $1,000. Have sincerely recommended it to everyone suffering from the ill effects of constipation."

(Signed) Leopold Aul

A Doctor's Opinion of INTERNAL BATHING

"I have been a user and prescriber of the J. B. L. Cascade for about twenty-eight years and now I wish I could convince everybody just what Internal Bathing means in the *maintenance and preserving of good health.*"

A. L. DANIEL, M. D.
518 Altman Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

What Is an Internal Bath?

Some understand an Internal Bath to be an enema. Others take it to be some new-fangled laxative. Both are wrong. A real genuine true Internal Bath is no more like an enema than a kite is like an airplane. The only similarity is the employment of water in each case.

A bona fide Tyrrell Internal Bath is the administration into the lower intestinal tract of pure, warm water in which J. B. L. Cleansing Powder has been dissolved. The appliance that holds the liquid and injects it is the J. B. L. Cascade, the invention of that eminent physician, Dr. Charles A. Tyrrell. Now, here's where the genuine Internal Bath differs radically from the enema.

The lower intestine, called by the late Professor Foges of Vienna "the most prolific source of disease," is five feet long and shaped like an inverted U—thus ∩. The enema cleanses but a third of this "horseshoe," or to the first bend. The J. B. L. Cascade treatment cleanses it the entire length—and does it effectively. You have only to read that booklet "Why We Should Bathe Internally" to fully understand how the Cascade does it—without pain or discomfort.

Why Take an Internal Bath?

Here is why: the intestinal tract is the waste canal of the body. Due to our soft foods, lack of vigorous exercise, and highly artificial civilization, a large percentage of persons suffer from intestinal stasis (delay). In many cases the passage of the colonic wastes is delayed entirely too long. Result: an accumulation of long-retained impacted fecal matter that is bound to be uncomfortable at best. But, in the opinion of many authorities, this mass of waste may produce more serious results. From this state of chronic constipation may result—in the opinion of many—an increased susceptibility to colds, certain kinds of headaches, so-called rheumatic pains, listlessness and fatigue—sometimes various skin blemishes, not to mention other more serious attributed ills. Many authorities believe that you should be kept free of chronic constipation. Internal Bathing is an effective means. No harsh cathartics or laxatives. Through the use of the J. B. L. Cascade you can give yourself a high colonic irrigation—and right in the privacy of your own home. In only fifteen minutes it flushes the intestinal tract—quick, hygienic action. As the intestinal muscles tend to be strengthened, the passage of waste is hastened. The use of the J. B. L. Cascade is non-habit forming.

Frequent Benefits

Taken just before retiring, for instance, it often induces sleep as restful as that of a child and often helps the user to arise in the morning—as many advocates of the J. B. L. Cascade have testified—with a new sense of vigor—with a new fund of optimism. Many, many men and women who have faithfully practised Internal Bathing attribute these results and many others to this marvelous method of keeping clean inwardly.

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It is entirely FREE. We are absolutely convinced that you will agree you never used a stamp to better advantage. There are letters from many citing results that seem miraculous. As an eye-opener on health, this booklet is worth many, many, many times the price of that stamp. Use the convenient coupon below or address Tyrrell's Hygienic Institute, Inc., Dept. L-210, 152 W. 65th Street, New York City—NOW!

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Send me without cost or obligation, your illustrated book on intestinal ills and the proper use of the famous Internal Bath—"Why We Should Bathe Internally."

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MORE SNAKES Than I Can Kill

Communists, Fascists, Nazis . . those who are working subversively in this country to undermine American democracy!—The head of the Dies Committee tells his own story

BY REPRESENTATIVE MARTIN DIES

Chairman of the House Committee on Un-American Activities

READING TIME ● 15 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

PART FIVE—
THE MARXIAN MENACE

THE disclosures before our committee, the Soviet-Nazi pact, and the invasion of Finland have temporarily checked Stalin's organization of Communists and fellow travelers in the United States. Some of them have quit in disgust. Others have become discreetly silent. But let no one imagine that either organized Communism or Marxism has ceased to be a serious menace to this country.

Even those Communists and fellow travelers who have permanently broken with Stalin still hold stubbornly to the principles of Marxism. They will never understand that the principles of Marxism, if applied in any country or under any conditions, will inevitably produce dictatorship, either through the success of the Communists in seizing the government, as in the case of Russia, or through the success of the anti-Communists in gaining power for the professed purpose of saving the country from Communism, as in the case of Germany.

But while this truth has been demonstrated in Russia, Italy, and Germany, there is no hope of ever enlightening the irrational minds of Marxists. Our protection against the insidious poison of Marxism must come from exposure of it, from education, and from the inculcation of Christian ideals in our people.

We must also recognize that Communism and Fascism thrive on economic distress. However, poverty and unemployment are not the sole causes of Communism. The evidence before our committee established the fact that many people have embraced Communism who have good jobs, and in some instances rich people contribute to Communism. The leaders of Communism are by no means poor. They find it quite profitable to serve the interests of Moscow.

Some so-called liberals argue that until we solve the problems of unemployment and poverty, there is nothing that we can do about the growth of Communism. Of course all of us will agree that everything practicable should be done to abolish poverty and unemployment. On the other hand, we must admit that since the world began, poverty and unemployment have existed, the same as cancer and tuberculosis. The medical profession has done everything within its power to find cures for cancer and tuberculosis. While some progress has been made, we are still afflicted with these dreaded maladies. The medical profession will continue a diligent search, but in the meantime the people are certainly justified in prohibiting the noxious operations of quacks who prey upon the afflicted patient.

So it is with poverty and unemployment. We must continue our search for a solution of these social diseases, but in the meantime we have a right to expose the agents of foreign governments who seek to exploit poverty in order to aggravate the condition not only of the afflicted patient but of every one else. It cannot be truthfully said that employment and good jobs will completely remove the threat of Marxism. According to the testimony of Earl Browder, the majority of the members of the Communist Party are employed and hold fairly good jobs. Some of them are professors in colleges and universities, and many of them hold government positions, where their salaries range from $4,000 to $10,000 a year. Neither can it be said that education will prevent the spread of Marxism, because many professors are Marxists and they are sowing the seeds of Marxism disguised as liberalism in the minds of our youth.

The real answer lies in the restoration of Christian influence in America. The teachings of Karl Marx and those of Christ stand at opposite poles. Marx represents the lowest forms of materialism; Christ symbolizes the highest and noblest conceptions of the spiritual. To Marx, man at his best was merely an intelligent animal of no more importance than the beasts of the field. To Christ, man is the noblest handiwork of God. This irreconcilable conflict between the teachings of Christ and Marx is the issue upon which the future of Western civilization is staked.

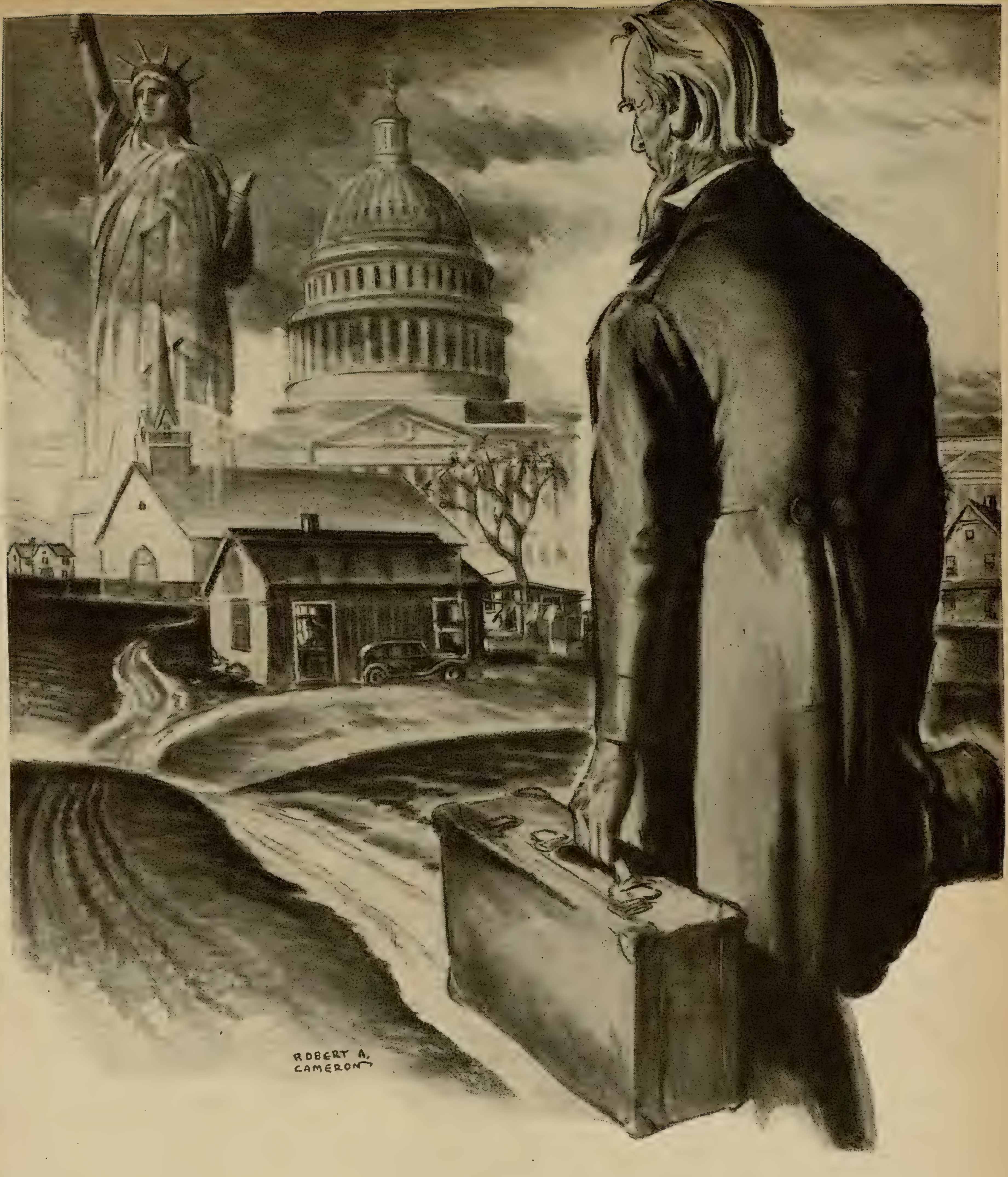
The church is confronted with an inescapable challenge to prosecute a victorious war against the forces of materialism and totalitarianism. As the influence of Christianity declines, the influence of Marxism increases. Worship of the state becomes the pagan religion of the nation.

The real aim of Marxism is the destruction of the Christian religion and the establishing of a godless state. When the state abolishes the inherent and fundamental right of the people to enjoy the fruits of their labor, it invariably deprives the people of their right to worship God according to the dictates of their conscience. The destruction of one fundamental right is always followed by the destruction of all others. It is for this reason that the dictatorships of Stalin and Hitler are certain enslavement for the laborer and the complete abrogation of all rights to collective bargaining.

Most people fail to appreciate the Communist menace to America because they are under the erroneous impression that a country can only be communized by violent revolution, and they argue that we are in no danger of revolution. As a matter of

All statements made and opinions expressed by Mr. Dies in this series of articles are his own, and Liberty disclaims responsibility for any of them. For his statement of his case, it has allowed him the fullest latitude within the laws of libel. As always, it will be happy, in any instance, to present the other side too.

BEHIND THE SCENES IN THE PROBE OF UN-AMERICANISM



"The only hope for our country lies in our return to the American way."

fact, the revolutionary method is employed only in countries where the conditions are favorable for revolution. In others a more subtle method is employed. The Communists and Marxists in the United States are seeking to sabotage by degrees the political and economic system of America in favor of bureaucratic state capitalism. It is their scheme to communize this country by degrees. All such proposals as the attempts to socialize medicine, law, etc., constitute steps in this program to accomplish gradually what they are unable to do by violent revolution.

This is the strategy of all Marxists in America. It came from the following advice given to their disciples by Marx and Engels:

"The proletariat will use its political supremacy to wrest, by degrees, all capital from the bourgeoisie, to centralize all instruments of production in the hands of the state. . . . Of course, in the beginning this cannot be effected except by means of despotic inroads on the rights of property and on the conditions of bourgeois production; by means of measures, therefore, which appear economically insufficient and untenable but which in the course of the movement outstrip themselves and necessitate further inroads upon the old social order."

All shades of Marxism in America from the deepest red to the palest pink—the Communists, the Socialists, the crackpots, the so-called liberals—have united in support of this Marxist strategy. This united front of Marxists is, therefore, engaged in a campaign of sabotage of our political and economic system. The preparation of this campaign is to condition the thinking of our people along socialistic lines and to stimulate a feeling of self-pity in a large segment of our population. It is a vital part of this mental conditioning of the people to convince them that the government has a duty to support them, that poverty and insecurity can be abolished by the state, that property rights are in conflict with human rights, and that our economic system is outmoded and should be abolished in favor of bureaucratic state capitalism. The Marxists do not tell the people that if the government is to be charged with the responsibility of supporting the people, it must exercise the corresponding right to discipline them.

The next stage in the Communization of the country consists of various proposals to regiment agriculture, industry, the professions, and labor under cleverly devised schemes of planned economy which make it impossible for the economic system to function. A vital part of these Marxian proposals is the bankruptcy of the country through the expenditure of borrowed capital or a resort to wild inflation. It must be borne in mind that the educated Marxists realize, as stated by Marx and Engels, that these measures are economically insufficient and untenable. Their purpose is to paralyze our economic system, which rests upon private initiative and the profit motive. They know that it is impossible to superimpose socialistic laws upon a capitalistic society without destroying the economic system.

After the economic system is completely paralyzed by these measures and by public bankruptcy, the next stage in this process of gradual Communization is the destruction of private property in favor of public ownership. Since this is no more nor less than monopoly raised to its highest power, dictatorship is the final and inevitable stage. Indeed, bureaucratic state capitalism is so unwieldy and inefficient that it can only be held together by force.

The influence of the Marxists and their teachings has been steadily gaining ground in this country. Many people have been convinced that the government ought to support them. This has been demonstrated by the popularity of such schemes as the Townsend pension plan, the Ham-and-Eggs scheme, and the like.

The Marxists favor private monopoly as a means of preparing the economic system for quick transition to Communism. They do not believe in the enforcement of antitrust laws or in the restoration and maintenance of competitive conditions. They know that a wider diffusion of private property, which can come about only as a result of the restoration and maintenance of competitive conditions, will render impossible the Communization of America. They likewise favor every measure which tends to centralize political and economic power in Washington. This is in accordance with the advice of Marx and Engels to "centralize all instruments of production in the hands of the state."

I believe that, as chairman of the committee, it is my duty to call attention to the fact that not all of the adherents of Marxism in this country are card-holding members of the Communist Party. Some of them are distributed among scores of numerically inconsequential organizations, but the great majority of Marxists do not belong, as such, to any organization. They masquerade under the name of liberals, and they deny that they are Communists. Most of them are milk-and-water Marxists. Nevertheless, by their contempt for the American economic system and their unflagging efforts to discredit it, they serve the ends of the revolutionary Marxists. They also furnish a pretext, but not a justification, for the activities of that other brand of Marxists, the Fascists who masquerade as patriots and pose as the saviors of the country from the threat of Communism.

The members of the Communist Party are less dangerous to this country than the Marxists who masquerade under the name of liberals.

For almost a year and a half our committee has taken testimony from scores of witnesses, most of whom have had firsthand knowledge of un-American activities. This testimony

HOW STRONG IS COMMUNISM ON THE COAST AND IN HOLLYWOOD?

What are the startling revelations which Martin Dies has promised to make concerning certain movie stars, writers, and others closely connected with Hollywood?

What of the California labor organizations and the freely circulated charges that they are permeated—even dominated—by Communist agitators?

READ WHAT DIES WILL SAY IN LIBERTY

about these situations in a new series of articles on un-American activities on the West Coast which will start in an early issue.

Previous intimations are that Hollywood contributions to the Communist Party have risen in four years from $600 a month to $3,000 a month. Who is paying this money?

What of the comment of certan labor leaders that the Dies Committee "has no evidence" of Communism in West Coast labor organizations and that "there is none"?

REPRESENTATIVE DIES WILL ANSWER

these questions in the forthcoming articles—articles so important they should be read by every patriotic man and woman in the country.

STARTING IN **Liberty** **NEXT WEEK!**

fills some seven thousand printed pages. Among the witnesses were the present heads of Communist, Nazi, and Fascist groups and organizations, as well as many who were formerly prominent in these subversive movements. These witnesses came from almost every walk of life. Their testimony has convinced me that there is a well organized and highly developed campaign to Communize this country by degrees, and that unless these conspirators are exposed and checked, America will in the course of time become a dictatorship.

There is no question in my mind that there are many government officials, charged with responsibility of administering our laws, who are not in sympathy with our political or economic system, and who are doing everything they can to build up a bureaucratic state capitalism. Some of these officials are disgruntled failures in the business world who are seeking to vent their spleen upon the American economic system. Many of them do not want it to function successfully because it will deprive them of their prestige and power; but all of them, regardless of motive, are contributing to the gradual Communization of America.

In my contact with these Marxists, I have discovered one interesting fact, namely, that without exception they are atheists or agnostics. This has convinced me that a revival of Christianity and the restoration of competitive conditions constitute the only effective defense which we can build against the invasion of Marxian ideas.

WHETHER we have succeeded in arousing this country to the danger of Marxism is a debatable question. All polls have shown that the overwhelming majority of our people favor this committee and its work. This, however, does not mean that the people understand and appreciate the subtle campaign that is being carried on to subvert their political and economic system and institutions. It is easy and popular to denounce Stalin and Hitler, but it is quite another thing to denounce the philosophy of government for which they stand.

Another advantage the Marxists have is their ability to organize. It has been demonstrated time and time again that an organized minority can outmaneuver an unorganized majority. The organized minority in this country are carrying on an incessant attack upon our committee. They shift their strategy to meet changing conditions. In the beginning of the investigation, their argument was that the Communist Party was a legal party and that people had a right to belong to it. While denying that they were Communists, they defended the right of the Communists to carry on organized Communism in America.

After our committee had succeeded in showing conclusively that the Communist Party and its members are merely agents of Stalin, and after the Soviet-Nazi pact and the invasion of

This "daring young man" knows something you should know about COFFEE

MAYBE you've noticed that circus performers are great coffee drinkers. No wonder!

For coffee relieves nervous tension. Makes for better mental and muscular coordination. Puts new life and spring in tired bodies—banishes the very cause of fatigue.

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PAN AMERICAN COFFEE BUREAU, NEW YORK CITY

REMEMBER THIS: **To make good coffee, use enough —a heaping tablespoonful to each cup.**

RIGHT or WRONG?

Can you score 100% in this 1-minute Coffee Quiz?

COFFEE AIDS DIGESTION

Right? ☐ Wrong? ☐

According to medical authorities, coffee is a definite aid to digestion. Indigestion is caused by the heavy meals we eat and the speed at which we often eat them. In such cases, hot coffee, taken after such meals, is most helpful. Check "Right" above.

COFFEE IS SERVED TO ATHLETES

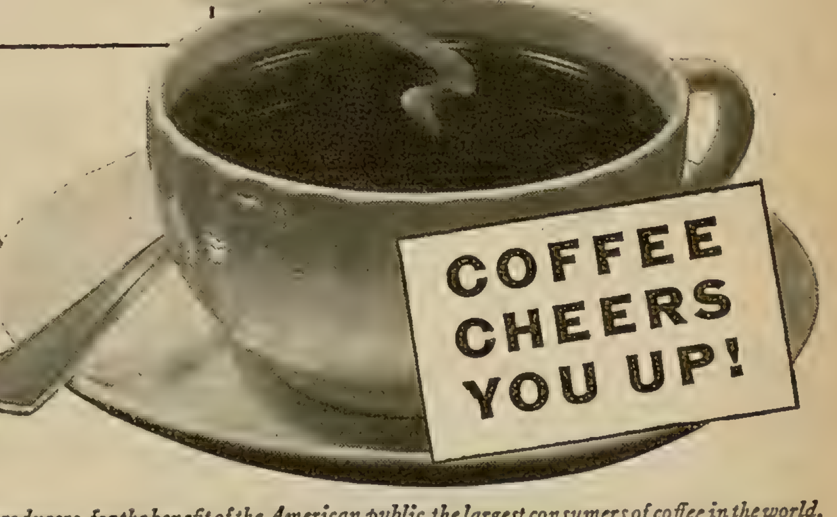
Right? ☐ Wrong? ☐

The fact is, coffee enables the muscles to contract more vigorously, puts new life in them. Also livens up the brain for better coordination. So, many famous coaches have coffee served at training tables and during the rest periods of strenuous football, basketball and hockey games. Check "Right" above.

IS THERE A COFFEE FESTIVAL IN YOUR TOWN?

Leading department stores are featuring, during February and March, the latest in coffee-brewing devices and demonstrating the best methods of brewing coffee. You'll find it interesting.

DON'T MISS IT!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BRAZIL • COLOMBIA • CUBA • EL SALVADOR • NICARAGUA • VENEZUELA

Finland seriously damaged the prestige of Soviet Russia in America, the Marxists changed their policy. While joining with others in the condemnation of the Soviet Union, they began a concentrated attack upon a majority of the members of the committee. I am reliably informed that in the near future an organized campaign will get under way to smear certain members of it and certain of our employees, and that Marxists are seeking to cripple the investigation either by advocating a joint Congressional committee or by removing certain members of our committee. I do know it to be a fact that no effort will be spared to sabotage this investigation or to discredit it. The pressure upon Congress will be tremendous.

But, in spite of these advantages which the Marxists hold, I am convinced that this country is on the verge of a great revival of Americanism. I have made many speeches in every section of the country, and I have been amazed to observe the enthusiasm of the people. Our people are fundamentally sound, and unless I am mistaken they are going to insist that the American way, not the European, must be followed in the administration of our government.

I likewise believe that politicians have underestimated the intelligence of the people, and that a day of reckoning is at hand. It has been the fashion of politicians in recent years to lie to the people about the duties, functions, and responsibilities of the government. The politicians are trying to tell the people what the politicians think the people want to hear rather than to tell them the truth. One of the illustrious founders of the Republic observed with prophetic insight the technique of the demagogues, which is the same technique now employed by the Marxists, when he wrote:

"Of those men who have overturned the liberties of republics, the greatest number have begun their career by paying an obsequious court to the people, commencing demagogues and ending tyrants."

As for me, I have an abiding faith in the soundness and the workability of our institutions if allowed to function in the American way. But I am convinced that our political and economic system cannot function under monopolistic conditions of either the state or the private variety. I am equally convinced that the only hope for our country lies in return to the American way, and that most of our avoidable calamities have befallen us as a result of aping the political and economic ways of Europe.

OUR investigation has shown beyond any doubt that foreign influences have been at work to shape both domestic and foreign policies of the United States. Blessed as no other people on earth, with all the conditions necessary for economic and intellectual independence, we hold stubbornly and stupidly to foreign ties which a sound Americanism should have dissolved in all of us. Some of our people still hold a fatal attachment to European thought and institutions. Every crisis in Europe is reflected in the attitude and conduct of some of our people.

That our leaders have been duped by foreign Powers cannot be successfully denied by any one who will take the pains to read the testimony and documentary evidence received by our committee. In the horse-and-buggy days of Washington, our leaders could detect and resist the insidious wiles of foreign influence. It remained for this streamlined generation of sophisticated leadership to fill the role of proverbial sucker. The real reason for the opposition to our investigation by the officialdom of Washington lies in the fact that their egotism could not stand the shock of the exposure that they had been duped.

I do not know, at this writing, whether or not this investigation will be continued. I know that if certain concessions were made it would be an easy matter to continue the committee for another year; but unless I can be assured that we can continue to prosecute this investigation without fear, favor, or partisanship, I shall do my best to oppose a renewal of the life of the committee.

THE END

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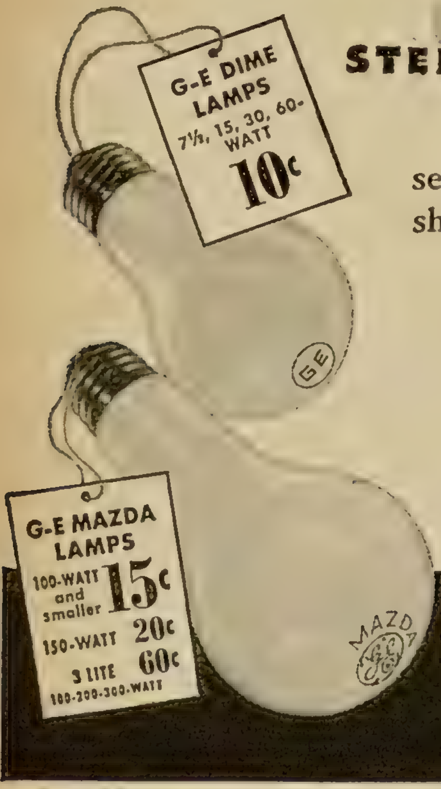

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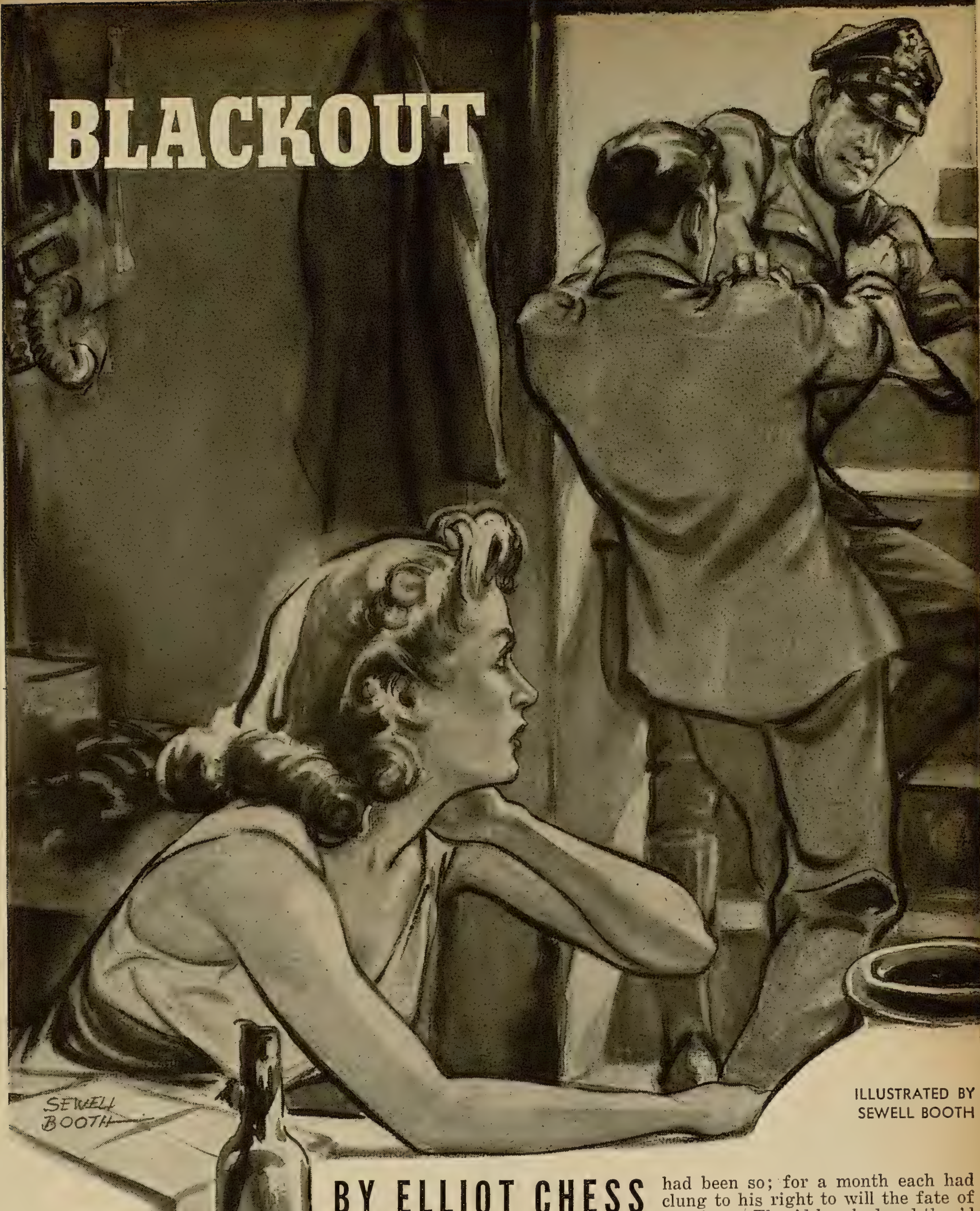
GENERAL ELECTRIC

BLACKOUT



ILLUSTRATED BY SEWELL BOOTH

The American sprang. The struggle was brief but desperate.

BY ELLIOT CHESS

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

AND so they'd become inseparable—the American flyer, the Pan Kapitan, and the Polish girl with the lovely eyes. For a month it had been so; for a month each had clung to his right to will the fate of the three. They'd laughed and they'd danced; they'd seen the sun come up and they'd seen the sun go down—for a month now that was.

Tonight they'd gone to the opera, for tonight was the Pan Kapitan's night. Twice his head had lifted; twice he thought he heard, yet he

A poignant, pulse-quickening tale of terror and a soldier's sacrifice for love

I WAS ALLERGIC TO CARS

I knew what would happen when I got home, but a car made me see red. I might not be here today if the Mistress hadn't picked up a free copy of the new Sergeant's DOG BOOK! The BOOK told her why I chased them and how to stop me.

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It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Amazing in making bile flow freely. For a FREE trial supply of Carter's Little Liver Pills, send your name and address on a penny postcard to Carter's, 333 West 42nd Street, New York City. Or ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 10¢ and 25¢ at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

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wasn't sure. Then the curtain went down, the applause dwindled, and the three laughed their way slowly up the crowded aisle into the open. Then their laughter went dead.

They stood with their backs hard against the sandbags, listening to the sound of distant guns.

It was a cool autumn's night, and there were bright stars over the park where calla lilies grew. A light shot up from Kosciuszko Hill.

"Lovely," whispered the girl.

The Pan Kapitan felt for her hand in the darkness. Its palm was damp and her slim body trembled next to his.

"Listen . . . planes," said the American.

"What kind?"

"They're not Polish," the American said.

More and more lights shot up into the darkness, crossed and recrossed. Then came the awful sound of tanks, and the crowd started running like little children from a drunken man.

"I'm hungry," said the girl.

The Pan Kapitan knew it wasn't hunger, he knew it was fear; but he said, "The world cracks wide open, then it breaks into little pieces, and what does Ireana say? She says, 'I'm hungry.' Are American women so personal in times of danger?"

The American laughed. It was an easy laugh.

"There they come," he said.

The first bomb dropped; the light from it flashed.

They were the last to run. Hand in hand, they raced across the street and on through the park, where they saw the woman fall. She'd been a moving shadow in front of them before she staggered a little and dropped. The Pan Kapitan walked over and knelt at her side; and afterward, when he came back, he said, "She's dead."

THEY ran on until they got to the hill of fresh dirt where the bomb shelter was. The girl started down the steps, but the American paused.

"I'll be back," he said, then turned and ran through the darkness toward Checago Maja, the street where the shops were.

"Bill!" screamed the girl. "Bill!"

She ran back up. As she stood wavering, the Pan Kapitan lifted her gently into his arms and carried her slowly down the steps into the darkness and safety below. A bomb exploded near by. Another.

"He'll get killed!" said the girl.

The Pan Kapitan lowered her trembling body. He could feel her warm breath; he could hear the tanks; he could hear bombs bursting.

He remembered the woman in the park. "Listen. That woman was Pan Senkowski's wife," he said to the girl. She didn't seem to hear. She stood holding on to him, sobbing and saying:

"Please, don't let him get killed."

"My love," whispered the Pan Kapitan. He held her close, feeling her fear, her fright. "You're afraid," he said finally.

"No."

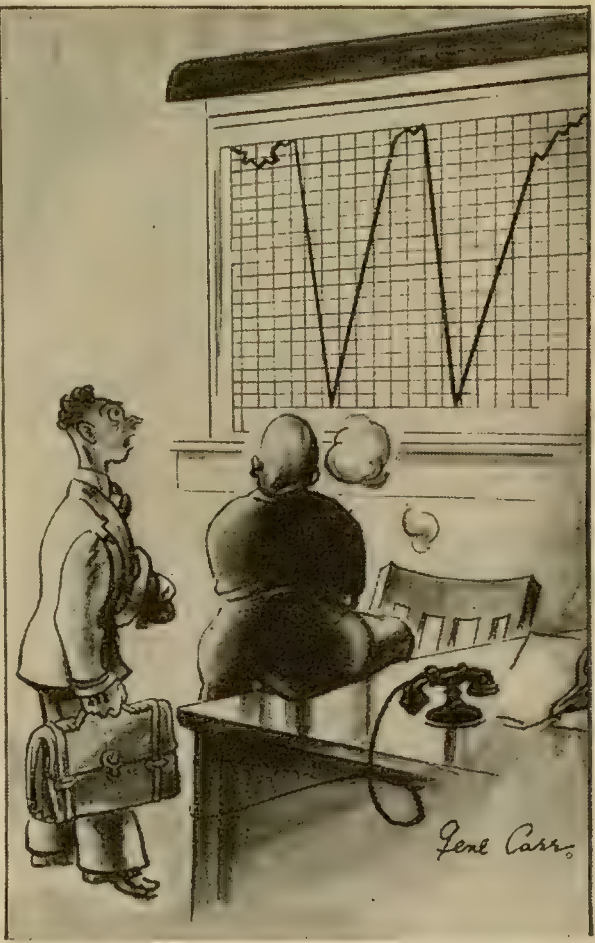
"Then you're afraid for him."

"Yes," said the girl.

"Do you know what that is?"

"Yes, I know what it is."

"It's love," said the Pan Kapitan.



"Gimlet, our most valuable man, was absent two days last month."

"I tried hard not to," confessed the girl. "I tried *so* hard not to. But he laughs like a child. And when he laughs I forget to be afraid. And I've been afraid so long—so long!" She hid her face in her hands and sobbed, "Why—*why* doesn't he come back?"

"He'll come back."

"I tried so hard not to love him," said the girl plaintively.

The Pan Kapitan still held her gently, and when she moved he knew she was clutching her medallion of the Black Madonna of Czestochowa; he knew she was praying for the American she'd tried so hard not to love. . . .

Outside a voice called, "Hello!"

"It's Bill!" cried the girl. She swung open the door. "Bill . . . Bill!"

The American stumbled down the steps; he'd bought *chista* and sausages and bread, and he stood laughing in the darkness and telling them how frightened the shopkeeper was. The girl laughed, too.

She lit a candle. The light fell upon her cool blue eyes and her blonde hair and her soft red mouth. The American closed the door. He had on a loose tweed suit. He looked very young.

"I just missed the tanks," he said.

It was a small room with benches. For a brief moment shadows of the three remained poised against the concrete walls. The Pan Kapitan took the bottle. He dug out its cork with his pocket knife.

He looked up, remembering his friend's wife who lay in the park. "Bill risked his life because you were hungry," he said quietly to the girl. "Drink?"

Her hand shook as she lifted the bottle. She drank only a little, then handed the bottle to the American.

The Pan Kapitan was the last to drink. "To Poland," he said, his voice soft, nostalgic. "To Poland in the spring. . . ." He drank; then for a long time he seemed lost in his thoughts. "It'll be bad now. There'll be no place to love. Everywhere there'll be memories of disaster." His head was raised, his voice a whisper. "Listen. The tanks again. Lwow will fall. And when Lwow falls the nation falls. It's an old saying, Bill."

They seemed to know it would happen after that. Silently they ate their sausages and they drank their *chista.* They listened to the shooting from the windows of the Hotel St. George; they listened to the sound of the planes that came and dropped their bombs and went away. They thought more people would come into the shelter; but hours passed and none did.

That gave the Pan Kapitan time to reflect: The day he'd gone with Ireana to watch the American test the new French planes. They'd seen great flying that day. And just as the sun was going down, Ireana had flown with him. She'd finally stepped to the ground, her face flushed, her eyes dreamy with excitement. They'd danced at the St. George afterward. And from then they were inseparable, each having his night: the American his cinema, Ireana her dancing, the Pan Kapitan his opera. Dinners and more dinners—and always a feeling of security, a lightness and a laughter from a land far, far away. He'd become their shrine, this American, with his easy indifference to circumstance. . . . And time and time again the shadow of the woman in the park fell upon his thoughts.

It was near morning when they heard the fresh sound of tanks.

The Pan Kapitan's head lifted.

"Bill?" The two stared at him curiously.

"Yes?"

"When do you leave?"

"Tomorrow. . . . yes, tomorrow."

"Tomorrow!" The girl's eyes went wide and staring; there was terror in her clenched hands.

"Take her with you," said the Pan Kapitan. The two said nothing; they sat still, looking at him. "Take her to America. She'll be safe there and away from fear. And they like beautiful women in America. I've seen them in your cinema. You'll be proud of her. Don't you love her, Bill?"

The girl jumped to her feet. "Don't answer him!"

"Why not?"

"Because it's unfair. It's—"

"It's no time for petty deceits," said the Pan Kapitan. "It's time to be honest."

"I love her," the American said.

"It's her eyes," said the Pan Kapitan. "And you have fine taste. Have all Americans such fine taste?"

"Please—*please!*" sobbed the girl.

"And there's nothing wrong with loving her. She inspires love. But, to love, there must be freedom. Without freedom—there can be no love." The Pan Kapitan rose now. He was a tall man. "It's almost morning. Yet it's still my night to will our destinies. Together we've danced and we've laughed and we've sung. Now take her, Bill." He paused, listening to the lightening sound of the tanks, their last furious race through the streets before the sun came up. The candle sputtered, went out. "Death and love—how often they go hand in hand," he added quietly.

The girl shrieked as he leaped toward the door. The American sprang at him. The struggle was brief but desperate, the Pan Kapitan slowly edging himself up the steps.

"Take her!" he cried. "Take . . ."

He turned, ran out into the open. He heard the gentle sound of tanks, the last dim sound of their bullets as they went through, and the faraway sound of the girl as she sobbed herself into silence in the security below.

THE quiet finally came; the first red light of dawn flushed the heavens. And now the two rose and walked hand in hand up the steps. The streets were stark and still. Near the calla lilies, the Pan Kapitan lay as if asleep in the morning's sun. The girl who had been his wife looked back once, then walked thoughtfully on, leaving the dead behind.

THE END

HOW TO HELP YOUR BEST GIRL MAKE UP HER MIND

SOAK YOUR HAIR with water every time you comb it and she'll soon be losing interest. Water washes away natural oils—leaves your hair dry and stiff and wild as the March wind.

PLASTER IT DOWN with greasy goo. Get it nice and shiny, sort of gigolo-like. Then she'll feel uncomfortable with you in public, simply loathe to run her hand through your hair.

LOSE YOUR HAIR through neglect. You'll look old enough to be her uncle and get a nice handshake with a polite "thank you for a wonderful evening"—on this side the front door.

GET YOUR HAIR looking its natural best with Kreml and watch her get the right look in her eyes. Kreml removes dandruff scales, checks excessive falling hair, relieves itching scalp.

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FIND YOUR FORTUNE IN THE STARS!

LIBERTY'S

STARGAZING CONTEST

OFFERS

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IN CASH PRIZES AND INVITES YOU TO WIN!

WITH the two drawings on this page Liberty's Stargazing Contest enters the seventh of its ten weeks. It will not be long now until the final pair of drawings is available to complete an entry. Yet, if you have not entered, you can get into the game today with ample time to solve all the puzzles and prepare an entry that will capture a prize.

Why delay? Start your own entry right now by reading the brief Rules, which explain exactly how to go about winning. Then rearrange the letters starred in Drawing 13 into the name of a stellar entertainer you have enjoyed either over the air or on the screen. Drawing 14 will give the name of another star. Save your answers until the end of the contest. Now, here's how to make up lost ground:

LATE-ENTRY OFFER

Liberty has prepared reprints of the first dozen drawings of the Stargazing series. Enclose ten cents in stamps, to cover cost of handling and mailing, and mail your order to the address given in Rule 6. Your order will be filled in plenty of time for you to solve each puzzle and bring your entry even with the field.

THE RULES

1. This contest will cover ten weeks, ending in the issue of Liberty dated March 2, 1940.

2. Each week of the contest the names of two prominent stars of radio or pictures will be presented in jumbled form, a total of twenty names to solve.

3. To compete, simply unscramble the jumbled letters of the two names presented each week into their correct order. For instance, the various letters in a puzzle might be B-R-O-C-S-I-N-G-B-Y and could be rearranged to spell BING CROSBY. The scattered letters S-A-M-H-A-N-J-O-R would rearrange into JOAN MARSH. Write your solutions in the space provided under each puzzle. Save all solutions until your set is complete at the end of the game.

4. Then write a statement of not more than 100 words explaining "The feature, story, article, or department in Liberty I have liked best during the ten weeks of this contest, and why." This statement is required with every set of solutions.

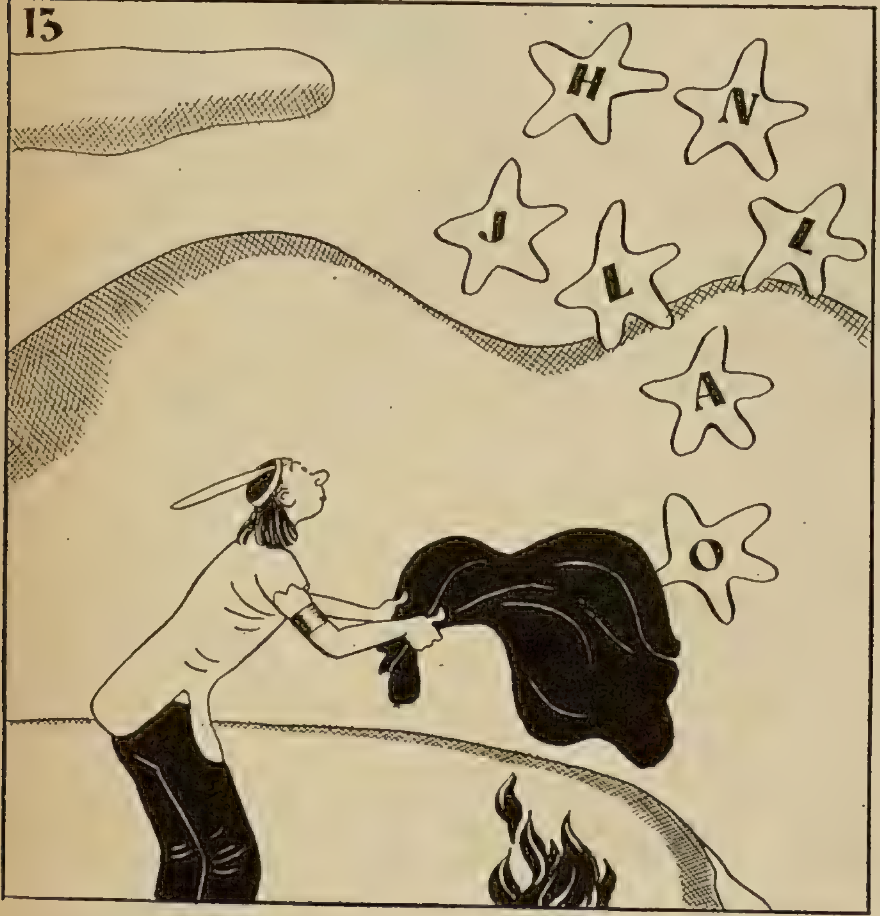
5. The entry with the greatest number of correctly solved jumbles, accompanied by the most logical and convincing statement, will be considered the best and will receive the $500 cash First Prize. In the order of their excellence on this basis other entries will be awarded the following prizes: $200 Second Prize; $100 Third Prize; twenty prizes, each $10; 200 prizes, each $5. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

6. Submit entries by first-class mail to Stargazing Contest, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. All entries must be postmarked on or before midnight, March 6, the closing date of this contest.

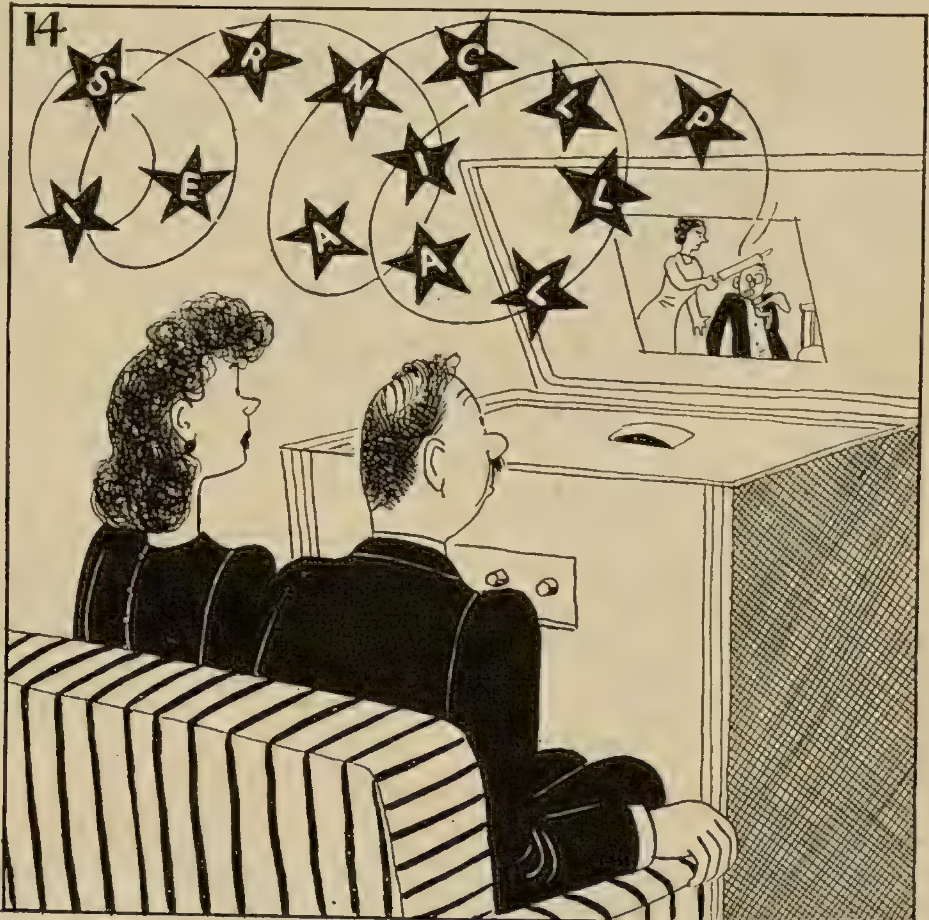
7. Any one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families. We cannot enter into correspondence concerning any entry and no entries will be returned. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Do not submit elaborate entries. Simplicity is best.

SUGGESTION TO CONTESTANTS

If you care to consult an authority for assistance, we suggest Photoplay, Movie Mirror, and Radio Mirror magazines.



NAME ....

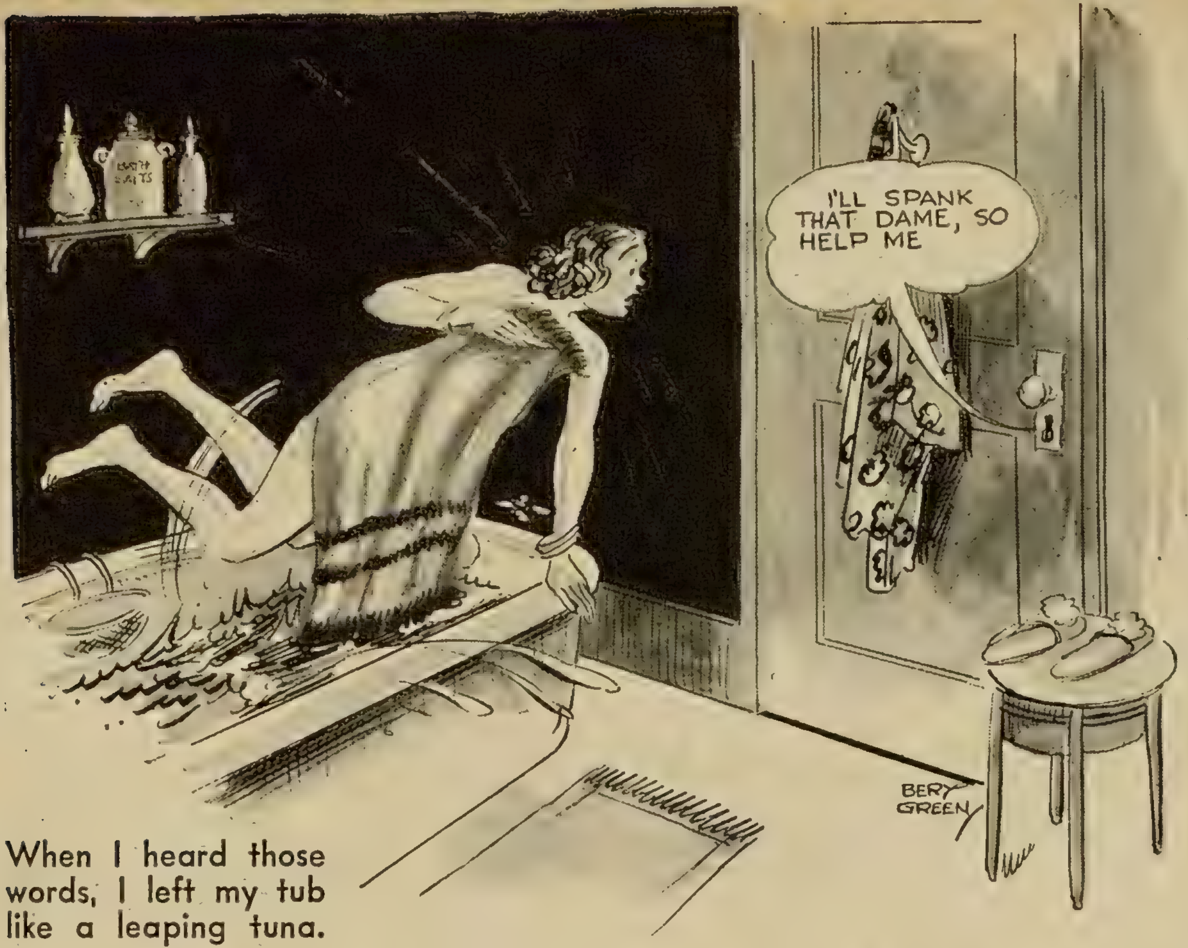


NAME ....

THE GOLD RUSHERS

WORDS AND PICTURE BY

BERT GREEN


BATH SALTS
I'LL SPANK THAT DAME, SO HELP ME
BERT GREEN

When I heard those words, I left my tub like a leaping tuna.

Paris at last . . . Another riot in a mad chronicle of mystery and mirth

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

WELL, girls, if you've never had your bubble pricked, cut yourself a piece of cake and give a listen!

Instead of landing in Paris on the arms of two millionaires—as Lenora and I had planned—here we are, buried in straw, pulling up in front of the San Jean Hotel on the back of an old Fiat market truck.

What a spot to be in—here in Paris—no luggage—smelling like a goat and in love with a guy who impersonates federal men. As for my girl friend Lenora, she is in the same predicament, having switched her attentions from the Count to One-Round Regan—an ex-prizefighter—of all people.

Well, when we pulled up to this snooty hotel, two bellhops dashed out and demanded our baggage. Startled, I reached into the annex of the Fiat—nearly making a goat a present of my hand—and it suddenly dawned on me that our baggage had been stolen the night before. While my mind was still in this dither, an expensive French jaloppy pulled up behind us, and the two bellhops shouted: “Countess de Theigh!” and dashed to her assistance. From the labels on her Bond Street bags, I pegged her as one of the many “countesses” I had invited to the San Jean to spend a nice quiet week-end with the Count.

As we straggled into the lobby, we elbowed our way through a flock of dames, each apparently waiting for some one. When the last countess arrived, the guilty-faced clerk informed her that the Count was not a guest at the San Jean.

“Oh, ees that so!” she said, with an ounce of carbolic on every word. “I'll wait!” and turned on her heel to mingle with the others.

For some unknown reason, our luck started to turn. We had hardly checked in when the hotel manager informed us that our baggage—which we thought had been lost—had been tossed into the lobby by a much frustrated French chauffeur. Honestly, I could have kissed him when I heard the news.

After our rooms were assigned, Grosvenor made a beeline for the barbershop to have his whiskers harvested. He would, the handsome brute.

In the meantime Lenora and Regan started worming their way toward the elevator, and I couldn't resist the temptation of having the Countess paged to see how my scheme would work out. After tipping a bellboy, “Countess de Theigh” echoed through the lobby, and in ten seconds the place was a madhouse. Twenty-two countesses—more or less—sprang for the brass-buttoned kid, with each woman shooting killing glances at the others, thinking them chiselers. Sensing a riot, the bellhop took it on the lam, with the angry dames tailing him.

Lenora and Regan and I watched the fun for a while and then made a dash for the lift.

“Third floor,” called the elevator boy. As we stepped out, something smacked us and knocked us for a loop. When I came too, I was astride the bellhop, three countesses were on Lenora's back, and Regan was sprawled across the floor.

“What goes on here?” roared Lenora.

Before any one could reply, the wise bellhop used his bean and yelled: “Ladies, the Count ees een room seex hundred and seex and wants to see you all.”

As the dames scrambled for the sixth floor, Lenora, Regan, the bellhop, and I did a Jesse Owens to our own quarters. I parked my curves in a warm lavender bubble bath, and while I lay there, purring and rubbing my bruises, Robert Barrington Grosvenor entered his room—which happened to be connected to mine by an unlocked door.

Anyhow, I waited until he had hopped into his tub, then I tapped on the wall and hollered: “How do you feel now, Mr. J. Edgar Hoover Grosvenor?” The splashing stopped and something resembling the sound of a wet seal kissed the floor with a thud. “You keyhole peeper!” he shrieked. “Have you been snooping my baggage?”

I didn't want to tell him I had given his bags the double-O while he was in the barbershop, so the only excuse I could offer was to tell him his bags had flopped open in the elevator, and while replacing the papers I accidentally discovered he was employed by the United States government as a secret-service agent.

Apparently my explanation didn't go over, for the next thing I heard, he was flying around the room muttering to himself: “I'll spank that dame, so help me!”

When I heard those words, I left my tub like a leaping tuna, feeling that if I was to be spanked, I might look more dignified with clothes on.

I just got my last zipper zipped, when in bounced Ferdinand the Bull, but before he could grab me, my fire-escape window shot up and in flew the frantic Count Félix de Theigh with his shirt tail and suspenders flying in the breeze. Without hesitating, he went through the room, out the door, and down the hall, with the countesses on his tail, swearing if they caught him they'd use him for a sink strainer.

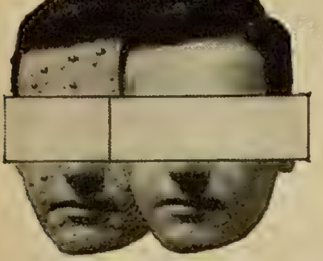
“It serves you right, you double-crosser!” I hollered after him.

Turning to Grosvenor—hoping to divert his mind from the spanking—I said: “Can you imagine that crook trying to twist Lenora?”

A twinkle came in his eyes as he pulled me to him—gee, it was nice!—“Listen, snoopy,” he said. “Since you have perused my bags and know everything about me, I suppose there is no harm in telling you that *he* is the man I'm trying to get the low-down on.”

“Well, if my advice means any-

BOYS! GIRLS!
do folks call you
"PIMPLE FACE"



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thing," I reminded him, "why not put the pump on those angry gals? They're tailing him too."

For once my heartthrob gave me credit for having brains on the right end of my spine and, grabbing me by the hand, we dashed down the hall and into the elevator.

On reaching the lobby we found Lenora and Regan had preceded us and were in the middle of the squawking and gesticulating dames. As Grosvenor and I muscled our way into the huddle, we learned the Count had ditched his pursuers by slipping out a side door.

From what I could dope out, the women seemed to be of one accord—the Count had used them all to further his smuggling racket. He had married some and proposed to others.

They turned on Grosvenor and demanded to know why he was mixing in their affairs. He told them he was an American newspaperman looking for stories in France. "Oh, so you are looking for zee scoop, yes?" the little Countess queried. "Follow me and I weell take you to zee rat's hide-out—where he wined me, dined me, and where he—he—"

She led the militant mob from the lobby to the waiting taxis. Grosvenor and I tailed along.

"I suspect a thrill," I whispered to my collar ad.

After we jumped into the cabs, I waved good-by to Lenora and Regan, who were standing in the hotel doorway with their arms about each other. The little Countess shouted to the chauffeur leading the procession: "Café de Néant. *Je suis pressé!*" She must have said she was in a hurry, for the taxi pilot laid his big dog on the gas and everything opened but the doors—the chase was on.

As we pulled up at 34 Boulevard Clinchy and untangled ourselves, the little Countess led the way inside. She deposited us in a dimly lighted room—told us to wait while she Winchelled the Count's living quarters, then, if everything was jake, she'd give us the tip-off for the raid.

Listen, boys and girls. Whoever designed this Café de Néant must have graduated from a nut hatch. The chandelier above our heads was made from the bones of a cocotte. As the lights slowly came on, I realized I was sitting on a coffin with a "For Rent" sign on it. I sprang to my feet, the lid popped open, and a skull flew out and bounced out of the room. My knees sagged. I bumped into a soft object and, turning, I realized it was an undertaker in a long black coat and high hat. He carried a tray of drinks. I was so frightened I gulped one in a swallow. His majesty informed me it was poison, and my stomach fairly yelled. I looked to my boy friend for aid, but he had disappeared completely.

A stark scream went up from the countesses as they saw the pictures on the walls fade and in their places skeletons appear. Just as I thought of doing an out, there echoed from one of the dark passageways: "I weell keell him, I tell you! I weell keell zat Count!" and a dapper excited Frenchman flourishing a large gat dashed into the semilighted room. The panic-stricken dames fell back, giving him clear passage to the street. The little Countess, close on my heels, waved a handful of papers, shouted in broken English: "Follow me—queeck! Zee Count ees headed for England!"

Smugglers, stampeding countesses, and now a taxi crash! What will our travelers run into next? Join them again in an early issue.

Gosh, we didn't need any aid in making our departure. I hated to leave Grosvenor in that madhouse, but something told me we were on the Count's trail and I'd lose out if I stuck around.

When we arrived on the boulevard, the excited little Frenchman was puffing, pumping, and pulling gadgets on his Renault, trying to get it started. By the time the last of us had sandwiched ourselves in, the trap coughed, bucked, and finally headed for Le Bourget airport to head off what I learned was a kidnaping of the driver's wife by the Count.

As the speedometer registered fifty, the Countess started gunning the papers she had snatched from the Count's desk. "*Mon Dieu!*" she gasped, as her eyes fell upon an almost nude picture. "*Montrez-moi!*" came from the Countess. Then we read aloud: "To my darling Count Félix from your own Babette."

The driver dropped the wheel, turned and grabbed the picture, stared at it, then tore it to bits. "My wife!" he screamed. "So! She ees not being kidnaped. She ees *eloping!*"

This seemed too much for him. The dope covered his eyes like he'd been shell-shocked and the cab started to run wild. The pedestrians ran for cover. The gendarmes beat it behind trees. The traffic tried to duck us. I made a leap for the wheel but was brushed aside by the goofy-eyed maniac who yelled: "Whoever remains alive, tell Babette I lofed her!"

As we headed for a big omnibus, my heart all but stood still—figuring each moment my last. What an excruciating way to see Paris, I thought.

THE END

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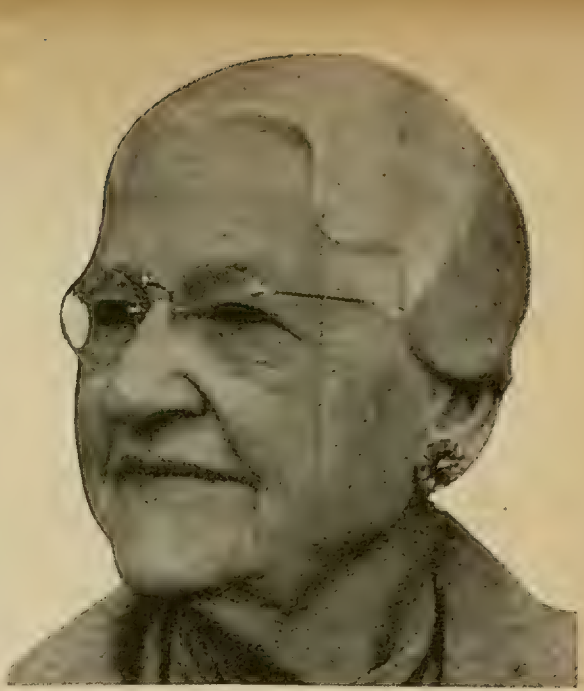
GO AHEAD AND ADOPT THAT BABY!

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

Afraid? Here's cheering, authoritative light on a heart-warming adventure

BY MARGARET LUKES WISE and CLARA BELLE THOMPSON



Mother Grannis—her career was finding happy homes for babies.

HAVE you been longing to adopt a baby? But have you been worrying about the risk; wondering how adopted children turn out?

Well, here is a woman who can answer all your questions. For more than a third of a century Mrs. Florence Grannis—*Mother* Grannis to countless people throughout the country—has moved quietly behind the scenes in that most secret of all dramas—*adoption.* In her role as Superintendent of Placement of Children for Onondaga County, New York, she has put thousands of babies into the arms of foster parents.

To you and to the rest of us, these records are permanently sealed. But Mother Grannis holds locked in her breast the moving facts back of each adoption. She has made mysterious trips in the dead of night with a doctor and a small valise, she has held conferences without end—but behind locked doors—and she has brought untold happiness to thousands of childless couples. Wild horses could not drag names and places from her. But for the benefit of those who are considering adopting a child, she reveals in Liberty, for the first time, facts, findings, and experiences from a long and unusual career.

Who is Mother Grannis? Ask any one in Syracuse, New York, and you have to make up your mind to a good long listening. When she enters a banquet room, everybody rises. When she steals off to a tearoom for a quiet lunch, half the guests come to her table to greet her. And today, her active work over, she lives an honored visitor in that city which for nearly forty years has served as headquarters for her work throughout New York State. It was there we sought her out.

Many years of dealing with babies and with other people's longing for babies are revealed in Mother Grannis' face. It is kind, full of character, sympathy, and understanding. She is seventy-three—a lady in soft gray.

"Is it a risk to adopt a baby?" She repeated the question. "I could count on the fingers of my two hands the adoptions that have not been successful." And that from thousands!

Here is her answer: There is not a whit more risk in adopting a child than in having one of your own. Just as many adopted children make their parents proud and bring them joy in later years as do flesh-and-blood children. In truth, Mother Grannis offered to stack her children against any group, and felt her youngsters would come out ahead. And there is reason. They are winning honors in school, developing talents, outstripping in athletics, growing up to be real companions to their foster parents and serving as props to them in their later days.

By way of proof she brought out a great stack of letters—her mail. Messages from grateful parents who never cease to correspond with her. It provides a priceless and voluntary record on the progress over the years of adopted children.

Fondly she reads excerpts: "'Our darling won the prize.' 'You ought to see the twins now! They are so cunning! Everybody notices them. But we are not going to let them be spoiled.' 'Our boy was elected class president.' 'Such a sense of rhythm, dancing like a fairy since she was three.' 'Her dad's pal!' 'What a comfort to me since I have been ill.'"

She interrupted herself. "These are good children, and they come from good stock," she said. "It's true many of them are born of unwed mothers, but these girls are girls of good family—schoolteachers, college girls, young business women, artists, musicians, ministers' daughters. They are the ones most likely to be caught in a tragic romance. *Bad* girls are too smart to have babies! And as for married parents, seldom will they give their babies up for adoption unless the circumstances are very unusual. They make every struggle to keep them."

Mrs. Grannis actually began her work with children thirty-seven years ago. Adoption, at that time, meant little more than lining up the young orphans and letting people pick out the likeliest as good strong little work horses, to take without pay into their homes. That was in 1902. Even then her interest was the Onondaga Orphans Home, located in Syracuse. But not until 1906 did she launch her career in the baby field. She had passed a civil service examination and won her title.

Thanks to benefactors, a new home and baby cottage were erected. Mrs. Grannis took entire charge of the babies' section. In territory, she covered all of New York State.

But it was not so simple at the start, and soon the real measure of the superintendent became apparent. Her adoptions were marked as highly successful. To her, it was not merely a question of seeing that a tiny Catholic found a Catholic home; or a Protestant, a Protestant home; or a small Hebrew, a Jewish home. Of course she followed that principle. But much more undefinable, she seemed to have an uncanny faculty for picking just the right baby for the right home. Perhaps it was because she depended so much on herself, found out for herself the special requirements that seemed to make a baby and the foster parents match one another so perfectly.

"Always I prayed for guidance," she said. "Really, I never laid a child in the arms of its foster mother without feeling that I had been directed by destiny."

But how did these cases work? One afternoon a physician came to her office and said, "I sorely need your help. I know a fine young couple, and they must have a baby! The little wife is on the verge of melancholia. She recently lost her third child, and now I know she will never have any children at all."

"Well, we can find the baby for you," said Mrs. Grannis.

"Let me finish," continued the doctor. "The young woman's father is a wealthy headstrong man. He is now in California, but he has said repeatedly that he wants no adopted children in the family. When he left, his daughter was again hoping for a baby—the child she has just lost. She is in no condition for family ructions. Now do you know what I want?"

"Yes!" said Mrs. Grannis stur-

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dily. "I know. And I have a magnificent baby for you." She was thinking of an exquisite little girl still in the county hospital, very tiny, although almost a month old.

That night the baby was spirited from the hospital to Mother Grannis' office. Here the physician was waiting. He and Mrs. Grannis, with the baby, drove to the young couple's home. An elderly nurse met them at the head of the stairs. "She is waiting," she whispered. "Her husband's with her. And I think she seems better already!"

A moment later a woman's voice cried, "Oh, the darling! Let me have her."

A month later the grandfather came home. He was simply wild about the child. They let him grow fond of her. Then they broke the news. And if you think the grandfather stormed and threatened disinheritance, you are wrong. That baby had brought her own love with her, as babies, adopted or otherwise, have a way of doing.

"I have often been asked," Mrs. Grannis said, "if it is possible to feel toward an adopted child as you might feel toward your own. I say *yes*—a thousand times *yes!* Within a few weeks after adoption the parents feel that they have found the one remarkable, gifted, marvelous baby of the world. Even if the father at the time of taking the baby . . ."

Then she told about the Dells. "Are you anxious for the baby?" she asked Mr. Dell.

"My wife is," he corrected her. "I want her to have everything that will make her happy."

One afternoon, several months later, Mrs. Grannis made a surprise visit to that home. The new father opened the door. "Welcome! Welcome!" he cried. "So you have come to see our wonderful baby?"

"I don't know whether I will be so welcome," said Mrs. Grannis slowly, "when you learn why I have come. I have just found a home in which the father is as eager for a little one as the mother. And I thought it better all around for the baby, since it makes so little difference to you, Mr. Dell."

"What do you mean?" shouted Mr. Dell, outraged. "You can't take our baby! We're crazy about him! He even knows us already!"

Needless to say, it was just Mrs. Grannis' little joke. Of course the baby stayed.

NATURALLY it is more often the wives who want to adopt babies, while their husbands are willing rather than wishful. But Mrs. Grannis had no fears there. She had witnessed too many outcomes identical with the Dells'.

Who adopts babies? Everybody. Married couples, fathers and daughters, brothers and sisters. But the majority of adoptions occur in homes in which the couple have been married from five to ten years. The circumstances behind the adoptions are many. Sometimes it is a couple who have just lost a child, or who have one child and can never have another. In that case they want a companion for their youngster as well as another baby for themselves to love. On occasion, there are affection and comfort and interest all ready to be lavished on a child that never comes—then the heart-hungry couple logically resort to adoption. This is another reason adopted babies fare so well. Their parents are not struggling young couples but people established and able to give the child advantages.

And here is an odd circumstance: Mother Grannis has an interesting record of women who adopted children after being assured that they had no chance of having their own—only later to have nature come across generously.

Once you decide that you want a baby, how do you start adopting one? Mrs. Wise and Miss Thompson will tell you in an early issue.

One day an attractive woman of thirty-three came to Mrs. Grannis in despair. She and her husband had been married for fifteen years and had never had a child. They wanted a baby and were able to give proof that they would be ideal parents.

"Are you sure you can never have a child?" asked Mrs. Grannis.

"Never," replied the woman sadly. "My brother is a specialist, and he says there absolutely is no chance."

A child was found for her, a splendid baby boy two months old. Eight months later Mrs. Grannis, in the woman's home city on business, stopped a moment to make a friendly call. And there was the lady with her fine little son, but busy as a beaver making clothes for a new baby. She now has three sons, including the adopted boy. And no one could ever guess, from her loving treatment of them all, which was which.

Indeed, discrimination against an adopted child in a home that housed both adopted and flesh-and-blood children, was the least of Mother Grannis' worries. She illustrated.

One day a mother came to her and said: "I want you to speak to my husband. It's perfectly all right for him to be wild about our two-year-old adopted son, but oughtn't he to pay some attention to our own baby?"

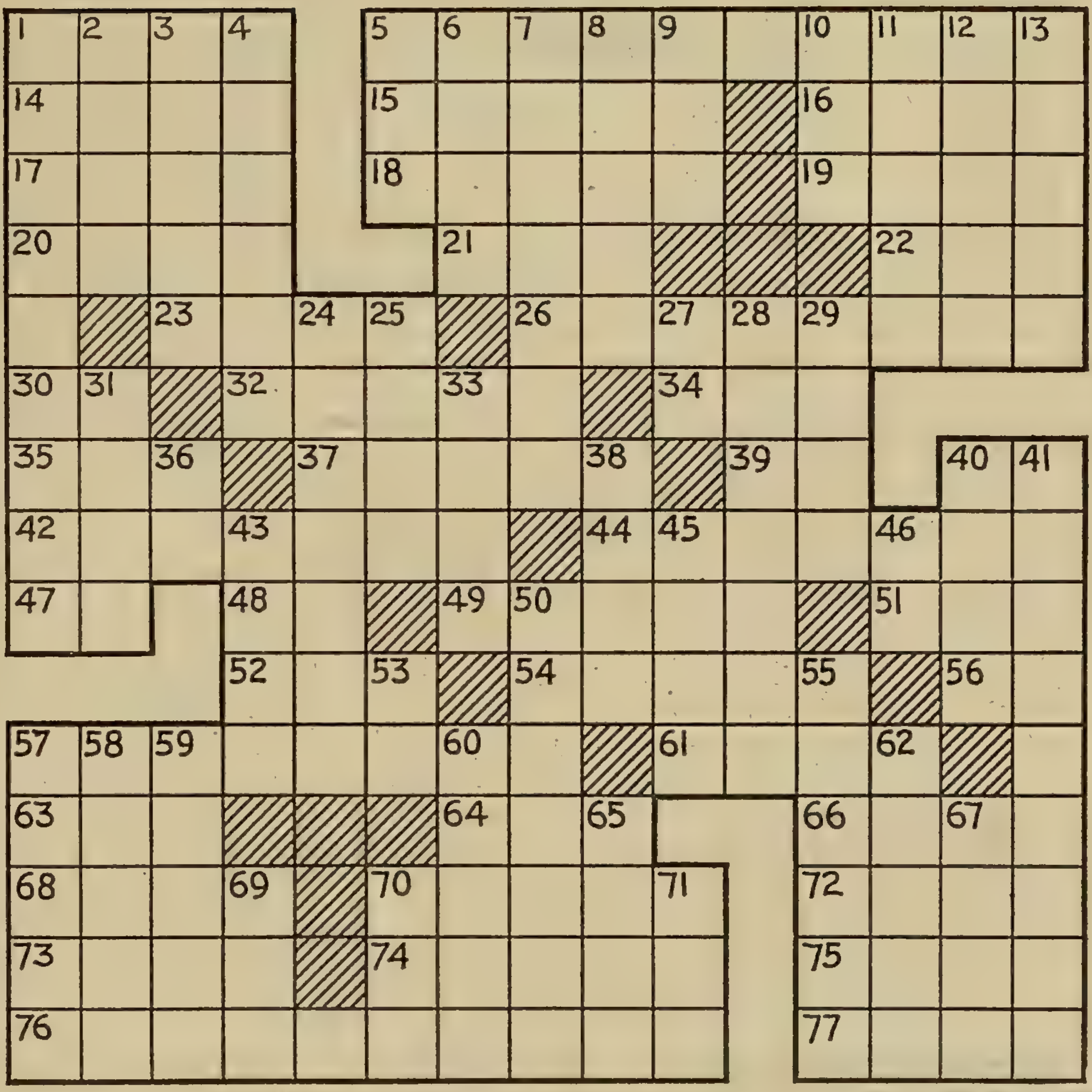
When Mother Grannis talked with the husband, he was astonished to hear that he had been apparently neglecting his own baby. He was extremely fond of it. "The truth is," he explained, "our own little son has relatives, background. But this little codger has only us. And I intend to see that he never feels any lack!"

With the outcome so fortunate, no wonder that foster parents frequently adopt not merely one but two, three, and four children. So that presently they have regular little stairsteps growing up about them—a lovely hand-picked family ready-made.

THE END

COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

By Ted Shane

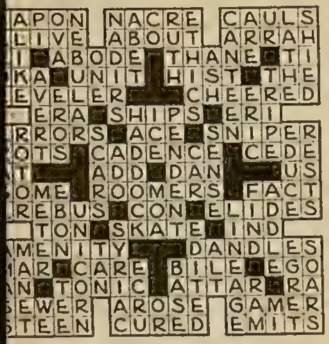


HORIZONTAL

1 Unmental giant
5 What no White House tenant has ever got in his lease (two words; pl.)
14 Gestapovitches
15 A big hit
16 A live Snerd
17 Miner matters
18 Kind of wallet I got for Xmas
19 What Jupiter had in his hair
20 Rockwell
21 Make work for the preacher
22 Scram
23 Early part of September
26 These canines are down in the mouth
30 Home of a well known wizard
32 When twisted they emit terrible squawks
34 Ill in France
35 Old Gory
37 How I enjoy $5 bills, toast, and bacon
39 Teensy-weensy statesy-watesy (abbr.)
40 A word for beauty
42 Mr. Katz' better half
44 This'll leave you speechless
47 You have to follow this up
48 When you add this you see things double
49 Eagloo
51 " —— korrect! " said S. Jackson
52 A screwy letter
54 Prominent New Englander
56 " Shall we kees, señorita? " " ——! "
57 Mental sleeping pill taken through the eyes
61 Kind of money a divorcee spends on baking powder
63 Crankcase drool
64 TNT's opposite
66 What the Lone Ranger sings
68 The poison tree
70 Kind of Robin
72 This Speaker had a lot on the ball
73 Woo
74 Lightweight sock
75 Bad Norse egg
76 Nathaniel Bumppo alias Leatherstocking alias the Cooperstown Kid
77 Compass pernts

VERTICAL

1 They swallowed the encyclopedia and ate up Gone with the Wind
2 He has a face only an ogress could love
3 What a wise man does when he holds three bullets
4 Broke
5 Article in print
6 What young girls leave, old women run, and married men growl about
7 Leave a mark on
8 What judges do on the second trial
9 Condition of a whistle in the Sahara
10 Every Finn's Jubilant! (abbr.)
11 Canned blushes
12 This French artist sounds in the money
13 A great lover of unemployment
24 Screwball with brush (he invented Dalis)
25 Pie baby
27 Li'l' Emily
28 No'th Cah'linian, suh!
29 Another name for Lamb
31 There's nothing to it
33 She ran on ice cubes (abbr.)
36 Doctor of Scandalmongering (abbr.)
38 Kind of guay you'll find around Brazil
40 Moans and groans
41 Oral turpitude
43 This is awf'ly sharp
45 The start of a column
46 Piece of soap
50 Oh boy! Oh joy! (fem.)
53 Frequenter of the Atlantic & Pacific (abbr.)
55 A deceitful seatful
57 Hooch pooch, loves rum
58 Call of the range
59 Second money
60 Gandhi's mother
62 Mental goon
65 The Old Green River
67 To love a little
69 Social Kiss Relief (abbr.)
70 This is wholly
71 Relief Ends Relief (abbr.)



Last week's answer

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

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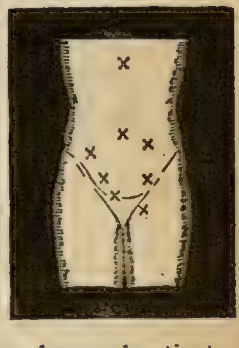

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HOW NOT TO SLEEP—AT THE WHEEL

ORLANDO, FLA.—I read with much interest the article by Bernarr Macfadden, Asleep at the Wheel (December 23 Liberty).

After twenty years of travel over the highways at all hours of the day and night, I have discovered three sure-fire ways of combating the danger of falling asleep at the wheel which I would like to suggest to others.

First, when drowsiness comes on, throw wide open all windows and windshield. The cool fresh air does wonders in regaining wakefulness.

Second, if still drowsy, turn on the windshield wiper. The rapid motion attracts attention and will usually snap the mind back to alertness.

Third, and guaranteed to cure, pull off to the side of the road, turn off the ignition, and go to sleep.

In nine cases out of ten, fifteen to twenty minutes' nap will turn the trick. At least, you will be safe from harm.—*A. S. McIlvaine.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—In reference to Asleep at the Wheel: Make faces. You cannot go to sleep while the muscles and lower jaw of the face are in motion.

Try it!—*George Gilmore.*

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—After trying several "no sleep" medicines on the market, I discussed this with a doctor of one of the large corporations, who is also a member of the Safety Council, and he suggested the following, which I have found very effective.

When one feels drowsiness coming on, stop the car for a couple of minutes and with the open palm of your hand slap each cheek two or three smart raps till your cheeks sting.

This sting will last from two to three hours and will keep you awake. In using this method, care should be taken not to have the fingers lap over the ear, or the eardrum may be injured.—*F. P. King.*

ST. LOUIS, MO.—My personal experience has proved but one sure way to get rid of driving sleepiness. I have tried singing, whistling, reciting poetry aloud, and even opened the windshield—all to no avail. There is but one sure remedy. Get out of the way of traffic, stop, curl up in the seat, and take a nap.—*Charles Clayton.*

ATLANTA, GA. — The article Asleep at the Wheel, by Bernarr Macfadden, was most interesting. May I add to it, as suggested in the next to last paragraph, that a small bottle of ammonia kept in the compartment of the car will serve very well to waken a person who is feeling drowsy. One whiff will restore normal consciousness.—*L. C. Benedict.*

MERIDEN, CONN. — Asleep at the wheel? Never! Why, and the method for combating drowsiness? Strong black coffee and plenty of it.—*C. H. Childs.*

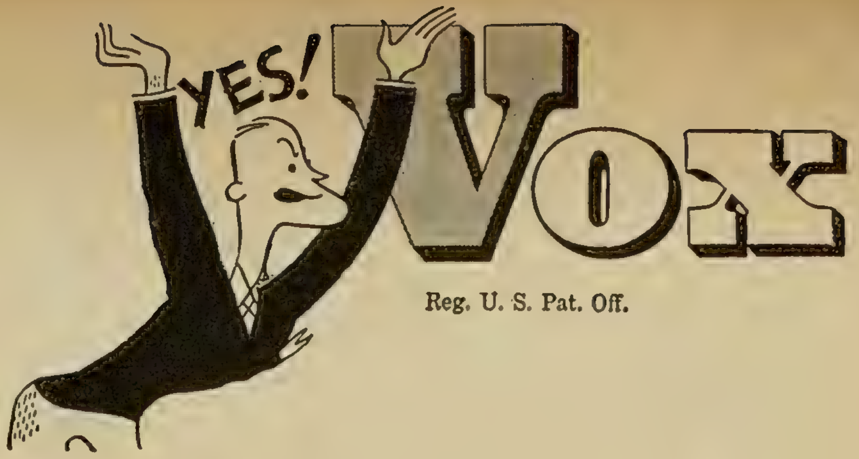
COFFEYVILLE, KAN.—Replying to your suggestion in Asleep at the Wheel: I have found a can of cold water—ice in it if possible—and a washrag the best aid in warding off sleep when driving.

At the least sign of drowsiness, wet the rag in cold water and rub the face. Repeat as needed. It sure works. Try it!—*Mrs. E. Irons.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—In view of the fact that I have driven approximately fifty to sixty thousand miles annually for the past six years, I feel somewhat qualified to offer some suggestions. Several times, due to business needs, I have driven from west-coast and near-west-coast towns to Chicago without stopping for rest.

My suggestions are as follows: Any citrus fruit, preferably a lemon, when placed in the mouth and sucked, will keep a sleepy driver awake; a hot coca-cola will also do the trick. But my most important suggestion, and one which I now heed myself, is to *stop and sleep when your eyes start blinking at the road.*—*Kenneth E. Doak.*

[Hundreds of letters on this subject were received which we wish we had room for. Most of the writers agreed that a nap was best of all.]



Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

SEEK A REAL GORDON!

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Why let such a marvelous story as The Shadow of the Master thrill a few millions of Liberty readers and then die the death of all magazine fiction? Why not translate the gist of the story into fact? Why not seek out a man so filled with the power of the Spirit of God that he could rivet the attention of the thousands who would hear him in the Yankee Stadium and the countless millions whom his voice would reach in every corner of the earth?

A nation-wide broadcast, with short-wave transmissions in every known language, would accomplish this. Money? Of course it would cost money; but Gordon had no trouble about this, and it is a fact that God's work never yet has lacked for money to carry it on.

Yours is a great and glorious opportunity, Messrs. Abbot and Abdullah. Strike the blow now for the glory of our God and King!—*Arthur E. Scott.*

NOBEL PRIZE CANDIDATE

PHILADELPHIA, PA. — Mr. Collins' 5-Point Program to Keep Us Out of War (November 25 Liberty) should make every red-blooded American citizen stand at attention and salute him and elect him President of these United States unanimously!

I have never read or heard such fine points to keep us out of war. They are superb and he should be awarded the Nobel Peace Prize.

But I know it is not these honors that he looks for—it is the interest of our democracy that is at the bottom of it all.—*A. Henry Kauffman.*

MATTRESSES FOR THE POOR

HUNTINGTON, ARK.—Why doesn't the government make all of its cotton surplus into mattresses and give them to the poor? Thus would the cotton farmer again be able to sell his crop at a profit, and by a reasonable government control over future production we would see good prices for the next several years.

This would go a long way toward solving the relief problem in so far as the South is concerned. Of course this plan won't be adopted, because Mr. Wallace didn't suggest it.—*H. O. Patton.*

DIES' LIFE?

SAGINAW, MICH.—How about giving us a serial on the life of Representative Dies in Liberty? Do I hear yes?—*Ian W. Cameron.*

BOTTLE DESTROYS WARSHIP!

ATLANTA, GA.—What do they build our navy destroyers out of these days, that a penny milk bottle can destroy a million-dollar warship? (Senator Barbour's In Spite of the Spy, December 23 Liberty.) What kind of naval architects, engineers, and inspectors does this administration employ? I had heard that the navy was full of ladies in pants, but it is hard to believe it is as bad as Senator Barbour hints at.

Where is the steam going to get its added pressure or its detonation energy?

A slug of water in the steam line might blow a flange; the remnants of a milk bottle might score a cylinder or rupture some of the first-stage plates of a turbine. But why all the ex-

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Liberty Magazine
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travaganza of a penny wrecking a million dollars? Hooey! and more hooey.—*Charles Whitney.*

COLLEGE MORALS—UGGHH!

SHONKIN, MONT.—Once again Liberty (December 2 issue) has lived up to its duty to the American public by publishing a fair and honest résumé of morals in college. Congratulations!

The suckers' bait is still the same old stuff, evidently. Something for nothing always has put the brightest light in men's eyes. No wonder the girls are popular!

Sweet generous little things, aren't they? Why should they mind tomorrow? Scores of venereal diseased increased will only mean untold suffering for helpless babies of the *lower* intellectual group their example is now influencing! And I thought theirs was glamour! Ugghh!—*A Moral Tightwad and a Young All-American Mother.*

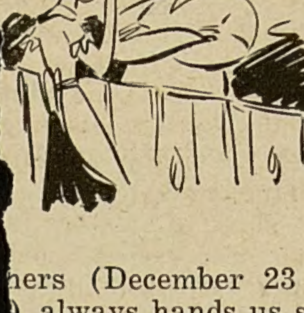
SLOGAN FOR FINNS

MARSHFIELD, ORE.—How's this for a good slogan:

"Finns, give Stalin H— but not Helsinki!"—*C. J. Bagby.*

CHUCKLE A LINE

NEW YORK, N. Y.—At last you have something funny in your magazine! This man Bert Green in The Gold hers (December 23 Lib- always hands us some- to really laugh over. line makes one chuckle. e so sick and tired of reading war, war, war, and poverty, it is refreshing to read something that lifts us from our troubles.



There are some sixty people in this office and Liberty is going the rounds. Let's have more of this brand of humor.—*A Liberty Fan.*

LOOKS' EXCHANGE

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—If our looks are going to give us away, we won't have any privacy any more. In this connection, if Richard Hoffmann (Grandstand Stuff, December 9, 1939) will show me the look "as if the sheriff were going to spread-eagle him on the desert and leave him there," I will show him my look as if I'm going downtown with three dollars to buy a four-dollar hat shaped like a stovepipe trimmed with pink roses and a ball of yarn. That ought to be a fair exchange.

Of course I have other looks. For instance, the look as if I am going to mail a letter to Vox Pop. But no one has caught on to that one yet.—*C. E. North.*

PAIN TO ALL BRITISHERS!

RENO, NEV.—I am a newcomer and have been getting local color in the last few days by reading up Liberty for some months past. Pardon me for calling attention to two errors that pain all self-respecting members of the British Empire.

In your issue of June 24, 1939 (page 67), Constance Bennett made Lord Chesterfield spit out some hot potato because it was hot. Shades of the English nobility! It was Dr. Johnson, a commoner, and very much of a commoner, Constance, who did that.

Then, in your issue of November 25, 1939 (page 43), Rupert Hughes quoted some one writing a letter to Thomas E. Dewey (and, oh dear me, he says that Mr. Dewey read this letter out loud) comparing Mr. Dewey to "Sir" William Pitt! No "Sir," Mr. Hughes, or the gentleman who wrote that letter has confused Billy Pitt, the Great Commoner, with Sir George Washington.—*C. P. Bryan.*

GOOSE HANGS HIGH! WHY?

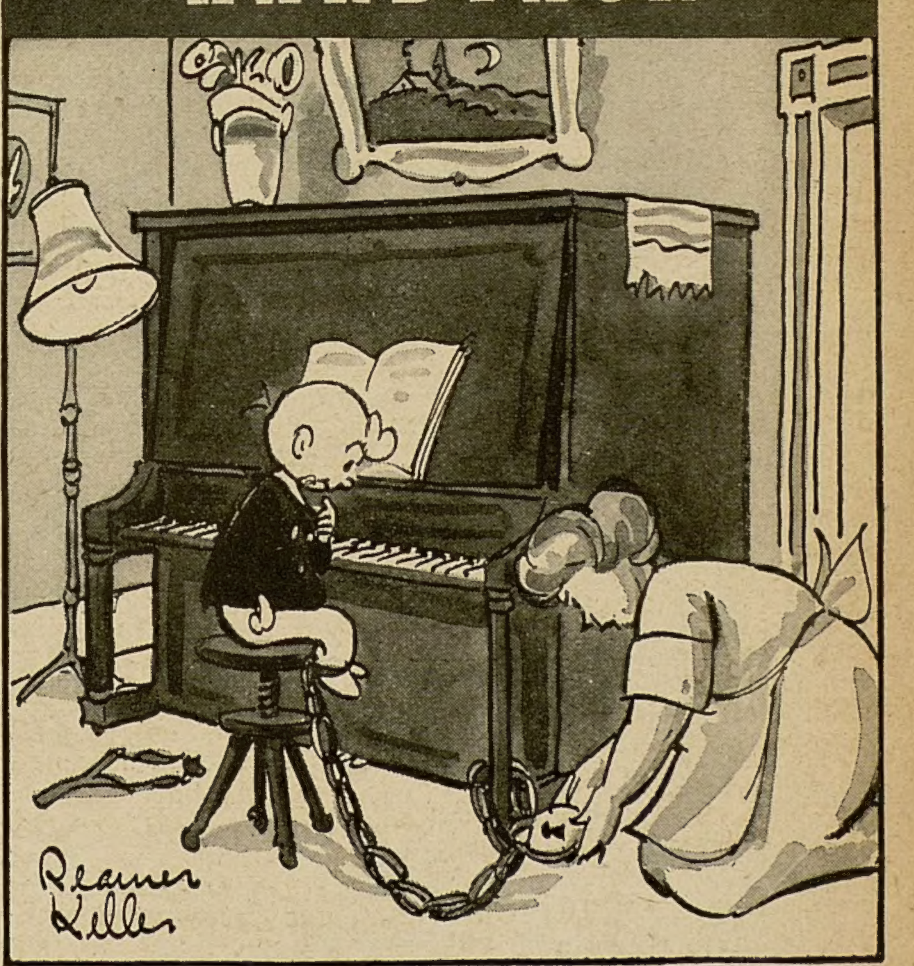
HOMESTEAD, PA.—What is meant by the expression "the goose hangs high"? I heard it once and noticed Macfadden used it in an editorial in Liberty.—*Peter Caprini.*

FARMER IN WRONG

ST. JOSEPH, MO.—For two months I'd been getting 160 acres ready for garden truck and corn next spring. From early morning until late evening I rode a modern spreader and hoped to have my little patch good and fertile real soon. I was satisfied with what I was getting done until I got hold of two or three copies of Liberty.

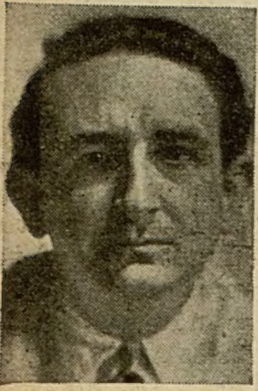
I can see now I'm in the wrong business and using the wrong tools. You make me and my puny efforts look sick. I work like a dog all day to fix up an acre or two, and you sit in a swivel chair behind a desk and get out issues of Liberty that doctor the whole country once a week!—*Bill Burton.*

"HARDTACK"



"Gosh, mom, but what if there's a fire?"

A Four-Star Screwball Tells His Story



FULTON OURSLER

YOU HAVE read many front-page stories about Tommy Manville, Jr. You must have asked yourself the question, What is the matter with him? Why does he act that way? His latest exploit (latest at the moment of writing) was his spectacular courtship of a young lady whom he brought from the Pacific coast in a chartered airplane and whom he greeted with a bushel of orchids. A wedding ceremony was promised. The young woman arrived in a glitter of flashlight bulbs, looked over Mr. Manville's imposing estate, and then declined to live in the small suite over the garage at Bon Repos, Mamaroneck, New York, whereupon all wedding plans were called off.

LOTS OF PEOPLE WONDERED what really happened about that. Well, Mr. Manville feels that he has his side of the story not only of this frustrated romance but of all his various marriages and other exploits that have entertained a puzzled public. Next week he steps into the forum of Liberty's pages, where both sides of great public issues are constantly heard, and he relates his autobiography with candor that is little less than startling. It might be called An Apology for My Life. In any case, it shows the life of a man who came into a great deal of money and proceeded to do wondrous things with it. This story of a certain rich man's son, self-told in almost incredible detail, will appear in next week's Liberty, together with a number of other features that are timely, interesting, and important.

CAN HITLER CONQUER AMERICA? Sensational as that title sounds, it is the self-chosen title of Pierre van Paassen, and surely he should speak with authority. Money and the Woman is the title of a new novel by James M. Cain, who gave us The Postman Rings Twice and Double Indemnity. Can LaGuardia Move Hollywood to New York? Frederick Lewis thinks he can, and tells some of the inside factors of this movement which may well surprise you. Paul Thompson tells Why Hockey Fans Go Crazy, and Martin Dies tells about subversive and un-American activities in California. There are some sparkling short stories, including Lonesome Lady, by Gordon Malherbe Hillman, and Thanks for the Memories, by Robert Griffith. These, with full installments of the current serials, will make up an issue that we hope you will find strong and interesting.

GLEANINGS: From Hamilton Stark, Cardiff, San Diego County, California: "I have nothing on you, but I have let my subscription expire on account of the company you keep. Far too much hate-stuff. Such mighty haters as Macfadden, Sokolsky, and other such, plus now the unspeakable Martin Dies. Good-by." . . . Good-by! . . . Delmer Hubbell recently wrote a letter to the New York Herald Tribune in which he said: "There is no magazine on whose format is flung 'We like our American way and propose to fight for it and against every force that threatens it.'" We hope Mr. Hubbell will begin reading Liberty right away. . . . Liberty is a magazine dedicated to the American way of life and is published for liberals with common sense. . . . From the Home Insurance Company comes a beautiful book called Enjine, Enjine. Here is a history of fire protection illustrated with fine old prints. It renews the ambition to be a fireman that every man knew when a small boy. It is also a work of historical value. . . . The patent-medicine manufacturer who discovered many successful writers (this and the following questions were raised in our own pages some weeks ago) was Herman Daniel Umbstaetter. He was famous for marketing St. Jacob's Oil, but he also, in 1895, founded the Black Cat magazine. In the pages of this magazine the first story of Jack London and of many other writers, including this one, appeared. The advertising slogan which Billy Sunday said would be found on the bottom of hell if it were ever turned upside down was "Made in Germany." The advertising man who had to run from Shanghai was Carl Crow. The magazine in which advertising is seen in greatest visibility by the greatest number of people is, of course, Liberty. . . . From Jimmy Fidler, radio and newspaper columnist: "Let me say I have gotten a terrific kick out of your back-page editorials, particularly the drive at radio censorship. Frankly, you had plenty of courage when you wrote those."

A BASIS FOR PEACE in Europe is the most popular topic among politicians, statesmen, quidnuncs, and elevator boys these days. Within the last week we have received confidentially from British, French, Czech, and Polish diplomatic sources what each group thinks should be a basis for peace in Europe. The Poles are willing to give up the Corridor in exchange for East Prussia and a free port in Danzig. The French want Germany broken into two parts—the southern Catholic states of the Reich united under Austria, and the old Prussian confederacy restored for the northern commonwealth. Great Britain wants Germany intact on the post-Munich status. . . . In sending me a copy of his brochure on John Garibaldi Sargent, Vermont lawyer who became Attorney General of the United States, George R. Farnum, the author, writes: "With all his incredible ingenuity, has man as yet evolved any adequate substitute for character?" The answer to that is, no. . . . And the merry war of jingles about editors goes on. Helen Robinson of Le May, St. Louis County, Missouri, writes as follows: "My Dear Mr. Fulton Oursler: Never let it be said that I ever failed to give constructive criticism and careful revision to a fellow rejection-slip receiver. Now, take Miss Allen's poem, which appeared on your page in the November 4 issue. It seems to me that Miss Allen failed to make the most of her tree. We cannot overlook the fact that, aside from being lovely things, trees are also useful:

OH, HAPPY DAY
I wish that I could ever see
An editor dangling from a tree.
Finis."

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.
FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty
The American Way of Life

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CONTENTS FOR FEBRUARY 10, 1940

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EDITORIAL

This Crazy War-Mad World Bernarr Macfadden 4

SHORT STORIES

No More Glitter......Ann Gibbons 12
Soldier, Soldier—Liberty's Short Short..............Sophie Kerr 19
Blackout.............Elliot Chess 47
The Gold Rushers--Part VIII Bert Green 51

SERIALS

The Jews and the Freemasons—Part I........Louis B. Davidson and Frederick L. Collins 7
Typhoon Over Nanking—Part IV Steve Fisher 20
I Spy!—Conclusion....Dora Macy 34
More Snakes than I Can Kill—Part V............Martin Dies 42

ARTICLES

75 Tons of Polish Gold Edward Doherty 16
Baseball Goes to College John Drebinger 25
Cop-Saver....Murray Teigh Bloom 28
Why Congress Wants to Raise Hell Walter Karig 3
Go Ahead and Adopt That Baby! Margaret Lukes Wise and Clara Belle Thompson

FEATURES

Liberty's Valor in Citizenship A
Announcement, 11; To the Ladies
Princess Alexandra Kropotkin,
Twenty Questions, 36; Movie Rev
by Beverly Hills, 40; $2,000 Starg
Contest, 50; Crossword Puzzle, 55;
Pop, 56.

The names and the descriptions of all char
in the fiction stories appearing in Liber
wholly fictitious. If there is any resembl
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dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY VICTOR TCHETCH

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EXTRA MILDNESS

EXTRA COOLNESS

EXTRA FLAVOR

in slower-burning Camels," says Bill Corum,
famed sports writer and columnist

SURE I WORK FAST— BUT I LIKE MY SMOKING SLOW. MILDER, COOLER CAMELS ARE CHAMPS WITH ME
CAMEL

LIGHTNING-FAST in the press-box. Why, Bill Corum's been known to file 3,000 words of sizzling copy during a single big sports event. But no speed for him in his smoking — slower-burning Camels are Bill Corum's cigarette.

And here's Bill at work in the quiet of his office. Bill...typewriter...books ...pictures...and *Camels* —*slow*-burning Camels. "I find them milder and cooler — and thriftier," he says.

Copyright, 1940, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

BILL CORUM'S sports news isn't just printed . . . it's *sprinted* . . . at lightning speed from press-box to press and the Five-Star Final. But when the candid camera catches Bill in his office with a cigarette—well, "No speed for me in my smoking," he says.

His own common sense and experience tell him what scientists have found out in their research laboratories—that "slow-burning cigarettes are extra mild, extra cool, fragrant, and flavorful."

Cigarettes that burn fast just naturally burn hot. And nothing so surely wrecks the delicate elements of flavor and fragrance as excess heat. No wonder you get a hot, flat, unsatisfactory smoke.

The delightful mildness, coolness, fragrance, and flavor of Camels are explained by this important finding — Camels proved to be the *slowest*-burning cigarette of the sixteen largest-selling brands tested! *(The panel at the right explains the test.)*

In recent laboratory tests, CAMELS burned 25% *slower* than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than *any* of them. That means, on the average, a smoking *plus* equal to

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